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KEY TO JAPAN  
THE SON OF HEAVEN  
JAPAN'S ISLANDS OF MYSTERY  
BARBARIAN (A NOVEL)  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JAPAN?  
KIFTIDE IN THE SOUTH SEAS  
ANCIENT PEOPLES AT NEW TASKS  
THE NEGRO AROUND THE WORLD  
AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN THE ORIE



# KEY TO JAPAN

BY

WILLARD PRICE

*With 110 sketches by the author*



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WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD  
LONDON                      TORONTO



**TO THE MEN OF THE OCCUPATION**

whose job is as difficult  
as the winning of a war

FIRST PUBLISHED, 1946

THIS BOOK IS PRODUCED IN COMPLETE  
CONFORMITY WITH THE AUTHORISED  
ECONOMY STANDARDS

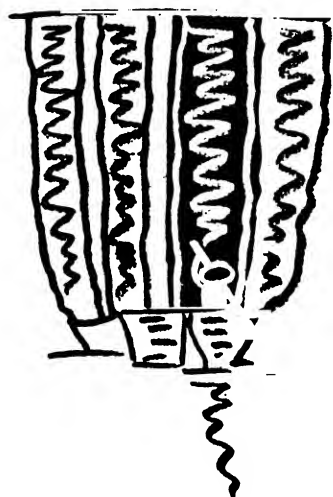
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# KEY TO JAPAN



1:

## *A Million Occidentals Will See Japan*

CLUBBING together the estimates of the armed forces and the travel agencies, it seems likely that well over a million Britons, Europeans and Americans will have seen Japan within ten years after the date of surrender.

General MacArthur expects the Allied occupation troops to reach a total of 500,000 in 1946, and then to be rapidly reduced to 200,000. In addition to these half-million Westerners who will have visited Nippon, it is expected that there may be constant renewals of the standing army in Japan, men coming home, new men taking their places. President Truman has indicated his preference for this system, rather than the retention of the same men in Japan for many years. Thus in a decade, if each man's stint is limited to two years, the maintenance of a force of 200,000 men would actually involve the services of five times that number. No accurate forecast can be made in view of present nebulous policy. Our occupation may be long, or brief.

But in addition to army and navy personnel there will be thousands of American and British visitors as soon as the official bars are let down. And they are already beginning to drop. Many will be business-men, bent on making prompt contact with Japan's reviving industries—for we may put it down as axiomatic that Japan's industries, or such of them as we allow to remain, will recover with amazing speed.

Thousands of visitors will be relatives of troops stationed in Japan. Whether they will be allowed to settle down there remains problematical. However, there is no reason why they may not spend a few weeks or months in Japan as soon as the occupation authorities are sure of being able to maintain order.

Then there are the potential tourists. As after the last war, many will wish to see the spots that have been in the news, Japanese scenes already made familiar through the stories of correspondents with the Occupation. This desire, coupled

with the fact that Japan is a land of great natural beauty and offers the most congenial climate of any country east of Suez, will make it a tourist mecca.

All this is good. Before the war, pitifully few of us ever saw Japan. It became a myth, a legend. It still is. It is important that a million people of the West will see Japan. It is still more important that they understand it.

## 2:

### *But How Many Will Understand It?*

WAR is a clean-cut proposition. You either win it or lose it. Peace is more complicated. It may be lost when it appears to be won or won when it seems lost.

Winning the peace will be hard enough in Germany. But we can, with difficulty, comprehend the Germans; they are occidentals like ourselves, and there are strong Germanic strains in America and Britain.

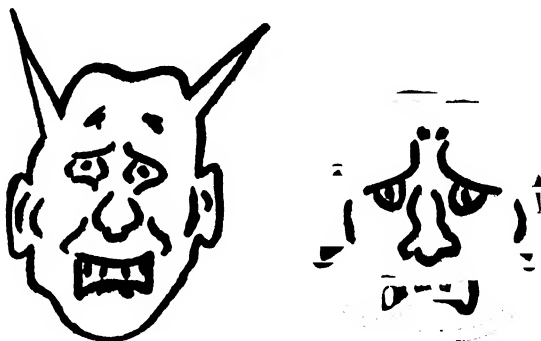
It will be harder in Japan. There we are in another world—and the Japanese are bent on keeping it another world. The Japanese head may look like ours, but it works differently. For one thing, it has two faces. The face that has always been turned towards strangers may readily deceive the men of our armies of occupation and our civil affairs officers in conquered Nippon.

We have been wrong about Japan. No other important nation in the world has been the subject of so many misconceptions. As our representatives walk upon the soil of the Japanese homeland and begin the gigantic task of putting in place the foundation-stones of security in the Pacific, it is essential that they, and we at home who stand behind them, understand Japan.

The Japanese will do their best to prevent such comprehension. While they have always complained: "You do not understand us," they would be the last to wish full understanding.

Things are not what they seem in Japan. It is a land of mirrors, concave, convex. The Japanese language is a language

of double meanings and veiled allusions. It reflects national thought. The Japanese mind shrinks from direct approach. It prefers to go round by the back alley. It seems most frank when least so. It covers both its virtues and vices with a screen of reserve. The Japanese seem much better, and worse, than they are.



The Japanese delight in masks, whether actual ones like these used in the Noh drama, or the mask of dissimulation worn by every Japanese as a result of two millenniums under a harsh and suspicious government.

"I see nothing mysterious about the Japanese," says the visitor who has been in Japan for a week. "They talk just like us."

That is a Japanese talent—chameleon-like, to take on the colour of the person they address. But the mystery gathers as one remains in the country. After five, ten, twenty years what seemed simple upon arrival has become complex.

I first visited Japan in 1915 and at once sat down and wrote articles about it. I have been writing articles ever since, but they are not quite so dogmatic now. Thirty years of acquaintance with Japan and five years of continuous residence have opened to me enough Japanese mysteries to make me realize how many must still remain closed.

Grew tells of a visiting business-man who asked an old American resident in Japan what the Japanese were going to do in the current crisis.



"I don't know," said the old resident.

"What! you've lived here thirty-five years and you don't know?"

"I don't know," repeated the old-timer. "But ask any of the tourists out here. They'll tell you."

And Mr. Grew, after ten years in Japan as American ambassador, concluded that Japanese psychology is "fundamentally unlike that of any Western nation" and Japanese actions cannot be predicted by any Western measuring-rod.

"We can never quite understand the motives and reactions of the Japanese," admits Wilfrid Fleisher, born and reared in Japan. "We know they are fanatical and vindictive and we may expect them to plan a war of revenge from the very moment of their defeat."

A missionary after long service sagely comments: "First impressions are very deceptive."

Lafcadio Hearn married a Japanese wife, lived in a Japanese home, wrote beautiful and discerning books about the Japanese. But he confessed at last that he did not know them. In his final book, *Japan, An Interpretation*, he wrote:

"Long ago the best and dearest Japanese friend I ever had said to me a little before his death: 'When you find, in four or five years more, that you cannot understand the Japanese at all, then you will begin to know something about them.'"

This does not mean that it is no use to try to learn anything about Japan. Many things can be learned without learning all—and every bit of knowledge acquired now will make the peace surer.

The Japanese language makes understanding difficult. Some foreigners learn to speak Japanese, but very few ever become able to read or write it except in the simplified *kana*. Anyone who has tackled it will agree with Basil Hall Chamberlain's description of Japanese ideography as "an extraordinarily complicated system of writing compared with which Egyptian hieroglyphics are child's play".

Upon my first visit to Japan I asked the American dean of a college in Tokyo to write a note for me in Japanese. He had worked in Japan for thirty-two years.

He looked at me in astonishment.

"Why," he said, as if indignant that I should suggest such

a thing, "I don't write Japanese. None of us do. We speak it but we don't write it."

And he departed to the class-room to give a lecture in Japanese to Japanese students.

Archibald MacLeish, when head of the Office of Facts and Figures, complained:

"One of the great difficulties we are up against is to find people who really have mastered the Japanese tongue and whose loyalty is beyond question, among people of our own race. One of the experts in California came in to see us a while ago, and I asked how many people of our race he knew who had really mastered the Japanese language. He thought a long time, and said that he knew three."

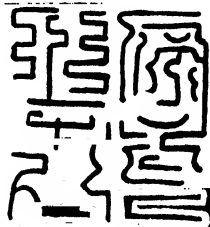
Of course there are more than three persons in the United States who know Japanese. But the number is infinitesimal in comparison with the number of persons in Japan who know English. It is taught in all Japanese higher schools.

"Don't they teach Japanese in your schools?" a Japanese student asked me wonderingly. At the time, the question seemed amusing. The idea of teaching the Japanese language in British and American schools! But upon reflection it does not seem so funny!

Knowledge of English has been of inestimable value to the Japanese in their attempt to milk our civilization dry of everything that might be of use to them.

Stacked in the corner of an Imperial University student's room I saw these books, all in English: *Literary Taste* by Arnold Bennett, *Twice Told Tales* by Hawthorne, *Pygmalion* by Shaw, *Queer Feet* by Chesterton, *Not That It Matters* by Milne, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* by Stevenson, *The Playboy*

One reason why it is difficult to understand the Japanese. Their system of writing is a complex ideography "compared with which Egyptian hieroglyphics are child's play". This happens to be the signature of a seventeenth century emperor.



of the Western World by Synge, *The Essays of Elia* by Lamb, *Sesame and Lilies* by Ruskin.

He had read them all.

Besides such books, required in his courses, he had consumed much of Steinbeck, Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis and Pearl Buck. And his dark blue school uniform was out at the elbows because he was trying to save enough money to buy a set of law books in English.

The youngster in primary school can sit down and write a biography of Washington or Edison or Ford. In many a Japanese class-room the only picture on the wall is a portrait of Lincoln—or was until Pearl Harbour.

The Japanese have the advantage of knowing us while we do not know them.

One would have thought that the war might have taught us much about the Japanese. But in 1944, after three years of war with Japan, the public flunked badly on a quiz circulated by *Fortune*. Probably the simplest bit of information one can have about any country is the size of its population. Here is the result of the quiz on this point:

*Which of these figures do you think is closest to the size of the population of Japan proper (the home islands)?*

50 million	-	-	5.5%
75 million	-	-	13.9%
90 million	-	-	19.3%
110 million	-	-	15.8%
125 million	-	-	16.2%
Don't know	-	-	29.3%

Less than fourteen per cent struck the correct answer (75,000,000) and it is fair to guess that a good many merely happened upon it, for the entire response bears the earmarks of guesswork.

The fact that Japan has the highest literacy in the world, over ninety-seven per cent, is so striking that it might be supposed to be widely known. And yet:

*About how many Japanese do you feel can read their own language?*

Nearly all of them -	-	13.9%
Most of them -	-	17.6%
About half of them	-	27.4%
Only a few of them -	-	22.2%
Don't know -	-	18.9%

Here again barely fourteen per cent came through.

If such easily ascertained, open-and-shut facts as these are not known, the facts that Japan does not want known stand an excellent chance of concealment.

### 3:

## *Japan's False Front*

ONE day I stood at the end of our lane in Hayama village waiting for a bus. There was a soft hiss at my elbow. I turned to find a pleasant, mild-looking gentleman in Western clothes.

"Good morning," he said. "You are Professor Price?"

It was a quaint notion of the Japanese police that I was a professor of one thing or another, perhaps botany, perhaps biology, they were never quite sure what. It was based on the very slight foundation that I had given a few lectures in universities in India, China, and the Philippines on my way to Japan. This did not make me a pedagogue any more than one swallow makes a summer. But denials were useless. The peerless Japanese intelligence service could not be mistaken.

"My name is Price," I said, "but I am not a professor."

He laughed indulgently. "You know me?"

I did, for he had been pointed out to me as a member of the *Tokkoka*, the dread secret police who delight in extracting confessions by pulling out finger-nails or applying the "water cure". But I shook my head.

"Well," he said, "my name is Togo and I live up there," gesturing vaguely.

"How nice."

"Yes. I believe you sometimes go to Tokyo Imperial University. I think you are going there this morning? There will be a special meeting."

"Yes, I know, but I am not going there."

"Where are you going?"

"To the Yokosuka Naval Base."

He stared, and then laughed. "A very good joke. No, I think you are going to the university. I am going to Tokyo too this morning."

The bus arrived and we got on. At Zushi we changed to the electric line. We sat together.

Probably assuring himself that there would be no further development until we got to Yokohama he took a cat-nap and was still comatose when I dismounted at the junction point, Kanazawa-hakkei, and took a car to Yokosuka.

When I came home in the evening I found him at my front door. His pleasant manner had disappeared. "You will come with me to the police station."

At the station he brought me before a higher officer, but Togo himself did the questioning while his superior listened.

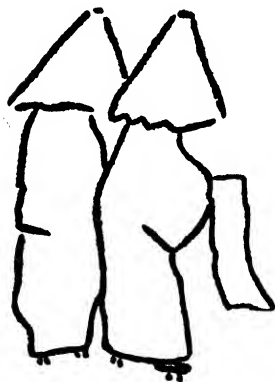
"Why did you not go to Tokyo?"

"I wanted to go to Yokosuka."

"But you told me you were going to Tokyo Imperial University."

"No. I said I was going to Yokosuka."

He brushed that aside. "You deliberately deceived me. You are a professor of botany. Why should you wish to go to Yokosuka? It is ridiculous."



Penitential pilgrims with covered faces visit national shrines, singing and begging to pay their way. But the disguise is convenient too for ruffians and political spies.

His superior leaned forward. "Yes, why did you wish to go to Yokosuka?"

"I have read in the newspapers that Japan has some fine new cruisers and submarines there. I wanted to try to get a glimpse of them."

Both men stared at me open-mouthed. Then they broke into loud laughter. The desk-man ordered tea. As we sipped it, he said:

"We had a report from the Yokosuka police that you were there. They saw you walking through the field near the shore. I think you were looking for botanical specimens, yes?"

I let it go at that.

It seemed best in mentioning the Yokosuka trip in my notebook to say nothing about ships and something about plants; for one's notebook takes first place with the police as preferred reading when one is absent from the house. But I was careful not to say too much about plants, for in that case the police might have reversed their opinion and decided that I was interested in ships after all.

Indirection is expected by the Japanese because they are *not* direct. A Kagoshima surgeon, graduate of an American university, lamented:

"If a Japanese has been educated in America he fails in Japan—and the reason is, America has made him too direct."

A Tokyo judge in whose court Englishmen had appeared as witnesses complained:

"Foreigners deceive by telling the truth."

And since foreigners do not always tell the truth, confusion is worse confounded. The bewildered Japanese do not know where to find us. With a son of Nippon it is simpler. Whatever he says, you are justified in exploring the possibility that he may mean the opposite.

This does not mean that there are not many perfectly sincere people in Japan. But even the most frank among them go needlessly roundabout. Whether you are trying to rent a house or sell a shipment of goods it is almost impossible to extract from a Japanese a clear, unequivocal statement. He may do much better than he seems to promise—or much worse.

If the contract is put in writing you are little better off. For

the Japanese language is so vague and slippery that it would be hard to set down a declaration that could not be interpreted in three or four different ways.

Lafcadio Hearn, staunch friend of Japan, admitted that to think like a Japanese it is necessary "to think backwards, to think upside down and inside out, to think in directions totally foreign to Aryan habit. Experience in the acquisition of European languages can help you to learn Japanese about as much as it could help you to acquire the language spoken by the inhabitants of Mars. To be able to use the Japanese tongue as a Japanese uses it, one would need to be born again, and to have one's mind completely reconstructed, from the foundation upwards".

The Japanese are adept in seeing what is not there, and in not seeing what is there. Walk in upon a Japanese when he is not properly dressed to receive you and he will rise and leave the room without a word. When presentable, he will come in and greet you as if he had not seen you before.

A man who has been your travelling companion for weeks may not seem to know you from Adam when you encounter him in shirt-sleeves in the wash-room of the Japanese inn.

As you soak in the inn's tile bath a Japanese lady may enter stark naked, soap and rinse herself, then step into the stove-heated tub with you without appearing to distinguish you from the stove-pipe.

Foreign mission boards require a native church to pay part of its pastor's salary. The church pays—but is quite likely to make a side agreement with the pastor by which he must donate to the church treasury the exact amount paid to him.

Even the solemnity of the hour of death may not deter the family who pray and weep beside the coffin from pulling a fast one. Should the deceased be an official it may be profitable to move the date of his death forward a few days. If the government can be persuaded to grant him a promotion, a larger pension will accrue to the family. But since he cannot be promoted after death, he is fictionally kept alive. Everyone may be quite well aware that he died on Sunday, but the newspapers have him giving orders on Monday, making a speech on Tuesday, being promoted on Wednesday, and finally dying at such and such an hour and minute on Thurs-

day. The family, the government, the press and the public all share cheerfully in the hoax.

Your companion will pretend to understand you when he does not. A certain Shimada-san replied "I think so" to every statement until I became suspicious that he had no idea what I was saying. In a pleasant tone I remarked:

"You are a double-dealing, poker-faced son of perdition."

Shimada smiled and nodded. "I think so," he said.

My friend John Patric who loves to hold forth on the state of the world as long as anyone will listen was gratified to have a most attractive listener whose stock reply was: "I see." Finally a gnawing fear that his eloquence was being wasted prompted Patric to test his audience with the rigmarole of Lewis Carroll:

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves  
And the mome raths outgrabe."

"I see," said his companion promptly.

Japanese pretence has been sometimes excused and even praised in the name of politeness. But there is no true courtesy in deception.

Japanese courtesy is often genuine; too often it is only a form. It may even mask the most violent and malevolent hatred.

With profound bows a Japanese army major presented to an American tourist a sample of Japanese art as an expression of his undying friendship. It was a drawing of a horse and a stag.

The American gave it an honoured place in his Chicago home. For six years he looked at it with pride and appreciation.

Then a missionary who had served in Japan set him right. The picture, from the Japanese point of view, was an unforgivable insult. The nearest approach the Japanese have to a curse is the expletive "*Baka*!" Fool! but *ba* also means horse, and *ka* means stag, therefore to present anyone with a picture of these two animals is to call him a fool. This device as used by the samurai was a challenge to fight to the death.



Japanese politeness is not necessarily consideration. It is often subjective rather than objective: displayed for the satisfaction of one's own pride rather than for any comfort it may give to the other person. The Japanese like to think, and to have others think, that they know what's what. They are vain about their manners. But the gentleman who is all grace and charm in a Tokyo drawing-room where everyone knows him may act very differently where he thinks he is not known.

In a bus or street-car he will plant his elbow firmly in your chest and lever himself past into a seat, letting women with children on their backs stand. If the seat is wide enough for two persons, he will spread his cape to cover all of it, or buttress his position with packages. If the trip is a long one he may undress down to his underwear, draw his feet up on the seat and go to sleep. If he eats, he strews the floor with scraps of orange peel, fragments of fish, pickle and rice, his discarded chopsticks and the remains of his *bento* or luncheon-box. If he feels the need, he will call upon the driver to stop while he goes to the roadside, there to stand in full view.

Shopkeepers who wish to make a sale fairly lick the floor. But clerks who do not care whether they sell or not, or cannot supply the goods desired, are as rude as some occidental clerks in a like case. For rudeness is not confined to Japan. But the Westerner who is rude is more frank about it, for he makes no pretence of not being a boor. An honest boor is slightly preferable to a hypocritical one.

We cannot deny the fact that much Japanese discourtesy is due to contact with the West.

Foreigners who lived in Yokohama just after Perry had opened Japan frequently remarked upon the fact that to find civility it was necessary to go ten or twenty miles back into the country. The Japanese of the port and the near hinterland were quickly affected by the brusque, boisterous ways of the drunken foreign sailors and adventurers who overwhelmed Yokohama.

We show our worst side when away from home. (For that matter, Japanese do the same—note their behaviour in China!) With his home inhibitions lifted, the naturally

blunt Westerner too often becomes intolerably arrogant abroad. The Japanese, a super-sensitive people, respond in kind.

But we cannot take all the blame. Before Japan ever saw an American or Englishman, samurai were notorious for their habit of obsequious politeness to an enemy's face followed by a death-dealing stroke of the two-handed sword when his back was turned. The samurai preferred to strike from behind. They tried out their swords on commoners or beggars, sometimes slashing the body into ribbons to test the keenness of the blade.

When a samurai calling on a friend kneeled and bowed with his head just inside the door, he took the precaution of placing his iron-ribbed fan in the groove lest his bowing host might suddenly slide shut the door and amputate his head. Such were the ways of Japanese courtesy.

There is a core of sincerity in every man, but in the Japanese it is overlaid by a thick crust of suspicion generated not so much by his contact with the West as by the previous experience of his people. Distrust has been the keynote of Japanese society. Since the ruling classes have always practised rigorous suppression of the common people they have never enjoyed the willing compliance that might be expected in a democracy.

Every subject was suspect. The government set a spy to watch him, and a super-spy to watch the spy, and a super-super-spy to watch the super-spy.

Fear bred in the people the habit of bowing and scraping, while self-interest prompted them always to hunt for some sly deception that would fool their oppressors. The result is the polite malevolence of today.

The trait has nothing to do with the Japanese race as a race. In fact of course the Japanese are not a race. They are a hodge-podge of racial strains, Mongol, Chinese, Ainu, Indian, Malay, Polynesian and many others. The trait is purely sociological, the result of two thousand years of suppression and suspicion. It is shaken off in two generations in America. The sons of the *nisei*, and many of the *nisei* themselves, do not have it. It will be shaken off in Japan, not so rapidly, but surely, if the social system is democratized.

But in the meantime it will be a painful thorn in the flesh to Allied administrators who try to get along with the Japanese. Falsity and sincerity wear such similar masks in Japan that it takes almost superhuman perspicacity to distinguish them.

In fact so alike are they that the Japanese themselves are fooled. They come to believe their own falsehoods. An official who has joined in the conspiracy to hold the people down through awe of the emperor will speak to you about the emperor with tears of genuine emotion in his eyes. He has practised his insincerity so long that it has become sincere.

Thoroughly good men will tell you that Japan has been fighting China in self-defence—that the Japanese wants nothing but friendship with the Chinese—that Japan's cult is simplicity (then why is she fighting for riches?)—that Japan desires only to save Asia and the world from becoming devilish—and endless self-deceptions of the same order.

The Japanese have worked themselves into a fantastic state of delusion. A sense of inferiority has caused them to make boundless claims of superiority until they believe them true. Britain is none too modest; yet how we should squirm with embarrassment if her statesmen and educators should indulge in such bombastic statements as these:

"Light radiates from Britain." "Britain is superior to all other nations because she is a country of gods." "Britain is peerless in the world because of her boundless patriotism." "Britain is unsurpassed because of the absolute justice prevailing in it." "Britain is unequalled in excellence by virtue of her ancestor worship." "Britain is the centre of the universe."

Yet all these statements, the word Japan in place of Britain, have been made by responsible Japanese and we have no record of a protest or a blush on the part of any Japanese listener or reader.

It is plain that we are here dealing with a diseased and paranoiac mind. Its abnormality will greatly increase the difficulties that would be met in handling any normal people.

The Japanese, we learn, are not only the world's greatest spiritual leaders, but the world's greatest scientists. The War Ministry bestowed honours upon a Japanese named Ninomiya for having invented the airplane in 1894. A Japanese is

credited with devising the telegraph long before Morse. A Japanese scientific journal comments:

"Japanese science has been retarded rather than accelerated by Western science which has too often led us into unprofitable paths. Our laboratories which shake off Western influence make better progress."

When the atomic bomb was introduced to the world over Hiroshima, Tokyo Radio commented:

"To us the occurrence of this sort of weapon is nothing so very novel. The theory of atomic energy has been known to us for the last century. The fact that the Anglo-American nations, who are far behind the times in this sphere of science, are putting to use the theory of atomic energy makes it clear that they must have drawn on the result of Japanese researches."

And defeat in war is explained away in this fashion: "Our enemies overwhelm us temporarily with the mere quantity of their technical devices; but in the long span of the years it is quality that must ultimately triumph. That advantage is ours."

The Japanese are not humbled by disaster. With their adeptness in explaining away unpleasant facts, they appear to convince themselves that it was in some way their own superiority that caused their defeat.

A mind encased in such a shell of conceit is hard to reach.

The Japanese are a magnificent people, spoiled. The process begins at a tender age. Small boys are thoroughly spoiled by their parents. They are encouraged to lord it over their mothers, their sisters, and their younger brothers. They are never spanked—the millions of spankings that should have been applied accumulated until Pearl Harbour, then to be administered by the United Nations at great cost of life. Their fits of temper go uncontrolled. Their self-importance is encouraged until they become touchy, quick to take offence, and strongly inclined to moody plots of revenge.

Far from being emotionless, they are emotionally unstable. Gunther attributes this partly to the fact that the raw fish they eat gives them too much iodine and over-develops their thyroids. I wouldn't know about that. The women eat as much fish as the men but are much steadier.

The Japanese man is often brilliant but he lacks patience and tenacity. Some Japanese recognize these faults. Says K. K. Kawakami in the *New York Times*:

"Outwardly the Japanese is stoical, but his stoicism is a façade to a tumultuous soul which often permits his heart to run away with his head. Apparently phlegmatic, the Japanese is excitable, impatient, hot-tempered. He is prone to be influenced by emotions and moods rather than by reason and logic. When his feelings are deeply stirred he is capable of heroic acts, but his is a heroism lacking stability and staying power."

The stoical mask breaks and falls away in the theatre. One of the curious misconceptions regarding Japan is that the Japanese do not weep. The notion is quickly dispelled when one attends the *kabuki*, historical drama. The supposedly iron-willed samurai of the play alternate between poker-faced poses and hysterical outbursts in which they scream like demented banshees or whine like whipped puppies.

The audience sobs and sniffles and soaks up floods of tears in countless paper handkerchiefs. The foreigner in the midst of this sobbing sea is likely to be painfully embarrassed. Certainly he might go to the theatres of New York or London all his life without seeing the like—or, rather, hearing it, for he sees nothing but the stage in the dark theatre.

That, by the way, is the point. It is the darkness that unlooses the water. The same man who will shake with a palsy of grief and weep copiously under shelter of darkness will, in



Japanese stoicism is thin-shelled. The actor in the style of historical drama known as *kabuki* alternates between stonefaced composure and hysterical emotion. His audience takes advantage of the darkness of the theatre to enjoy an orgy of tears.

daylight, tell you of the death of his son with a smile on his lips.

This is partly because he does not want to burden you with his troubles. But, more largely, it is only another manifestation of his eternal secretiveness. Rather than meaning that there is no emotional turmoil inside, it means that there is so much of it that he cannot trust himself to be natural and honest. It is the Japanese false front.

Secretiveness shrouds the Japanese home. A high wall or closely woven bamboo fence usually surrounds it. Foreigners are rarely invited. We finally entered scores of Japanese homes, but only after many years of acquaintance. And a visit is formal in the extreme.

There is always an invisible barrier. Everyone is on his dignity.

This applies not merely to visits from foreigners—the Japanese do not entertain each other easily. They are not, like the Chinese, good mixers. One reason is that it is never possible to be sure that your guest is not a government spy.

All the usual deviousness of the Japanese has been exaggerated by the war. Nazi notions of triumph by trickery perhaps started the landslide in moral values. To the almost unendurable pre-war restrictions were added the much more severe *dekimasens*, cannot dos, of war, encouraging evasion, malpractice and double-dealing on a scale never before known even in Japan.

Our black markets were few and conscience-stricken compared to the *yami tori-hiki*, "dark transactions", which the supposedly loyal Japanese practised with consummate skill and pride. Desperation bred dishonesty. Mutual distrust became chronic. In the increasing chaos, contracts were of little value, murder and theft were reported as having reached an all-time high, men who in times of security are solid citizens became unscrupulous robbers, anxious only to snatch what loot they could from the general ruin.

While crying unity, every man feared and suspected his neighbour. Behind a false front of cheerful courage grew a despair that would not stop at any measure of deceit or revenge.

This is the Japan the United Nations now inherit.

## 4:

## While We Control Japan

THE Japanese talent for secret machinations behind a false front will make the Allied task more difficult in Japan than in Germany.

The diplomatic representatives of foreign governments have always faced peculiar problems in Japan. Every effort has been made to mislead them.

Commodore Perry in 1853 and 1854 dealt with the shogun under the impression that he was the emperor, and no one enlightened him. An ordinary policeman passed himself off as the vice-governor of Uraga. At a glittering reception, two petty officials pretended to be princes of the blood and pompously received the letter Perry had brought from the President of the United States. The regal-looking chair upon which Perry was seated during this audience had been hauled in from a near-by funeral parlour.

In view of the persistent efforts to befuddle him and divert him from his object, Perry's accomplishments were truly remarkable.

Similar attempts were made to nullify the work of the first American consul to Japan, Townsend Harris. Petty officials kept him in ignorance as long as possible. They called the



The shogun at the time of Perry's visit passed himself off as the emperor. The consistent policy of the Japanese in regard to foreigners has always been "in all things be obstructive—the less the foreigners can do, or see, or know, the better!"

shogun "Tycoon" (equivalent to Supreme Ruler or Emperor) to conceal the fact that he was not actually the emperor.

Harris, a model of patience and forbearance, let himself go only when he wrote in his diary. One entry reads: "They do not know the value of a straightforward and truthful policy, at least they do not practise it. They never hesitate at uttering a falsehood even when the truth would serve the same purpose."

And Britain's first minister to Japan, Rutherford Alcock, declared that the policy of the Japanese Government seemed to be this:

"In all things be obstructive—the less the foreigners can do, or see, or know, the better!"

We may expect to encounter exactly the same policy as we supervise Japan.

"There is no foreign post where it is more difficult for an American ambassador to learn the truth than Tokyo," writes Sumner Welles out of his experience in the State Department. And he compliments Ambassador Grew on the accuracy of his reports. If Mr. Grew was not quite accurate in appraising the virtues of the imperial system and the power and good intentions of the "liberals", it may be asked whether anyone else could have done better in the face of Japanese officialdom's bland evasions.

Grew complained that Japanese mentality could not bring itself to make a commitment in concise, unambiguous language. Japanese documents were always couched "in phraseology which leaves the points at issue open to the widest interpretation, befogging rather than clarifying those issues".

And he found that a promise made today was not necessarily good tomorrow. Grew writes in his journal:

"Altered circumstances! That is the loop-hole which Japan always leaves herself. She will scrupulously abide by all her commitments—until, in Japan's opinion, altered circumstances have rendered such commitments obsolete."

And high among diplomatic explosions will always stand Secretary Hull's classic outburst over the note delivered to him by the Japanese envoys an hour after the attack upon Pearl Harbour:



"In all my fifty years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with infamous falsehoods and distortions—infamous falsehoods and distortions on a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any Government on this planet was capable of uttering them!"

The two-faced character of every Japanese institution will be a source of bewilderment to our civil affairs officers. The family, the home, the school, the farm, the factory, the bureaucracy, the parliament, the cabinet, the emperor and the Shinto framework that supports him, will all seem simple at first and easily open to correction.

The Japanese already show a smiling willingness, almost an eagerness, to reform. And, to make things more confusing, that eagerness is genuine in some particulars. But it is an eagerness to ape the strength of the West without troubling with the labour and ideals which have made that strength possible.

There will be an attempt to change to a "democratic" structure without the radical alteration in the status of peasants and workers that alone would make democracy possible.

Peace is declared as Japan's "immutable policy" while the seeds of new aggression are sown. "Liberals" appear on all sides while the secret societies go underground.

In the midst of these problems what shall be the attitude of the Allied administrators? The easiest attitude to assume will be that of the ruthless conqueror, refusing to recognize the good faith of any Japanese. That attitude will get us nowhere. It is possible that some of our men may resort to it if we may judge from correspondent Leonard Lyons's account in the *Washington Post* of a certain American colonel, graduated from the school of military administration at Charlottesville, and installed as military governor of Bavaria. The colonel, Lyons reports, has but one answer to all complaining Germans:

"Rights? You got no rights. You're conquered, ya hear? You started this war and you lost. Get it through your heads: you lost. You got no rights."

And when the Nazi general suggested certain changes, the colonel instructed his interpreter thus:

"Tell that thick-headed kraut that there'll be no changes, and that I'll throw the damn bum into the can if he yells again. Tell that lousy monster I'll put him on ice." As the interpreter began to pass on a more polite version of these remarks, the colonel interrupted: "Listen, you, I'll throw you in the can too if you don't translate the exact words I said, and in the same tones."

The colonel's decisions may have been absolutely correct; but his manner of enforcing them probably nullified their value. Arrogance and vulgarity are not potent weapons even against arrogance and vulgarity. A state of high dudgeon will solve no problems, and will make many. If such a policy is practised upon the Japanese they will merely retire farther into their shell and prove more completely inaccessible.

However, I have confidence that the colonel was an exception. There is a high order of intelligence among our civil affairs officers and it is not likely that well-educated, well-bred men will lose their balance even in what will be perhaps the most trying position in which any man could be placed. The administrator will do well to paste in his hat these words from Harris's journal:

"I am determined to take firm ground with the Japanese. I will cordially meet any real offers of amity, but words will not do."

Firmness, and cordiality, and the determination to reach final amity, will break down the defences of the Japanese if anything will.

In war, understanding is not necessary; guns take its place. But when the guns are laid aside, there is no substitute for understanding.

## 5:

### *Japan Under Two Coats of Paint*

To understand the Japanese it is necessary to search their background.

The real Japanese is buried under two coats of paint. The first coat was Chinese; the second, Euro-American.

The Chinese coat was applied chiefly in the seventh century. History does not know a more striking contrast than that between the two Japans before and after the coming of Chinese civilization.

The Japanese were a composite people, not meriting the word "race". They were made up of widely diverse elements, which had just one feature in common—their primitive, barbarian character.

One of the ingredients was the aboriginal cave-man population, the Koro-pok-guru, whose pit-dwellings and shell-mounds may still be found. They merged with another ingredient, the Ainu people, who, while Egypt was in her glory, lived in burrows in the ground, used stone implements and practised cannibalism.

Civilization was far advanced in China, India, Siam, Persia and parts of Europe, when the next ingredients were added, but they were equally savage. One was a Mongol horde from Asia, the other, Malays from the South Pacific.

The latter brought their house with them, and since it was better than anything the cave-dwelling and tent-dwelling people of the Japanese islands had previously known, it was largely adopted.

Japanese propagandists love to dilate upon the imaginary glories of their ancient civilization. But if the marble homes of the Greeks of this period could be set down beside the typical Japanese residence, the latter would suffer severely by comparison.

It was an oblong hut made of poles with the bark still on and tied together with vines—although the world had long known both the rope and the peg. Matted grass made the walls. Where the wind blew holes, boughs were thrust in. The roof was grass thatch. Since it was easily scattered by the wind, heavy logs were laid on it to keep it in place. Large stones were used for the same purpose—and are in some parts of the country still used today.

The windows and doors were holes which could be plugged shut with brush. The floor was dirt. The fire was built in the centre of the floor, and the smoke was absorbed by the grass walls and roof, and the eyes and lungs of the occupants.

Frequently the hut was semi-subterranean, being partly-

sunk into the ground or in a hill-side for protection against the elements.

The Japanese wore little but loin-cloth and sandals, adding occasionally a mantle made of animal skin, straw, grass, or asbestos! Silk and cotton were unknown. The Roman toga would have been viewed with as much wonder as was the European button many centuries later.

The food was roots, seaweed, fish, venison and bear-meat. A few vegetables were grown, but agriculture, as it had already existed for a thousand years in the valley of the Nile, was undreamed of. Japanese society was still in the most primitive economic stage, that of hunter and hunted.

For more than a millennium the world had possessed the power to read and write. But in Japan anything a man could not remember was lost.

What is the more astonishing is that not even the beginnings had been made. Not only had no alphabet been devised, but even the primitive picture-writing practised by many of the world's savage tribes was unknown.

There was no central government. The people were divided into scores of warring tribes. Each tribe had its own tribal god. The chief of the clan claimed a certain measure of divinity and was supposed to be able to interpret the wishes of the god. All natural phenomena were ascribed to spirits. This primitive animism had not yet even acquired a moral code—although the great religious philosophies of the world were already many centuries old.

When Buddhists and Confucianists entered the country they were unable to find in the Japanese spoken language any words for such concepts as benevolence, justice, propriety, sagacity and truth.

Then, like the dazzling white explosion of an atomic bomb, came Chinese civilization.

It was brought in by Buddhist priests. Some of them were direct from China, some from near-by Korea, which had long since learned from China.

The priests brought not only a highly-sophisticated religion, but secular knowledge of all sorts. Encouraged by the Japanese court, which was avid for the new learning, they taught the art of reading and writing along with the clumsy

Chinese ideographs which still make up the bulk of the Japanese language to this day.

They introduced the great classic works of China on astronomy, geography, music, and medicine. They brought in great painters, carvers and architects.

They taught the half-nomadic Japanese, who had always followed random trails through the jungle, how to make permanent roads.

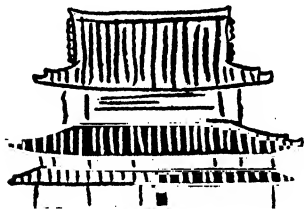
Natives who had depended for their water upon erratic rainfall or streams that dried up in months of drought, were shown how to dig wells that would supply good water every day in the year.

Practical priests of the soil taught the miracles of agriculture. They imported horses to help in agriculture and transportation. They introduced millstones for grinding grain. They planted at one time 462 mulberry-trees, and taught the Japanese the intricate processes of the care of the silkworm and the spinning and weaving of silk.

Gold was discovered in Eastern Japan, and the court spent lavishly to bring in still more of the arts and artists of the continent. One in-coming ship was loaded to the gunwales with tailors. And the Japanese, always quick to learn, entered the garment trade with gusto, to become in time one of the world's most expert peoples in the manufacture of textiles.

Lacquer, another art in which the Japanese excel, came from China. Gunpowder was another of China's contributions, later to be turned against China and the world, to the ruin of Japan itself.

Flowers were unappreciated until the Chinese taught their cultivation and arrangement—an art in which the Japanese



In Japan may be found the oldest wooden building in the world, the Golden Hall of the Horyuji Monastery. But it is of Chinese origin and craftsmanship, not Japanese. Before the coming of Chinese architects and builders, Japanese structures were windowless, dirt-floored huts, sometimes half buried in the ground.

now surpass their teachers. The fine art of garden-landscaping was of Chinese origin.

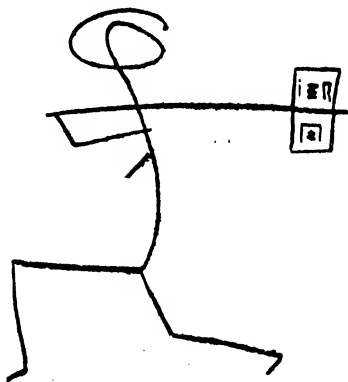
We are so used to the pot, the bowl, and the kettle, that we fail to do them full honour. But they were a vast improvement upon the primitive basket. True, it had always been possible to suspend a cut of venison over a fire, but water-proof and fire-proof receptacles for cooking, serving and preserving foods opened the way to gustatory delights never known before by the Japanese. They were fortunate to have as their teachers the best cooks in Asia—but it must be said that in this art they never reached the skill of their teachers.

The Chinese showed their ignorant but eager pupils how to shut out the weather with oiled-paper windows, how to cut, square and join timber, how to make plaster and brick, how to roof houses with tile instead of soggy and vermin-infested thatch, how to divert smoke through chimneys, how to dispel darkness by means of a long-burning lamp instead of a quickly burned-out torch.

In these and a thousand other ways the daily life of Japan was transformed by the priests, scholars, and artisans of China. But the influence went much higher and pervaded the entire governmental and philosophical structure.

The clans made the chief of the principal clan their emperor, attached to him the Chinese title of *Tenshi*, Son of Heaven, organized an aristocracy of hereditary nobles and enforced a system of taxation after the Chinese model.

The beginnings of postal service in Japan. One letter by courier.



Copper coinage of the Chinese style was introduced and people learned to count above a hundred—although many of the nobles still refused to touch money and scorned mathematics as an art of tradesmen. Nevertheless, trade and industry profited enormously by the change.

New words bring new ideas, and the imported vocabulary of China opened up new worlds of thought to the Japanese. The teachings of Buddha, Confucius and Mencius were too deep for the unphilosophical Japanese to penetrate completely, yet they derived much from them. Beliefs and traits



The evolution of transportation in Japan. Anciently everyone walked or ran, except the one who was rich enough to hire two bearers to carry him in a *kago*, a most uncomfortable hammock with a thatch roof.

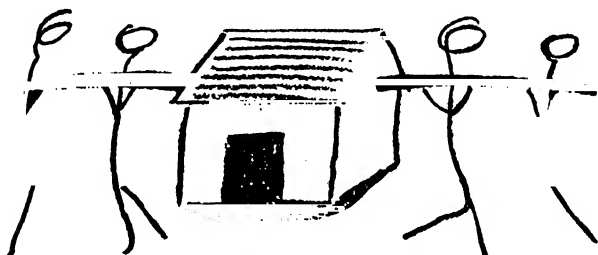
which we think of as distinctly Nipponese came from China, among them ancestor worship and filial piety.

But the chief heritage from China was material—a heritage of things rather than of thoughts. The visible was adopted, the invisible largely ignored. As Sir George Sansom has said:

“The artistic development of Japan . . . was as rapid and real as the political and social changes were slow and superficial. Not that this difference is to be wondered at, for the Japanese could see before their eyes the ravishing loveliness of statues and paintings brought from the continent or created in their midst by Chinese and Korean masters. The other gifts which China had to offer were intangible or invisible, and tainted with human fallibility. You might be

breathless with adoration before a serene and faultless golden Buddha, but you could dislike or criticize the Chinese way of thought and the Chinese principles of government, the more so if they ran counter to your vested interests. Splendour and beauty are easier to accept than the austerities of reform, and the consolations of philosophy are more welcome than its discipline."

The Japanese rulers who were responsible for bringing in Chinese civilization, took good care that it should not en-



The *kago* evolved to become the *norimon*, a sort of palanquin. This cramped, jolting contrivance was the proud conveyance of nobility down to and past the time of Perry.

danger their own position. While they adopted the pomp and prerogatives of the Chinese imperial system, they barred its democratic features.

For seventh-century China, while far from being a democracy in the modern sense, had more of the characteristics of democracy than any other nation at that time. Men attained public office not through rank or birth, but through competitive examinations. The aristocratic and wealthy classes had no more and no less chance than the most humble. Anyone, high or low, with sufficient talent to pass the tests, might share in the government. The Japanese took over the examination system, but limited it strictly to the nobility.

The Chinese emperor was regarded by his subjects as holding the mandate of Heaven only so long as his rule was heavenly, that is, beneficent. When it was not, he might be deposed by his people. No one was held guilty of *lèse-majesté* for freely criticizing the emperor. Imperial proclamations



were conciliatory and even humble in tone. The people were at least in theory, and often in practice, the final arbiters of Chinese government. The Right of Revolution, taught by both Confucius and Mencius, was held by the people to be their most sacred right.

In Japan revolution was treason. The emperor was made answerable only to the sun goddess; which meant, in effect, answerable only to the group in control of the throne. Rites and ceremonies were taken over complete, humanity was left behind. The form was copied, the essence lost.

Buddhism suffered in the same way. The profound conceptions born in India, and later charged with practical idealism by the Chinese, were little understood in Japan. The Japanese acquired through Buddhism the well, the millstone, the brick, the painting, the ideograph, and the thousand benefits of material civilization; also an assortment of ceremonies, the tinkling of bells, the tonguing of prayers, the burning of incense and the notion that it was sinful to eat meat.

But the great tolerant humanitarianism of Buddhism and its concept of man in relation to the universe were not for the Japanese.

Nothing else could have been expected—for the Japanese were just emerging from a simple savagery. They could appreciate anything that could be seen, felt, tasted, or worn like a mantle. But underneath was still the primitive fighter whose hand was against every man.

The second coat of foreign influence was applied in the middle of the nineteenth century.

During the interim since the seventh-century application, Japan had been remarkably protected from all contacts with the world. For this her inland position was largely responsible. Also, she was fortunately poor. There was nothing in Japan that China wanted, either in the way of wealth or learning. And when European powers entered the Far East they were naturally more interested in the boundless possibilities offered by China than in the meagre resources of islands. China served as a buffer state to keep Europe off the Japanese neck.

Fifteen hundred years after China had made contact with the West, Japan had her first recorded European visitors—and this was only by accident. Three Portuguese were wrecked in 1543 on the Japanese coast. They had managed to save their firearms, which were examined with great interest by the Japanese. The modern education of Japan had begun.

Following closely upon firearms came Christianity, but it failed to make the same deep impression. There was no natural turning to Christianity. Its remarkable growth was due to political pressure.

The government encouraged it in order to discourage Buddhism, which was entertaining political ambitions. Also, the feudal lords befriended the Jesuit missionaries, because the missionaries had some knowledge of foreign military tactics, and were in contact with Portuguese merchants from whom weapons might be obtained.

A lord who thought it expedient for such reasons to adopt Christianity, commanded all his retainers and serfs to do likewise; thus the growth in the numbers of nominal Christians was spectacular. It rose to a total of perhaps half a million toward the end of the sixteenth century.

But the Portuguese and Spanish missionaries, like Buddhist priests before them, became too haughty and began to mix in political affairs. They fell under the suspicion of being emissaries for foreign powers which conspired to subjugate Japan. The captain of a wrecked Spanish ship boasted that his nation made a practice of sending missionaries first, then traders, then troops. Down came the heavy hand of the shogun upon the missionaries and their followers. There were stirring scenes of martyrdom—but Christianity, which had never taken deep root in a spiritual sense, was stamped out.

The government gradually closed the country to foreigners, and for well over two centuries, from the early 1600s to 1853, it remained closed.

The effect upon Japan was serious. While there were certain advantages in isolation, they were far outweighed by Japan's loss of the great currents which swept the world forward during that period. The Renaissance, liberalism,

capitalism, democracy, the Industrial Revolution, all passed Japan by.

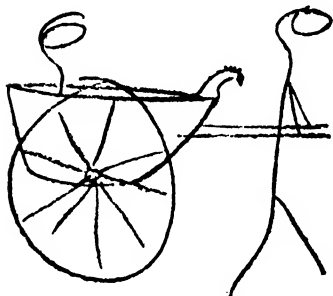
Thus, when Western influence was finally admitted, it came with tremendous impact, as if into a vacuum.

The credit for opening Japan is usually ascribed to Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, who steamed into Tokyo harbour in 1853, and through a remarkable demonstration of firmness and friendship, succeeded in extracting a treaty. But the way had been prepared for him by the importunities of former British, Russian and American visitors, who had partially worn down Japanese resistance.

Possibly we should say that the man who opened Japan was Robert Fulton. The invention of the steamboat made an open Japan a necessity. The Pacific became a highway of commerce. But the steamer, unlike the wind-driven clipper, could not find its power anywhere. It must have fueling stations along the way. There was some slight desire to trade with Japan, and there was the hope of persuading Japan to treat more humanely foreign sailors wrecked on her shores; but the urgent reason for Perry's visit was the need of coaling ports for steamers on the long voyage from the American coast to China. Japan was on the shortest route, that via the Great Circle.

Perry's Treaty of Kanagawa made available the ports of Shimoda and Hakodate for coaling and provisioning. With this opening wedge, subsequent American, British, Russian, French and German treaties obtained commercial rights, and Japan was laid open to the flood of foreign things and ideas.

Again, the adoption was limited largely to the visible and



The advent of the *jin-riki-sha* (man-power-carriage). An American missionary named Goble converted a baby carriage into a conveyance for his ailing wife. The Japanese promptly adopted the idea and now credit a Japanese with the invention.

superficial. Rabbits, unknown in Japan, were the craze in 1873 and brought as much as \$500 each. Next year it was cock-fighting. Waltzing, big funerals, Western clothes, gold watch-fobs, busts and statues, toys, machines of all sorts, hot-water-bags, lead pencils, musical instruments, gripped the Japanese imagination.

Always there has been a strong under-current of opposition to Western influence, yet that influence has been, if not profound, at least pervasive. It has gone widely rather than deeply. How widely is indicated graphically by the number of English words incorporated today in the Japanese language. Every word represents a new element in Japanese life.

It is more than likely that the civil affairs officer, who has studied Japanese in the West before taking up his duties in Japan, will be bewildered by many words which he will not recognize as being either Japanese or English. For the original English words have been curiously changed in the transition. Long cumbersome endings have been clipped off them, and letters the Japanese tongue cannot pronounce have been omitted.

Thus a talking motion-picture becomes a *toki*. Building is *biru*. Apartment is *apato* and department-store reduces to *depato*.

Modern girl is *moga*. Modern boy is *mobo*. If a person puts on airs he is "high collar", *haikara*. The Japanese still say, as we did a decade or so ago, that he or she has "it", but they pronounce it "itto". If you are glad to see a visitor leave, you say that he is *bakku-shan*, a word concocted of "back" and the German "schön", and signifying one who looks well from the back.

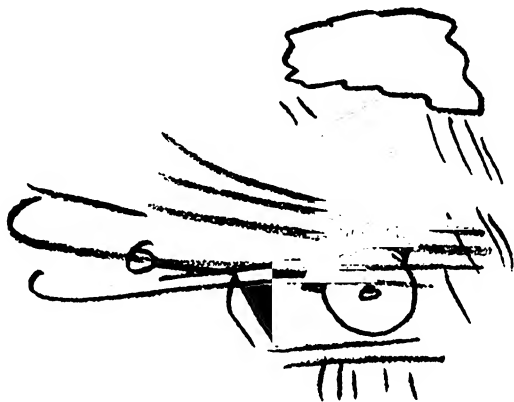
Western garments are worn in Japan, but we should hardly recognize their transformed names. An overcoat becomes an *oba*, handkerchief is *hankechi*, slipper is *surippa*, sweater is *seta*, and white shirt, if you please, is *waishatsu*.

The Nipponese kitchen has been invaded by *bata*, butter, *keki*, cake, *chikin*, chicken, *kohi*, coffee, and *raisukare*, rice-curry. When you look at a restaurant menu and see *boiro ekisu*, it may take you some time to deduce that it means boiled eggs.

Young people *dansu*, go dancing, *skeito*, go skating, and

expertly discuss *Hariwuddo*, Hollywood. They chew *supiro gomu*, spearmint gum, and drink *miruku seiki*, milk-shakes.

Serious-minded people interested in public affairs argue over *defure* and *infure*, deflation and inflation. The scissors are used liberally on such long-winded English words as proletarian, demonstration, agitator, sympathizer, and intelligentsia. They shrink to *puro*, *demo*, *agito*, *shimpa* and *interi*.



The riksha proved well adapted to lands where human life was cheap. It was cleverly developed by the Japanese into an all-weather vehicle and held its own until well after the dawn of the automobile age.

Many such orientalized English words have been made so much at home in the Japanese language that most Japanese would raise their eyebrows in surprise if you should tell them that these words had had an American or British origin. Quite likely they would not believe you.

For so thoroughly have certain Western articles, and their names, been amalgamated into Japanese life that the average Nipponese does not realize they were ever foreign. Our pleasant hostess at a restaurant dinner ordered two "Japanese" dainties for us, the *omoreto* and the *kuroketo*. We oh-ed and ah-ed over them, not having the heart to tell her that we were already familiar with the omelet and the croquette. A young guide showing us proudly the wonders of an engineering

exhibition, asked if we had *moto* and *pompo*, motors and pumps, in our country.

No other nation has so avidly acquired the knowledge of the world. Japan has tried to make up for the two and a half centuries she was in seclusion, "like a frog in a well", as the Japanese put it. "The frog at the bottom of the well," runs a proverb, "thinks the well a fine stretch of water." And another proverb has it: "The frog in the well knows not the great ocean."

Japan's imitation of our ways seemed harmless enough at first. We were flattered. We were entertained by the mistakes of the funny little Japs. When they boarded the first train they left their shoes on the platform because, they had been taught never to enter a house with their shoes on. They broke the windows by thrusting out their heads, not realizing the nature of glass. It was necessary to paint a white bar across each pane in order to convince them of the presence of something solid. The first store windows bore big labels: "This is glass."

People watched the telegraph line, trying to see the message travel along the wires. Some said the wire must be hollow; others, that the wire moved. Country people said it was all "Christian deviltry" and mobs tore down the equipment. The first telephones were charged with spreading cholera from the speaker to the listener.

They put on our clothes wrongly, appeared in underwear without bothering about trousers, or affected a frock-coat with straw hat and breeches.

They blundered when they tried to copy our machines. Their first steamers toppled over, or the boilers blew up, or the captain forgot how to stop his vessel, and it kept going until it struck a mudbank.

The Japanese fear ridicule as much as any people on earth, and more than most. Therefore it is to their credit that while much of the rest of Asia kept face by refusing to have anything to do with Western devices, the Japanese made fools of themselves and learned. That is a mark of greatness.

And when the blow came at Pearl Harbour and a few weeks saw the Japanese Empire encompass three million square miles with a population of half a billion Asiatics, we no longer

smiled when we spoke of the Japanese. They had reached their mechanistic maturity.

What made them particularly dangerous was that they had not reached spiritual maturity. The atom bomb of scientific civilization lay in primitive hands.

To be sure, the Japanese have insisted that they, being Oriental, possessed a spiritual culture far exceeding that of the "materialistic" West. They claim to have refined and improved all that has come to them. General Doihara has this to say about it:

"Oriental and Occidental cultures have distinctive features, the former being spiritual and the latter materialistic . . . Japan has absorbed the Western material civilization and finally moulded it with the *kodo-bunka* or imperial culture. The Oriental races should make it the nucleus of their culture for their natural development and for the promotion of lasting peace and independence. It should be extended throughout the world. Japan proposes to play the leading part for the extension of this culture as its national mission."

And a member of the Diet declaimed:

"We should part company with the militaristic civilization of the Occident which we have blindly followed for sixty years and return to the old spiritual life of Japan. The state of European countries already indicates that the militaristic civilization of the West has entered upon a period of decadence. [This was before decadent MacArthur and Nimitz appeared on the Japanese scene.] If we should at this juncture boldly return to our ancient ways, solve all our problems in accordance with the old spirit of the East, and succeed thereby in establishing permanent peace in the Orient, it will not only bring happiness to the peoples of Asia, but may give hints to the Western world for its regeneration."

There is no doubt of the West's need of regeneration, but there is some as to Japan's ability to effect it.

In self-criticism, we of the West have been too inclined to go along with our Eastern critics in their scorn of "gadgets"—which, however, they adopt with amazing alacrity at the first opportunity. We are shamefaced over our "machine civilization":

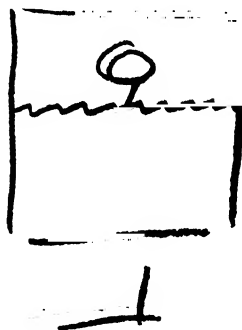
We should not be. The devices of science are not "gadgets", they are instruments of freedom. They liberate man from meaningless drudgery and give his spirit a chance. Whether the device is a washing-machine or an automobile, a vacuum-cleaner or a radio, it unshackles the human soul. If we do not always use well the leisure afforded us by the machine, it is not the machine's fault, but our own.

Moreover, it takes spiritual force to produce a machine. Behind every piece of mechanics there is a dream. The Japanese have been content to take the machine without the dream. In appropriating Western "know-how" they have been more interested in the how than in the know. It is understandable that they should think of us as materialistic, since it is only our materialism that they have taken, knowing little and caring less about the ideals of betterment, of which the material objects are only a product. It is not the nation that creates materials that is materialistic, for creation is not a materialistic process. It is the nation that adopts the materials without going through the process of creation. Thus the Japanese are distinctly materialistic.

Count Okuma realized it. He once wrote:

"We Japanese for the past generation have been so absorbed in the struggle for existence, both individually and nationally, that we have hardly had time to attend to the higher life."

Passengers broke the windows of the first trains by thrusting out their heads, not realizing the nature of glass. It was necessary to paint a bar across each pane to warn them of the presence of something solid.





And a leading Japanese said to Sherwood Eddy: "We have accepted the great machine of Western civilization, but we have not the moral oil with which to run it."

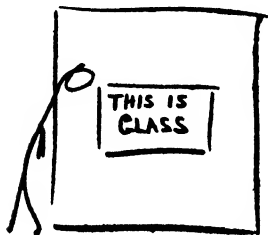
The poet, Yone Noguchi, foresaw the failure of modern education in Japan "until we have learned the important art of reflection".

A missionary of long experience describes the Japanese mind in these phrases: "Great talent but little genius," "Martha rather than Mary," "perspicacious, not profoundly contemplative," "highly ethical, not highly religious," "an intellectual life, mechanical rather than organic".

The foreigner in Japan is likely to be baffled not by the supposedly subtle depths of the Oriental mind, but by that mind's failure to respond to abstract ideas. It wades in the shallow waters of expediency and opportunism.

It is clever rather than wise. Immediately after the Restoration in 1868, there was an attempt to adopt a deliberate assembly or parliament answerable to the people in the West. But more "practical" counsels prevailed, and the government was turned over to a group of "the cleverest men". Smartness was understood, for even a savage must be smart; but the concept of the rights of man was still beyond Japanese comprehension. Japan has been destroyed by her own cleverness.

These are the things that bewilder the visitor. Talking trivialities with the Japanese, he will think he understands him perfectly. But if the conversation strays to such questions as, what is justice? what constitutes loyalty? which is the highest duty? a gulf opens. It is the gulf between the primitive and the half-civilized. The Japanese hand is deft and the mind has a precocious glibness, but the heart still lingers in the Dark Ages.



When glass show windows appeared in Tokyo, pedestrians walked through them until warning signs were posted.

The trouble is that the Japanese has jumped up rather than grown up. His development has been, as Nathaniel Peffer puts it: "a leap from one human stage to another, rather than a graduated, unconscious progression, as with most races. It was perhaps a leap that no race can make, and much that is incomprehensible about Japan, that makes both its attitude and actions seem distorted, may arise from the deep inner discord of a people who are actually in one stage of development, but live in another, and therefore are always at odds with themselves and their environment."

## 6:

### *The Bushido Hoax*

IN exploring the confusions of the Japanese mind, it is well to look into the hoax called bushido.

*Bushi* means knight, *do*, way. Bushido, therefore, is "the knightly way" or "the way of the samurai".

Curiously enough, the samurai never heard of bushido.

It would be hard to find in history a more amazing deception practised by the rules of a nation upon its people. The Japanese army, bent upon enslaving the masses to its will, fabricated bushido out of whole cloth in the 1890s. They put it into the school books, knowing well that to deceive the people it is necessary to start with the young. They also knew that to impress the Japanese with any doctrine, it must seem to have age. They made bushido retroactive. Built to order like a false antique, it was put forward as the ancient philosophy of the race. The Japanese believed it, for who could doubt a text-book?

Foreign scholars were also duped. British and American histories and encyclopædias gravely refer to bushido as Japan's age-old code of chivalry.

But here is the acid test. If there had been such a thing as bushido in the time of the samurai, writers of that time would have mentioned it. But the great early historians of Japan, Kämpfer, Siebold, Satow and Rein never once use the word. *And you will search in vain for bushido in any English or Japanese dictionary published before 1900.*

I came upon this curious fact while doing research for a historical novel. I examined the records of the first Americans and Britishers to live in Japan after the door was opened and before feudalism was abolished. They never spoke of bushido. I went back into old Japanese accounts of feudal days. There was no bushido.

Not only the word, but the thing it describes, is synthetic. The "ancient chivalry" of Japan is a modern invention. Japan has had none too noble a past—but that past has been deliberately glorified by the imperial army. Why? To hold the Japanese people in subjection. During the '80s the flood of European and American ideas was endangering the authority of the oligarchy. It was felt necessary that the eyes of the nation be turned away from free foreign lands, back to the master-and-slave psychology of old Japan.

How to do it? The army found a way. And let it be said here that Japanese soldiers are not just soldiers. There are no more astute statesmen in the world than the high-ranking officers of the Japanese armed forces.

Bushido was invented. The people, particularly the children in the schools, were told that bushido was as old as the Japanese race. It was "the way of the samurai". But what was the way of the samurai? Complete obedience to their masters. Therefore modern Japanese, if they wished to emulate the samurai, must be obedient. They must forget



While cases of valour among samurai were many, the samurai was too often a swaggering bully, veiled to escape detection, striking down with his two-edged sword any commoner who dared step into his way.

ideas of free will and individualism. They must, like the samurai, live only to do the will of their military lords.

But if the people were to imitate the samurai, they must be taught that the samurai were worth imitating. So the samurai were placed on a pedestal. School lessons, magazines, books, Noh dramas, Kubuki plays, motion pictures by the hundreds were turned out to glorify samurai days. God-like virtues were pinned on the breasts of the Japanese—honour, love, truth, courtesy, modesty and unparalleled gallantry, and the whole was called bushido.

Well, let us take bushido apart.

Honour. In their effort to imitate the Anglo-Saxon age of chivalry when knighthood was in flower, the Japanese knew that they must include honour in the synthetic concoction called bushido. But the headache of it was that there was no word for honour in the Japanese language. Equivalents are given in the dictionary, but they do not mean what we mean by honour. They have a "what-will-people-say" implication. Honour with us, from the days of King Arthur's Round Table down, has meant right behaviour, no matter what people may say. With the Japanese it implies merely reputation, name, outward appearance. Professor Inazo Nitobe, whose book *Bushido, The Soul of Japan*, was published in the United States in 1909 by the Young People's Missionary Movement, and used as a text-book by mission study classes—even this greatest of apologists for bushido has admitted that "honour—too often nothing higher than vain-glory or worldly approbation—was prized as the summum bonum of earthly existence". And in the same work he had to grant: "Our sense of honour is responsible for our exaggerated sensitiveness and touchiness; and if there is the conceit in us with which some foreigners charge us, that too is a pathological outcome of honour."

That is a curious sense of honour.

Love. Here again there was no word for that high emotion which actuated much of European chivalry, and is today the greatest moving force in civilized lands. The word used for love in Japanese translations of English novels is a sex word, and its ideograph is an obscene picture.

Love as we know it sometimes grows up between the Japanese

husband and wife, and certainly exists between parent and child. But that sort of love was discountenanced by bushido. It was regarded as a hindrance to a man in the performance of his duty. If his military master required it of him, he must put his own children to the sword and sell his wife to the Yoshiwara. His devotion was due to this daimyo and his emperor—no one else.

Truth. The strange doctrine was inculcated that one must tell the truth only to superiors. Deceit was not only pardonable, but virtuous if used in the name of the emperor. Kurusu and Nomura who lied in Washington while Japan struck at Pearl Harbour, illustrated Japan's view of honesty. Hundreds of examples could be cited, if there were space, of Japan's reliance upon stratagem rather than strategy, upon artifice and falsehood rather than upon knightly combat. It is by this code of international trickery that Japan invaded Manchuria, in violation of solemn pledges, and set the pattern for Mussolini's invasion of Ethiopia and the aggressions of Hitler.

Courtesy. We have already had a look at Japanese courtesy. Sometimes a proffer of genuine friendliness, it is too often used for exactly the opposite purpose—to keep you at a distance. You cannot come really close to a man who is continuously on ceremony. This ceremonial behaviour may slip suddenly and without warning into gross rudeness. I have found more genuine courtesy in the New York subway than in Japan. Dr. Nitobe, returning to Japan after a world tour, during which he had been lecturing on the virtues of the Japanese, was so shocked by the discourtesies he encountered in his homeland that he said:

"In all my travels round the globe—north or south, east or west—never have I seen such lack of manners as in this country."

Modesty. The samurai was taught to be modest before his daimyo—and to be an insufferable bully towards his inferiors, including his wife. From infancy, a boy and a girl are raised differently. The girl gives, the boy takes. The result is, as Hearn once remarked, that the Japanese woman is "so different from the Japanese man as to give the impression of being of a totally different race". A mother disciplines her daughter, but she must obey her son. He is encouraged to be

a selfish, wilful brat. When one of his kind threw stones at us, screaming "*ijin*", foreign devils, his mother ran out to dress our cuts, but did not admonish her offspring. She did not dare. The Japanese boy grows up lord of creation, cock of the walk. He cringes, bully-like, before his masters. But he shows his real nature in China or the Indies, when unarmed enemies are at his mercy. His talent for brutality cannot be matched by any savages in history.

What does bushido add up to? The total looks very much like barbarism. To see the samurai "virtues" all in action, suppose we look at a story of samurai days. It is told in books for children and many a stage drama has been woven about it. It is the little boy's favourite bed-time story of the golden age of knighthood, "*The Tale of the Forty-Seven Ronin*".

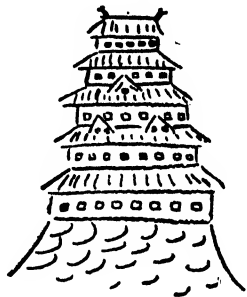
In this story, forty-seven samurai sacrifice their lives for their master. They neglect their homes, abandon their wives and children, commit wanton murder and die heroic deaths to honour a lord who deserved nothing so much as a sound spanking.

The drama is built upon a true incident of Japanese history. I have stood in the little cemetery where lie the forty-seven ronin and seen mothers bring their children to burn incense before their grave. The story is held up to young Japan as an exemplification of the most lofty virtue.

It teaches that duty to one's master, though he be a criminal or a babbling idiot, is supreme. For a superior officer one must if necessary sacrifice family and friends and self.

Law must not stand in the way. If you lie, steal, destroy or kill in the service of your commander, you are above the law.

Nagoya castle. The castles of samurai days were somewhat like bushido, more imposing than substantial. But the wood and plaster of which they were built were sufficient to resist the attacks of troops whose most dangerous weapon was the crossbow.



It extends to international treaties—they are but scraps of paper if they conflict with the higher law, that of the Son of Heaven.

With his fictitious aura removed, the samurai of Japanese history is a rather sorry specimen. Contrary to common belief, he was not a fighter. For centuries at a time there was no one to fight. Japan lived in seclusion. The samurai was not a worker, for work would have been beneath his dignity. Work was for peasants. A samurai actually took pride in not being able to catch a fish, drive an ox or repair his thatch roof.

He knew nothing of business. Merchants were at the bottom of the social scale, below the peasants. It was a disgrace for a samurai to be seen going into a shop. He must send a servant. He could not count money—or if he could he concealed the fact from his friends. He would not have them think him commercial!

He composed couplets under the cherry-trees. He played card games and *go*, the Japanese chess. He conducted the tea ceremony. He practised sword play and fencing to the accompaniment of raucous cries. He tried out the edge of his blade upon peasants. The latter had no redress if one of their number was cut down by a samurai.

Some of the samurai turned their enforced idleness to good account. They studied or wrote or painted. But the majority of Japan's knights were dissolute, swaggering bullies and ne'er-do-wells. They were the retainers of the princes or daimyo who lived in feudal castles, and paid their samurai to do nothing but flatter their vanity. The greatness of a prince was gauged by the number of his samurai hangers-on. With the dissolution of the feudal system, the samurai became the nucleus of Japan's modern army.

Today, in post-war Japan, the bushido myth is still being jealously guarded. If the cult of obedience to master and lord can be kept alive, it will serve as the basis of a new oligarchy after foreign control has been withdrawn. What I have written here will not be read in Japan if Japanese bureaucrats can help it—but perhaps, at last, they cannot help it.

Pre-war censorship was a curious contradiction. I found that my articles written in Japan were never prevented from going to Britain or the United States. Japan cared little what the

West thought. But she cared what the Japanese thought. When the articles returned to Japan in printed form they were stopped. The magazines containing them were banned. Book manuscripts were allowed to go out, but the resultant books could not enter Japan. Some of Nippon's serfs might read them and begin to doubt.

Every effort should be, and perhaps is being, made by the Occupation to dispel the bushido myth. A cult of slavish obedience is no fit basis for the self-reliant democracy we hope to see some day develop in Japan.

## 7:

### *To Stop the Soldier, Start with the Peasant*

WE glibly speak of "abolishing militarism" in Japan; but we cannot abolish militarism by executing a few militarists.

The roots of militarism run deep. Most of them will be found in the soil of Japan's two-acre farms.

The peasants are the foundation of Japanese militarism. The Japanese army has been largely drawn from the countryside. The peasants have swallowed the emperor-of-all-the-world doctrine, hook, line and sinker. No other subjects are so ignorant, so staunchly loyal to false standards, so ready to believe that aggression pays.

And yet they are least to be blamed. Bitter poverty made them susceptible to the promise that if only they would rise and seize Asia their troubles would be at an end. Sunk in debt, bewildered and starving, it is not surprising that they clutched at this straw of hope.

The most fundamental task of the Occupation will be to relieve the desperation of the peasants. Allowed to remain after the Occupation is ended, that desperation will be ready fuel with which the war leaders may start another conflagration.

You do not have to go far in the Japanese countryside to find the seeds of war. Walking back into the hills from our village of Hayama, we turned in at a small, thatched farm-



house to ask the way. Rain was falling, and the farmer and his wife insisted that we come inside.

The little house consisted of but one room, half of it floored with wood, without the luxury of *tatami* or mats, the other half a step down and unfloored.

In the corner of the earth-paved half was a stall for the horse, but there was no horse. Beside the stall was the family bath-tub, a stove for heating it incorporated within it. Rakes, hoes and ploughs hung on the walls. In the raised portion of the room, life centred round the *kotatsu*, a square hole in the floor, in which a few live coals lay on a bed of ashes. Suspended from above, a pot hung over the coals. The smoke circled upwards and lost itself in the already smoke-blackened thatch.

The room was clean. Even the dirt floor had been swept and sprinkled. But it was a poor, bare, cramped place, and the only furnishing was a Shinto *kamidana*. It was a shelf made roughly of a piece of board and fastened to the wall at eye level. On it there was no miniature temple as there usually is on the god-shelf, but only the *ihai*, erect wooden shingles bearing the names of deceased members of the family.

But what we noticed particularly was that a very small and new-looking *ihai* stood in front of the others, and before it glowed a small lamp consisting of a wick burning in a saucer of rape-seed oil. The woman saw that we had observed the *kamidana*. She appeared to be close to tears.

"You are in a very sad house," she said with an attempted smile.



The grass coat that sheds the rain, the straw hat that protects against both rain and sun, are still worn by the back-country peasant, wielding his home-made mattock. But the chances are that his son is working in a city factory.

"It was a child?"

"Yes."

"How old was it?"

"Only two weeks."

"What was its illness?"

"Oh, it was not ill. You never saw a more healthy baby."

"Then what happened? An accident?"

The man and his wife exchanged glances.

The farmer said: "You probably do not need to do such things in your country. But here there are more children than there are means to support them. So *mabiki* is necessary."

It was the first time that we had personally encountered *mabiki* and it was hard not to show that we were shocked. *Mabiki* means thinning out. It originally referred to the thinning of a row of vegetables. But used as the farmer had used it, it meant infanticide. Poverty-stricken families must be thinned out so that the survivors may live.

Another euphemistic term for child-murder is *modoshi*, sending back. The unwanted child is sent back to the spirit world from which it came. If a girl comes when a boy is fervently desired, she may be "sent back".

But had these gentle-looking folk done this with their own hands? They seemed to feel the question that was in our minds.

"The baby broker took it," the farmer said.

"Then perhaps she is still alive." Girls are often bought by agents for the Yoshiwara—not only teen-age girls, but babies which may be had at a very low price because of the expense involved in caring for them until they become old enough to be of service.

But the farmer shook his head. "No, it is not alive. It was a boy."

"But didn't you want a boy? Everybody wants a boy—to continue the family, and worship the ancestors."

"I have a boy. He works in Tokyo. There is not enough work on this small farm for both of us. I have two girls. They are in the Yoshiwara. More boys are no good to me. More girls I could use. We prayed it would be a girl. The agents come through this country every few days looking for girls. They pay for girls. We have to pay them to take the boys."

I thought of the time I had paid a man to take a brood of kittens and drown them because of disinclination to do it myself. It is just so that the baby broker operates. For a few coins, he will take surplus infants and give them a painless escape from an inhospitable world.

A surprising angle of this tragic affair is that the very farmer who pays the baby broker to take his boy infant may turn to the "child merchant" and buy a boy perhaps twelve years old to help on his farm.

He perhaps needs help at once and cannot wait twelve years for it. But the greatest reason is that he can purchase a grown boy for much less than it would cost to bring one up. The "child merchant" kidnaps boys in the cities for the purpose.

Officials will stoutly deny that the traffic in children exists. I have heard them expatiate on the joys of country life in Japan and the simple happiness of the farmer.

"The peasant gets all the real satisfactions of life," a white-collar worker in the War Office assured me, "and he doesn't appreciate them."

And in April, 1944, American Government monitors overheard a domestic broadcast of Tokyo Radio sharply criticizing Japanese farmers for their "love of luxuries and gaieties"! The broadcast warned that, unless the peasant population returned to the practice of saving a quarter of their income for emergencies, they would face "unavoidable famine" and find it difficult to escape the "greatest hardships". Just how the average farmer who is over his head in debt can save a quarter of his non-existent net income for emergencies was not explained.

Foreseeing catastrophe, the authorities evidently determined to throw the onus of blame upon the peasants rather than upon the militarist-industrialist government that had bled them white.

What are the actual "luxuries" and "gaieties" of the peasants? Here are some of them.

The peasant has the luxury of raising rice but not eating it. It is commonly said in Japan that only the rich or the ill eat rice. A very aged and frail peasant may be allowed rice—and his neighbours will say: "He must be far gone. They're feeding him rice."

The peasant may raise tobacco, but not smoke it. Before the tobacco leaves are ripe, government inspectors come and count them one by one. After they are picked, cured and delivered, they are counted again and the farmer penalized for any that are missing. If he wants to smoke he must buy back his tobacco for eighteen times what he was paid for it.

If he has a good imagination, he may enjoy a sense of luxury as he stands in the middle of his silkworm room and hears hundreds of tiny jaws transforming mulberry-leaves into potential roll upon roll of lustrous silk. But he cannot afford to wear his own silk. The coarsest cotton must do him.

The gaieties of the cities come to the country people only through the pages of an occasional newspaper or magazine. The farmer must keep his nose in the mud to make city life possible. The nation's industrial structure has been built on the back of the peasant.

Japan, in her eagerness to become a strong warrior power, has granted large subsidies to industry, and has raised the money for these subsidies by taxing the peasant. In addition to government subsidies, industries have enjoyed tax remission. Just before the war, Imperial Agricultural Society figures showed that land-owners paid from thirty-one to fifty per cent of their income in taxes, while manufacturers paid eighteen per cent and merchants fourteen per cent. Thus the manufacturer and trader paid roughly only half the tax levied upon the man least able to pay, the farmer.

Looking like an ancient signal fire, it is intended to rid the fields of insects. Pine knots are burned in a wire basket—but it is not thought effective unless the assembled peasants chant "*Okure, okure, ine no mushi okure*". "Go away, go away, rice insects."



And these figures do not take account of another injustice: the practice of assessing the tax on a farm family as a unit as if it were a single individual instead of a group of from two to ten persons, each of whom should be considered a wage-earner. An income that might stand a fifty per cent reduction if the balance were to support only one person means starvation if it must be divided among several. And yet the government, thus penalizing farmers for having children, propagandize them on the need for more and more children to make Japan strong.

The Japanese farmer is deep in debt. Mortgages grew from \$65 per farm family in 1914 to \$300 per family in 1937; and have greatly increased since, though exact figures are unavailable. This is only the farmer's personal debt and does not take in his share of village, prefectural, and national debts.

On his debt the farmer must pay twenty per cent and more in interest. Two-fifths of the national farm income is paid out in interest. Industrialists pay one-fourth or one-fifth of this rate on their government-sponsored loans. Sharply contrasted with the farmer's rate of twenty per cent is the one and one half per cent charged to shipbuilders.

As might have been expected, great numbers of farmers have lost their farms and now work as tenants under conditions no better than serfdom. Seventy per cent of the peasants own only a part of the land they till or none at all. The best land has gone to large landlords. Peasant owners are largely restricted to poor hill-side soil. Ownership has been steadily passing into the hands of a few persons until at present more than half of the land belongs to only eight per cent of the land-owners.

On the other hand, half of Japan's land-owners possess only eight per cent of the land.

The tenant must pay one-half to two-thirds of the produce of his farm to his landlord as rent! From what he has left he must pay his farming expenses.

Add to all this the difficulty that as the population increases the amount of land from which the farmer must get his living grows smaller. Farmers make up approximately fifty-one per cent of the population. Less than twenty per cent of the surface of the California-sized Japanese homeland is cultiv-

able. Japan has only one-half acre per head of population, the lowest ratio in the world.

In Japan the average size of the farm is two acres and is steadily decreasing. The average American farmer has more than 150 acres.

But the two-acres average for Japan covers the thousand-acre farms, the number of which is increasing; which means that at the other extreme the number of poor little half-acre and quarter-acre farms must also be increasing.

Japanese farmers have remarkable talent for extracting large yield from little ground, as their American competitors in California know to their grief. The farmer in Japan produces thirty or forty bushels of rice per acre; our Louisiana rice-fields, though farmed with the help of machinery, do not do half as well. The Japanese farmer gets record yields also of wheat, barley and vegetables. His troubles are not due to lack of hard work.

The more the farmer produces, the more is taken from him. "All the traffic will bear" has seemed to be the government's motto in fleecing the farmer. For example, in 1936 the rice crop was one-eighth larger than in 1929 and the price was higher, yet the farmers, thanks to government manœuvring, actually received \$300,000,000 less for their rice.

In a survey made by the Ministry of Agriculture in 1934 it was found that ninety-nine per cent of the peasants working farms of five acres or less operated them at a deficit. They managed to earn enough to live by odd jobs other than farming. Since that time many of these outside sources of income have been cut off.

The production of silk in farm-houses died out when rayon and nylon took its place in the American market. The farm income from this source in 1934 was only twenty per cent of what it had been in 1929. This had been the chief subsidiary farm industry. Its decline was a catastrophe to the peasant.

Twenty years ago the farmer could make additional earnings by preparing charcoal. The demand for charcoal expanded so rapidly that trees were cut faster than new ones could grow. When it became difficult to find suitable trees, young saplings were cut. This not only reduced the future supply of trees, but so many saplings had to be obtained to

make a small supply of charcoal that the earnings became small in proportion to the amount of labour required.

In Ibaragi prefecture I found farmers selling their daughters to café owners as waitress-prostitutes. In Echigo it was unusual to see a young girl. An observer reported that Yamagata prefecture was "denuded of its feminine youth". Six prefectures in northern Japan are periodically visited by famine when unfavourable weather cuts short the growing season and causes crop failure. Then we read such news items as this from the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*:

"Conditions in the Tohoku district are horrible. The number of peasants who are dying of starvation reaches 70,000. Mothers are exhausted and children perishing. School-children faint daily at school from emaciation."

In the island of Hokkaido, it is frequently reported that "thousands of children are too weak to attend school because of lack of food."

It should not be difficult to imagine what response Japan's 35,000,000 desperate peasants would make to the army's golden promise of wealth and prosperity under the banners of aggression.

It was no coincidence that the army's invasion of Manchuria occurred at a time of acute rural destitution in Japan. The 1930 rice crop was unusually large, which paradoxically meant that the farmers got less. In a glutted market the price fell and the farm income from rice was thirty-five per cent less than in the previous year. In 1931 rice production was at a thirteen-year low—again the farmers suffered, the stored rice from the years before helping to keep prices to a minimum. For Japan, this year was the nadir of the depression.

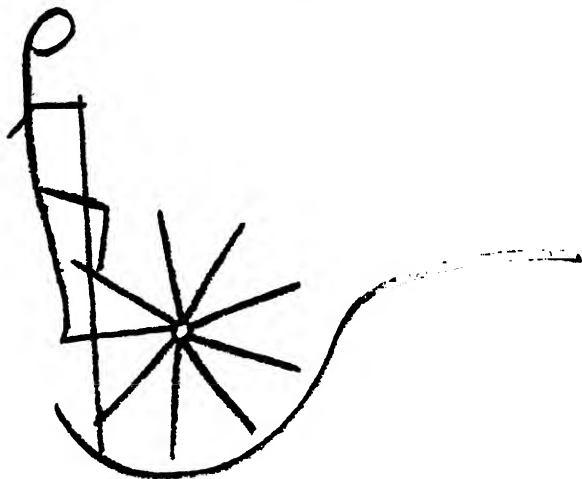
Conditions were made to order for the expansionists. "Take Manchuria and end poverty!" The farm-recruited Japanese army struck at Mukden. Japan's fourteen-year war from 1931 to 1945 has been fundamentally a peasant war, manipulated by shrewd and unprincipled militarists.

The peasant comes out of it all far worse off than when he went in. Yet, in his ignorance and desperation, he will be susceptible to the same arguments at a later date, unless in the meantime his condition is made tolerable.

How can this be done?

Not by pruning a little here and whittling there. Agrarian reform must be drastic to be effective. All farm debts should be cancelled and a new beginning made with a clean slate. That declaration alone made by the new order would generate fresh hope in a farm population now utterly depressed by the failure of an aggressive policy to solve their problems.

Taxation should be equalized between industry and agriculture. Taxes drawn from the farms should go not to industry but back to the farms in the form of good roads, health clinics, machinery and other improvements.



Water, so essential in rice culture, is laboriously raised from one level to another by means of a treadmill.

Interest rates should be reduced from twenty per cent to a possible six per cent.

A government which has so long subsidized industry might now subsidize the tenant farmer by purchasing and deeding over to him the land he cultivates.

New lands should be made available. It is not necessary to grab territory in order to accomplish this. The 3,000,000 acres in the possession of the emperor should be broken up into peasant holdings. The same should be done with the



vast estates of the leading industrialists. While fifteen per cent of Japan is now being cultivated, it is estimated that twenty per cent can be. Another estimate by Japanese experts has it that 5,000,000 additional acres can be brought under cultivation and of this 1,700,000 acres would be suitable for rice culture, making possible the support of 13,000,000 additional population.

Western and Japanese scientists should address themselves to the task of getting rid of the bamboo-grass which makes cattle-raising well-nigh impossible in most of Japan. It cuts the mouths and stomachs of cattle and chokes out good grazing-grass. If it could be conquered, vast expanses of upland would be open to use. Modern Japanese have refrained from meat-eating not so much because the Buddhist religion forbids it as because they cannot afford it.

One-third of the rice produced in Japan goes for the manufacture of saké, rice-wine. Such use should be prohibited until starvation is eliminated.

The millions which Japan has previously put into armaments may well be devoted to improving the condition of the peasant. The peasant's welfare is fundamental to the welfare of the nation. An advance in his standard of living will enable him to buy the products of industry, making it unnecessary for manufacture to depend chiefly upon foreign markets obtained or protected by armed force.

Measures should be taken to keep the farm population fairly static. The hope of island Japan, as of island England, is industrial rather than agricultural. Any increase in population should be used in the factories rather than on the farms. If additional food is needed it can be purchased from near-by Asia, whose economy for a considerable time to come will be mainly agricultural. The Japanese islands will not grow any larger, nor will Japan be permitted to add new territories, nor are other nations likely to welcome Japanese immigrants. Therefore Japan will do well to cut the cloth to fit the pattern. Unbridled population growth must be restrained. Bonuses for large families should be discontinued and birth control information made easily available in the rural districts where it has until now been taboo.

The birth rate has already begun to fall in the cities. If a

similar decrease can be encouraged in rural Japan, the individual farmer will have a larger plot of ground, will experience less severe competition, will know some measure of content, and cannot so easily be egged into suicidal efforts to conquer the world.

8:

## *The Wage Slave and the Five Kings*

VISITORS to Japan will be taken, as they always have been, to a few model factories where workers are treated with consideration. But investigators for Allied control will find that what is left of Japanese industry, and considerable is left, has the best machinery in all of East Asia, and the worst working conditions.

Disregard for value of human life has marked Japan's military war. The same disregard is characteristic of her industrial war. Japanese industry is run on the theory that it is the work that matters, not the worker.

The swift advance of Japanese industry is not due merely to efficiency, but to low wages, long hours and conditions approaching slavery. Labour unions have always been timid and during the war were totally suppressed. The meagre labour laws have not been enforced. Japan has not been working on a forty-hour week, nor a forty-eight-hour week. The sixty-hour week has been common and the hundred-hour week not unusual.

A great proportion of the workers have been women. Factory agents have been ever active in the villages, buying up the services of young girls.

I walked through a village in Ibaragi-ken with an American farmer-missionary, O. D. Bixler, who had lived there for many years. I remarked that there were no young people.

"The men are fighting in China," he said, "and the girls are in the factories. Here is the office of the village agent. He has his eye on every girl, and when she reaches the age of fourteen he goes to her parents.

"He offers to loan the parents three years' wages in advance

for the girl's services. That means a good deal to a family at the edge of starvation. The girl may be unwilling, but she sacrifices herself for the welfare of her family.

"The contract is signed and she is bound for three years. The long hours in badly ventilated mills induce tuberculosis. One worker passes it on to another as the girls lie packed side by side at night on the floor, twelve or more in one small dormitory room with the shutters closed. More than fifty per cent come back to the village broken in health."

The accident rate is abnormally high. That is the fault of both the management and the employee. Machines are not properly guarded, and the worker, like the soldier, does not value his own life highly.

"They don't look on death as we do," William Gorham, American consultant in a great Japanese automobile factory, told me. "They take unnecessary risks. They have been so impressed with the importance of doing the job that they don't think much about personal safety."

It was not necessary to conserve man-power, since there was always plenty more to be had, and at rock-bottom prices. Why trouble with safety devices and safeguards to health? Tokyo factories have been so besieged by applicants that the city has periodically posted notices in the surrounding country urging the rural population not to come to town. In the country north of Tokyo I asked the head of a farm co-operative:

"How many of the young people like farming and want to stay with it?"

"Perhaps one per cent. It is safe to say that ninety-nine per cent of our young people would abandon the farm today, if they could, to work in a factory—and that in spite of the fact that such work under present labour conditions would mean death for twenty per cent of them and disability for most of the rest."

There have been factory laws, but they have been blandly disregarded by the industrialists. This was possible only because the industrialists largely controlled the government.

Five kings have ruled Japan. They will continue to rule it if our occupation control is not extraordinarily smart.

Our civil affairs officers no sooner landed than they were approached by the smiling henchmen of the five kings, re-

markedly pleasant, intelligent and capable young men who spoke English well, had been educated in America and Britain, and were quick to make it understood that they had never personally wanted war and that their five royal masters had always opposed the plans of the militarists.

And since few of our agents can speak acceptable Japanese, they find it infinitely easier to do business with these moderns than with the heads of peasants' organizations, labour unions, popular movements, guilds of independent industries, and peoples' political parties. These representatives of the great crushed ninety per cent of Japan speak no English and have never been out of Japan.

The five kings of Japan are the heads of the five families which have dominated the industries of the empire. No other nation has known such a tight concentration of economic power. In Japan industry has been strictly a family affair. The five kings are Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Shibusawa, Yasuda and Sumitomo.

Income tax returns in 1941 identified Baron Takatami Mitsui, head of the House of Mitsui, as the richest subject of the emperor. His income for the preceding year was 7,500,000 yen or about two million dollars, a staggering sum by Japanese standards. Next came Kichizaemon Sumitomo with 5,800,000 yen. Third, Baron Hikoyata Iwasaki, head of the Mitsubishi interests, with 3,800,000 yen. The others followed closely.

The foundations of these fortunes were laid when Japan became a modern power. The members of the ruling group divided the future among themselves. Japanese capital, unused to industrial ventures, was timid. The government therefore launched experimental industries and, when they were well established, sold them at a purely nominal figure to one or another of the financial oligarchs in the inner ring. This was the origin of the *Zaibatsu* (meaning "money group" or "plutocracy"), the collective name commonly applied to the five families.

But the State did not stop there. After "selling" the industries, it continued to encourage them with generous subsidies, raised chiefly by taxing the peasantry. Far from legislating against monopolies, the government poured more and more

benefits into the laps of the favoured few; which was quite natural since these few *were* the government.

The leading political party, the *Seiyukai*, was not merely dominated but owned outright by Mitsui. The second party, *Minseito*, was the property of Mitsubishi. Totally unlike parties in democratic lands, neither represented or pretended to represent the people.



Japanese trading ship before Japan was sealed off from the rest of the world early in the seventeenth century. Then for two and a half centuries foreign trade was forbidden.

The five families together controlled at the war's end nearly three-quarters of Japan's wealth. While industry was during the war nominally taken over by the government, it actually remained in the hands of the *Zaibatsu*, whose holdings were further increased by the addition of huge war industries.

But even before the war the list of industries largely controlled by the big five was a staggering one. It included banking, insurance, shipping, engineering, mining, metal manufacture, heavy machinery, chemicals, aircraft, textiles, cement, glass, paper, sugar, beer, wheat, and prostitution!

The five kings were also gigantic landlords and their methods set the pattern for the treatment of the farmers.

Also Mitsui carried the army in its pocket—except occasionally when the army slipped out of the pocket and carried Mitsui. This liaison between Mitsui and the army arose naturally from the fact that they both had historic connections with Choshu, one of the two great clans which engineered the Restoration in 1868. The other was the Satsuma clan. As Choshu became father of the army, Satsuma fathered the navy. And since Japan's greatest ship-builder was the Mitsubishi concern, a navy-Mitsubishi alignment was the result.

Both great houses looked upon the armed forces as their best tools for the economic conquest of Asia. The head of the Mitsui paper industry, Ginjiro Fujiwara, spoke for the *Zaibatsu* in general when he said:

"Diplomacy without force is of no value. No matter how diligent the Japanese may be, no matter how superior their technical development or industrial administration may be, there will be no hope for Japan's trade expansion if there is no adequate force to back it. Now the greatest of forces is military preparedness founded on the army and navy. We can safely expand abroad and engage in various enterprises, if we are confident of protection. In this sense, any outlay for armament is a form of investment."

There was a difference of opinion as to where the blow should be struck. Mitsui favoured war on the continent, for that was an army job. Mitsubishi urged conquest of the southern Pacific. They compromised by attempting both.

Now that disaster has overtaken the venture, all five of the big monopolies, together with three more who go to make up the so-called big eight, are busily denying any willing connection with Japan's aggressive policy. They point with pride to the fact that some of their high executives were assassinated by young army officers as a protest against "capitalism" and "big business". Surely, they say, this shows that there was no sympathy between the armed forces and the monopolies.

In speaking of "young army officers", they fail to place due emphasis upon the adjective "young". Young men are apt to be too honest for their own good. As army and navy men became older and rose to higher rank, they despaired of changing the well-established order. They saw that the indus-

trial autocracy, however corrupt in its manipulation of politics and oppressive in exploitation of the Japanese people, shared with the soldiers dreams of expansion and were ready to supply the weapons to make it possible. Thus, while the juveniles fumed, the army and navy high commands never wavered in their loyalty to the combines.

The smiling *Zaibatsu* will use every blandishment to prevent the abolition of the imperial system and the establishment of democracy. That would mean the end of their special privilege.

If the throne is allowed to remain after the occupation authorities are withdrawn it can be used again as a club to awe the people into submission, suppress labour movements, imprison for *lèse-majesté* anyone who dares protest, and keep the farmer so poor that his children will be available to man the factories at starvation wages.

This is a matter of great concern not only to the Japanese people but to us as well. Dirt-cheap labour means that Japan will as before export goods at such low prices that we cannot hope to compete.

Moreover, all Asia would be held back. China, for example, would be compelled to rival Japan in low wages and low living standards. Britain and America would not be able to sell to people who had no money; upon the industrialization and raised living standards of Asia depends to a considerable extent our own prosperity. Therefore even those who may have no pity for the drudges of Japan must, in self-interest, insist that our representatives be satisfied with nothing less than the complete dissolution of the industrial trusts. A beginning has already been made in this gigantic task, but only a beginning.

Each trust consists of hundreds of firms linked together in a holding company. The abolition of holding companies would break the links. There should be an end to subsidies and other forms of government favouritism. Labour legislation should be enacted and enforced. Labour unions should be allowed their legitimate role.

But all this will be ineffective if governmental control is kept out of the hands of the people. No matter how benign the emperor, no matter how "liberal" the oligarchs, oligarchy

carries within itself the seeds of oppression. Our own occupational oligarchy is no exception. It will not justify itself merely by "keeping order"—any tyrant can do that. It will have the far more delicate responsibility of giving rein and guidance to the sometimes disorderly movements of popular organizations that will be seeking, more or less blindly, to bring about government by the people.

## 9:

### *Home Life Is not Idyllic*

THE status of woman in Japan is so bad that it is not necessary to exaggerate it as so many accounts have done.

For example, it is commonly said that the usual term of address for the wife, *Okusama*, means Honourable Back-of-the-House, and is derived from the fact that the wife is confined to the rear rooms. On the contrary, the term is one of respect, for the back room of a Japanese house borders on the garden and is usually the largest and best in the home.

Nor is it accurate to say that Japanese marriages are purely matters of convenience with no love involved. True, love comes after the wedding rather than before, but many Japanese men are sincerely devoted to their wives. However, the Japanese male does not allow his personal affection for one woman (or two or three) to influence him to the extent of favouring civic rights for women in general.

Nor are Japanese women always the mild, mouse-like creatures we read about. In our village, houses were close enough together so that we frequently heard half a dozen wives at a time telling off their husbands in no uncertain fashion.

But if a guest should enter one of these houses, the wife would immediately become a model of humility.

On the street the man would stalk ahead and the woman follow with head bowed. On a bus, the man would sit and the woman stand—at a distance. There would be no conversation or sign of recognition between them.

But in the privacy of the home the amenities would be more equally divided. Frequently it is the wife who dominates



family affairs. Most of the purchasing for the family is done by the wife. The man affects to scorn the handling of money, thus carrying on the old samurai tradition. If the two run a joint enterprise, for example a small shop, the man will be the nominal head, but the wife may supply the business brains. The wife has chief responsibility for the children and brooks little interference from the husband—except, again, under the eyes of guests.

But the woman, if she is wise, exercises her prerogatives with consummate tact not to exacerbate the super-sensitive male. For the law still permits him to dismiss her with a few words if she displeases him.

A divorce may be obtained on no more grounds than the simple statement: "This woman does not meet the way of my family." Therefore the divorce certificate is frequently called "the three-and-a-half-line note".

A divorce by mutual consent—and most are of this nature, since the wife knows it is useless to contest the case in court—consists merely of a form filled out and mailed to the ward office. It does not cost a penny.

A woman can be divorced if she talks too much. She can be divorced if it is even suspected that she entertains disrespect for her mother-in-law. Indeed it is the in-laws who provoke many divorces. A son who begins to show more affection for his wife than for his mother may be compelled by the family to divorce his wife on the plea that he has become too attached to her to perform his duties to his parents and ancestors.

The law theoretically allows a woman to seek divorce, but she practically never does so, custom having decreed that, for a woman, divorce is a disgrace to be avoided even by suicide.



Women have been taught to play the native harp or *koto*, to arrange flowers, to keep house. Higher education for women has not been considered important.

Few wives in the world are more competent than the Japanese, and more suppressed. Some say that it is because the Japanese man fears his woman that he keeps her in chains.

However that may be, the chains provided by law and custom are real and strong. They are not ancient. In early centuries women occupied high offices of state and religion and even the imperial throne. Women were very definitely not subordinate to men.

The change came during the wars of the Middle Ages. War demanded physical strength. Men fought, women waited. Property could not be left to a daughter because she could not fight to defend it. Thus the ownership of property became a male prerogative. A warrior prayed for a son to carry on the defence of the family holdings, and there was born the system of primogeniture, the right of the eldest son to inherit property and title.

These patterns were so firmly fixed by the seventeenth century that they endured even when the wars were followed by two and a half centuries of samurai stagnation. They persist almost unchanged to this day.

Women might have seen their fall from their early high position in *The Greater Learning for Women*, written by a Japanese educator in the seventeenth century. According to this manual which was thereafter the chief text-book in the education of young girls:

"The way of woman is obedience. To her husband she should be submissive and harmonious, serving him with gentle and humble expression of the face and speech. Never should she be impatient and wilful, proud and impertinent. This is her first duty. She should absolutely follow the husband's teaching and wait for his direction in everything of which she is not sure. If the husband puts a question to her, she should answer in the correct manner. An incomplete answer is a piece of incivility not to be excused. If the husband gets angry and acts accordingly, she should fear and be ruled by him; never contradict him. The husband is Heaven to the wife. Disobeying Heaven only incurs righteous punishment."

And again:

"Woman is the negative principle, like night and darkness.

Therefore woman is ignorant and does not foresee anything; does not know what is despicable to the eye of others; what is a hindrance to her husband and her children. . . . It is said that when a girl baby is born she should be laid for three days under the house floor. This is because man symbolizes Heaven and woman, Earth. Therefore woman should follow man always with humility."

Buddhist doctrine as modified in Japan stressed the inherent sinfulness of woman; her lightest sin was said to be worse than the heaviest sin of man. She must be reborn as a man before she could be saved.

"Never trust a woman," so runs a Japanese proverb, "even if she has borne you seven children."

Laws built upon this philosophy hedge woman with disabilities. Baroness Ishimoto, gracious warrior for woman's rights, wrote in 1935 in her autobiography, *Facing Two Ways*:

"Japanese women have not yet gained the right to vote, either in national or municipal election. A Japanese woman cannot be a higher official than a teacher in a government school. None of us can be a judge, a lawyer or a public notary. The elimination of every personal right, such as the ownership of property and independent action, from married women is a terrible disgrace to our country. Our law forces us to serve men as half-slaves. On every side our way to equal opportunity and independence is barred. As I face these realities, cold and cruel for my countrywomen, who are human and long for the freedom to be happy themselves while they try to make others happy, I am attacked by melancholy. What a tall wall to break through! What a long, tedious path lying ahead of us!"

Baroness Ishimoto would have been still more melancholy if she had known that at the time she wrote the cause of women's rights had reached its apex and was due for decline.

The war begun by Japan's armies in Manchuria in 1931 brought progressive measures in Japan to a slow halt. As the war was intensified by the attack upon China in 1937 and upon the United States in 1941, the word "rights" was dismissed from the Japanese vocabulary and "duties" took its place. Particularly in industry, the humanities took a long backward step. In the home, too, the warrior psychology

stressed once more the superiority of the physically stronger sex.

Will the utter collapse of the war cult give Japanese women a new chance? Already women have been assured the right to vote.

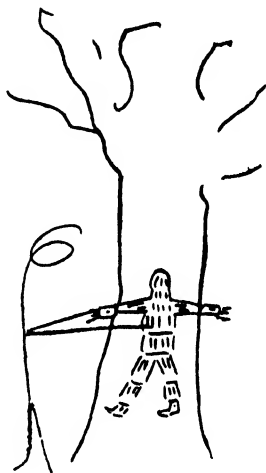
Possibly one of the greatest services Allied control could render would be to encourage education for women. This would be no new field for Western activity. American missionaries opened Japan's first school for girls, Ferris Seminary, in Yokohama. It was established in 1870 and was followed in the next twenty years by forty-two schools for girls established by various missions.

The government followed the example unwillingly. The doctrines of *The Greater Learning for Women* were still potent:

"It is better that they should not be educated. . . . What is the use of developing the mind of a woman or of training the power of her judgment, when her life is to be guided at every step by a man?"

And although this manual has fallen largely into disuse, its philosophy lingers. Girls are admitted freely to primary schools. But of seventy government colleges and universities

The way of true love is not smooth for the Japanese woman. With few rights under the family system or before the law, she superstitiously seeks help from the spirit world. To punish an unfaithful lover, she makes a straw image of him and impales it on a sacred tree. The object of this ceremony is supposed to sicken and die.

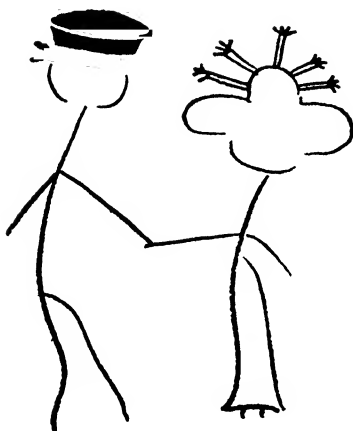


only four have graduated women; and these four do not offer a rounded curriculum. One is for the training of school-teachers, one is the music school, one an art school.

A girl has boundless opportunities to learn flower arrangement and domestic economy, but will look to her government in vain for training to fit her for a business or profession or even for the ordinary duties of an intelligent citizen. Between the primary school and the university are a few "high schools" for girls, but their standards are far below those of the so-called "middle schools" for boys.

This discrimination gratifies the vanity of the Japanese male. He does not realize that it is a discrimination directed against him. He suffers by it. The backwardness of mothers necessarily retards their sons. A nation can move no faster than its women.

Japanese education as a whole broke down during the war and it was announced on March 18, 1945, that all colleges and universities would be closed for a year beginning April 1. Schools also were ordered closed with the exception of primary first grade. This general collapse of Japanese education provides the opportunity to begin with a clean slate. At the top of this slate should be written: Equal educational opportunity for men and women.



10:

### *The Geisha Is not what She's Painted*

THE G.I. in Japan will certainly want to take in a geisha party, and who can blame him?

He will be charmed by the gorgeous costume and glittering coiffure of the small lady who keeps his saké-cup filled, chatters to him in quaintly Japonized English, plays the samisen and sings a salacious ballad with blushes and sly side-long glances suggesting an embarrassment she does not feel, dances with a swaying grace, and plays games with him, increasingly friendly games, far into the night.

Here is fraternization at its merriest. And whether it is forbidden or not, there will be plenty of it.

The geisha has captivated countless tourists. To many visitors, she and the cherry-blossom represent Japan. She has been extravagantly sentimentalized. Japanese tourist literature has termed her "the impersonation of the sheer joy of living". Certainly her incessant giggle while on duty suggests the best of spirits. She has been called "the flower of Japanese civilization" and "the pure expression of the soul of Japan".

She is actually the expression of the Japanese soul in agony

and disaster. She did not have her origin, as a travellers' handbook claims, "in the Japanese talent for happiness".

The historical truth happens to be that Tokyo's devastating earthquake and fire in the late seventeenth century produced the geisha. Thousands of orphaned and destitute girls stormed the tea-houses, seeking jobs as waitresses. Competition was so keen that the girl who could sing, dance, or sit acceptably on a man's lap, had a marked advantage over her sisters. The tea-houses found it possible to insist that every girl serve entertainment as well as food. A girl who rebuffed male advances was easily replaced. Writers of the day deplored the nation's "dying morality".

The effects of the Tokyo disaster were repaired, but the public would not let the singing waitress go. She ceased to be a waitress in the ordinary sense. She lived in a geisha house where she was trained in æsthetic and seductive arts. She might be summoned by a tea-house or restaurant to attend a banquet in a private room and entertain the guests. Or she might meet her client in a house specially intended as a place of rendezvous with geisha. It was, and still is, called a *machiai* or waiting-house.

Again in 1923 a disastrous earthquake stimulated the geisha system which had showed signs of dying out. The defeat of Japan in 1945 appears to be having a similar effect. In 1944 geisha houses were ordered closed, but the order was never well enforced. Now an impoverished peace along with the arrival of thousands of amusement-hungry foreigners, is briskly reviving the geisha traffic.

The Japanese talent for concealment is seen at its best in the exploitation of the geisha. The visitor's eye rests only upon the gorgeous end-product. Investigators who try to learn the background of the system are gently discouraged by the authorities. Little can be learned in the cities. But in the country districts the story comes out.

At the bottom of the geisha system is the basic mal-adjustment of Japan—the degradation of the farmer. Agents for the geisha houses scour the country, particularly just after a typhoon, drought or flood has destroyed the crops. Then farmers and their wives are more willing to part with their prettiest daughters at a low price.

"What is the current rate?" I asked a farmer forty miles north of Tokyo just before the war.

"About 150 yen [\$40]. That is for a girl about ten years old. If she is younger the price is less. A new-born or unborn child can be had for very little."

"Unborn?"

"Yes. The *geishaya* may pay a man whose wife is pregnant a deposit. Thus he holds an option. If the child is a boy, the deposit is returned. If a girl, and sound, he pays more. But it never amounts to much, for it is hard to tell whether she will turn out to be a pretty one."

"Don't you hate to sell your daughters?" I wondered just what part conscience played in this cold business.

"You have always eaten well," the farmer said. "You don't understand." And he added defensively: "Besides, we don't sell them. They are engaged on contract."

This is a euphemism with which the farmer salves his conscience. There is just enough truth in it to make the disposal of a girl-child barely different from the sale of a sack of wheat.

To evade the law, the sum of money paid is not termed a purchase price but an "advance" against the girl's future earnings. After she has worked off this "advance", she will be free. This is the theory. In practice it is easy to see to it that she never cancels her debt.

Before she can begin to earn she must go through years of training, and the cost of her maintenance during this period is added to her obligation. Frequently, as Baroness Ishimoto, who has deeply concerned herself in the subject, has pointed

The Danjuro doll, named after a famous actor, has a weight in the bottom so that it bobs up again if pushed over. It is the insignia of a not very strict class of geisha, called Danjuro geisha—because easily pushed over!





out, the girls are "adopted legally as daughters of the house to avoid the actual form of human trade. The young apprentice in turn calls her mistress 'mother' and her elder mates 'sisters'. Filial duties and absolute obedience to the commands of her elders are enforced upon her. Often the whip of discipline lashes the little girls severely, but as elders may own juniors, there is no legal redress. Outsiders are helpless to stop this kind of cruel treatment".

The girls are trained in singing, dancing, playing the samisen and koto, deportment, writing, flower arrangement, the tea ceremony, and the more intimate arts of pleasing men. Detailed instruction is given in sex relationships, for although the geisha is not a prostitute, she is of more value to her house if she is not too strict.

The singing tone favoured in Japan is harsh to western ears. This harshness is deliberately cultivated. On winter nights the little *hangyoku* or "half-jewel", as the geisha apprentice is called, must stand on the roof and sing to the icy blast until she is numb—then come down into the warm rooms, only to ascend and sing again. A bad cold is the result. For a week or two she whispers hoarsely. When she has recovered, the ordeal is repeated. This goes on until the voice is "broken" to the desired tone.

At the age of twelve or thirteen she makes her first appearance. She is now under a mountain of debt. But much greater expenses are now necessary for her lavish kimonos and coiffures. Every sen she earns goes to her keepers. She owns nothing, not even her clothes.

Night life, liquor and love cause her to age rapidly. Her earnings may be large while she lasts. The guest may pay from one dollar to six dollars for two hours of her time. That is a lot of money in Japanese yen. A night's pleasure will conservatively cost fifteen dollars a person—more than the Japanese husband would spend on his wife's pleasure in a year. Indeed, that is a sore point in domestic discussions. The wife who needs a new *haori* or a new *obi* will slyly call her husband's attention to how little it would cost as compared with his recent visit to the *machiai*.

He will probably retort that his visit was "strictly business"—for business-men commonly entertain their clients by fling-

ing a geisha party. The more lavish the party, the more prestige attaches to the host, and the more orders he may expect from his appreciative guests.

Foreign business-men quickly adopted the practice as a means of winning the goodwill and trade of Japanese houses. James R. Young, selling advertising space in an American-owned Tokyo paper, found the geisha method profitable, though expensive.

"The cost for geisha," he said, "at a party of five friends given in the celebration of a birthday or the signing of some important contract, including food and restaurant rental space, could run quite easily to a hundred dollars for three or four hours."

These earnings go to the proprietor. The geisha who believes that her obligations have been paid off has no way of proving it. Her only hope is that one of her admirers may be willing to pay the geisha house whatever it may ask as the price of her freedom. Then he may marry her, or set her up in a home of her own as his mistress, or take her into his own and his wife's home as a concubine. The wife is supposed to accept this arrangement with good grace.

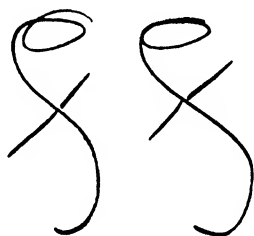
The geisha who becomes a wife is never cordially received by her husband's family or by his social circle. Stories of happily married geisha are usually fables. Writes Sidney Gulick, for twenty-five years a missionary in Japan, and professor in Doshisha and Imperial Universities:

"I have known two women who had been geisha and who married men of some position. In one case the man was a physician. When I knew the family the ex-geisha had been in the home a number of years, and was a lovely, modest, capable woman, a regular member of my wife's cooking class. But it was noticeable that she always took a "back seat" among the ladies; she was tolerated by them and treated not unkindly, but it was clear that they looked down on her. The man's kindred never favoured the match, and would not let him marry the woman legally, so she lived in his house, took excellent care of his first wife's children, and was to them all that a step-mother could be; yet, so far as I know, she has never gained her full position in the home of her husband, nor among his relatives.

The geisha who does not find anyone to buy her out will be released automatically only when age, tuberculosis or venereal disease makes her of no more value to her house. Then she is "freed"—without pension, without training in any trade or craft, and too old or ill for marriage. Every year large numbers of suicides have been reported in the ranks of discarded geisha.

But all this is "behind the scenes". None of it will be mentioned by the guide who will treat you, at your expense, to a geisha party. If you refer to it he will perhaps dismiss it by assuring you that all that was done away with in 1873. In that year a law was passed freeing the slaves. Both geisha and prostitutes could no longer, legally, be held for debt.

That puts a correct face on the matter, and it seems to the Nipponese a thing of small amount that ever since this decoration was placed on the statute books, women have been held in servitude, illegally, with the connivance of corrupt officials and a bribed police.



1:

## *The Gay Quarter Is not so Gay*

JAPAN slices kisses out of motion pictures, discourages warm greetings in railway stations, and rules that taxi interiors must be lighted after 9 p.m.—yet has the most extensive brothels in the world.

The reason is simple. Kisses in taxi-cabs pay no dividends. But licensed prostitution produced large revenues for the government, as well as rich profits for the industrial families in a position to influence government policies.

Japan had 225,000 licensed prostitutes in 1940, according to the official *Japan Year Book*. The great majority of them were owned by the five great family-monopolies, the *Zaibatsu*. Each year, in Tokyo alone, five million patrons have spent twenty million yen in the licensed quarters. The sale and rental of women have contributed handsomely to Japan's war budget.

It is appropriate that this should have been so, since organized prostitution in Japan was historically a war measure. The swash-buckling Hideyoshi, who in the sixteenth century began Japan's career of aggression by invading Korea and threatening China and the Philippines, sought a way to keep his soldiers happy while away from their wives. The result was secular prostitution.

Before that, prostitution had been a matter of religion. It was practised at phallic shrines as a rite of religious worship. The custom attached itself to Buddhism when the latter entered the country from China, and to this day many Buddhist shrines are surrounded by brothels.

In Tokyo's Asakusa district shrines and brothels have united to serve man's demands, spiritual and carnal. The great shrine of Ise, where the emperor repaired to worship his ancestors, is famous for the extensive and prosperous houses of ill-fame which line its approaches.

All good things in Japan come from the top down, so it is not surprising that a ruler conferred the benefits of prostitution upon the people. Shogun Hideyoshi's experiment having proved a source of great satisfaction to all concerned, except perhaps the slave-women involved, another ruler, the shogun Ieyasu, established the first Yoshiwara. In the outskirts of Tokyo, in a *yoshiwara* (meaning reedy swamp), a space was drained, buildings erected and surrounded by a canal and a

Until the 1900's the inmates of the Yoshiwara were displayed in show windows behind bars.



high wall, with gates guarded night and day, so that none of the women inmates might escape.

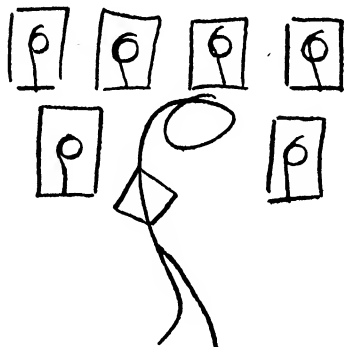
This was the original Yoshiwara, but the name is now loosely applied to any segregated district. There are several in every large city.

Repeatedly the original Yoshiwara has been destroyed by fire, thousands of trapped women perishing in the flames. Every time it has been rebuilt on a still greater scale of magnificence and beauty.

Until the 1900's the inmates were displayed in show windows, behind bars. The prospective client might then stroll down the street, studying the comparative charms of the posing beauties, until he had made his choice.

I saw the same system in operation in Atami as late as 1937, and it may still be practised elsewhere; but in the large cities the girls are no longer visible except to bona-fide purchasers. The vendors evidently felt they were giving something for nothing. Now not a glimpse of a kimono is to be had in the mansion-lined streets.

If you turn in at any one of the open doorways you find yourself in a large lobby, in the centre of which is an aged ticket-seller and a policeman with a book. The walls are lined with large photographs of the inmates of the house. The applicant scans the pictures and makes his selection, buys a ticket for the time desired, and submits to an inquisition by the policeman, who enters such details as name, age, parentage and residence in his book.



Except in certain towns, the show-window display of prostitutes is ended. To-day the prospective client enters a large lobby lined with photographs of the inmates of the house and makes his selection.

To the onlooker the whole transaction appears cold and forbidding, and it would seem that only a very ardent nature could survive it.

Not all districts are so aristocratic. In the port cities, particularly Yokohama and Kobe, "hotels" which are not hotels cater to foreign sailors. The traveller who innocently seeks a room in one of these establishments will find that it is a way-station to the hospital. For while the great Yoshiwara's are closely supervised, free-lance houses escape regular medical inspection.

This does not mean that the government is not cognizant of them—in fact, the inmates of houses frequented by foreigners are commonly government spies, with orders to get clients volubly drunk and turn over to the police all information obtained.

In the country the traffic takes still another form. With the unique American farmer-teacher, Bixler, who spent many years operating farms and a mill in the Naka region of Ibaragi prefecture, I walked through a village of not more than fifty households and noted that there were no less than five cafés.

"Don't any of these people eat at home?"

"Those cafés are not eating places—not primarily. They are brothels patronized by farm boys. They are quite different from the city cafés. In a café on the Ginza the waitress is expected to amuse the guest, but she is not a prostitute. But in the country cafés, as well as in country hotels and inns, ninety per cent of the maids are immoral. They would not hold their jobs long if they were not."

Like the geisha and the prostitute, the village café girl is held to pay off an "advance" made to her parents.

"The café owners trade them about. Girls are traded down the line to poorer cafés as they get older and diseased. Very often they become despondent and commit suicide. If they wish to quit the vocation, and run away, the law protects them—unless they take a single thing belonging to the proprietor.

"That's not much protection, since everything the girl wears or has belongs to her proprietor. Also she can be brought back on other grounds. For example, if she has been coaxed to escape, she can be forced to return—for then it is claimed that she did not go of her own free will.

"There is a girl in our local hospital now with venereal disease, who has notified the police that she is not going back. But the proprietor is an influential man. She will probably have to return."

I asked: "Isn't there any 'out' for these girls?"

"Just one that I know of. If they can get into the Salvation Army building in Jimbocho, Tokyo, they are safe. One girl from this district was caught just before going in the door.



Desperate agrarian conditions have been at the bottom of the prostitution system. Tax-ridden, rent-burdened peasants have sold their daughters to the Yoshiwara agents for less than the equivalent of \$5 each.

Another got in just ahead of her pursuers, who broke the plate glass and ripped up the rooms hunting for her—but the Army people had hidden her where she could not be found. The Army has an industrial home, where girls can make expenses until they can find other work."

Shortly before the war the Salvation Army, like other Christian institutions in Japan, was taken over completely by the Japanese. Whether it is still functioning as fearlessly as ever, is a matter for the occupation authorities to ascertain.

But much more than such voluntary and uncertain effort is needed to end medieval slavery in Japan. No liberal government should receive Allied endorsement that does not stand for the freedom of women. More necessary still is agrarian reform; for that automatically would release both men and women from bondage and eliminate many of the causes of war.



The *tengu*, one of Japan's eight million gods and goblins.

12:

## *Dense Ignorance of the World's Most Literate People*

JAPAN learned from the West that every child should go to school. She applied this principle more vigorously than the West ever had. Before the war ninety-nine out of every hundred children were in schools—a higher percentage than in the United States.

Moreover, Japanese children spent more days in the year in school, and more hours in the day.

Japanese literacy is the world's highest—ninety-seven per cent. This is only slightly better than that of some Western nations, but far beyond the figure for any other Asiatic people. It compares remarkably well with India's fifteen per cent, China's ten per cent, and even with the sixty per cent literacy of the Philippines.

Unfortunately, however, literacy does not mean knowledge. It is a key to unlock knowledge. In Japan it has not been primarily used for this purpose.

The main objective of the Japanese authorities in promoting education was not to spread knowledge but to inculcate the myths of the divine emperor, divine land, and divine people, and the necessary corollary of these beliefs, world conquest. The school was used as a propaganda medium by the



state. The press and radio were similarly used. Thus all channels of information were choked with chauvinism.

After all, literacy is not a very good measuring-stick. It means merely the ability to read and write. Thus the person who has had four years of primary school, and the one who has gone all the way through primary, higher schools, the university and the post-graduate school, are figured as units of the same value. Many countries with a lower literacy than Japan have a vastly larger proportion of highly-trained men and women.

Higher education in Japan is for the very few only. A six-year primary course is compulsory and free. But there, for most people, education ends. Entrance examinations to middle schools are so stiff that few undertake them and a mere handful is passed. The proportion of middle-school graduates permitted to go on to the college and university has been limited by the government to one-tenth.

Instruction in the higher institutions is also tightly channelized. Students are not encouraged to think for themselves. Masses of facts are memorized.

"Japanese education," says Willis Lamott, American educator, who taught for many years in Japanese colleges, "is a system of transmission, mental regimentation, and the impartation of officially selected facts and officially approved ideas. Its object is to teach, with the least possible loss of time, the knowledge and skills considered necessary for life as a loyal subject of the divine emperor."

But the masses do not get even this dubious substitute for education. Confined to a six-year primary course which is designed to distort their minds rather than enlightened them, they are further hampered by the difficulty of the Japanese language.



Difficulties of the Japanese language. Your letter to an elderly relative should be written in the "literary" style and the composition of such a letter requires several days.

Some of the bright boys of our occupation forces are writing home expressing their surprise that the Japanese language is so easy. But they are referring to the spoken language. It is a simple matter to pick up a collection of words and phrases of spoken Japanese.

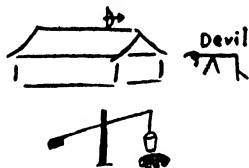
The written language is a horse of another colour. It is made up of intricate Chinese ideographs having no phonetic relation whatever to the sounds of the words as spoken. Well over half of the time of the primary-school student is spent in battling with ideographs.

The primary graduate is weak in the eyes, knows little but language and myths, and so little of language that he reads a newspaper with difficulty, depending on crutches in the form of phonetic symbols printed in small type alongside the ideographs. The higher language, that of books and serious magazines, is still beyond him.

Even the university graduate shrinks from the so-called literary or classical language. It is used in formal papers. I remember a graduate of the Imperial University Law School telling me that he hated to write a letter to his uncle—for that revered relative expected to be addressed in the literary language, and the composition of such a letter required several days.

Scratch "literate" Japan and you find just under the surface a heritage of savage superstition. Don't build your house facing north-east, for that would let in the devil. Place a bow and arrow pointing north-east on the ridge-pole of a new house to shoot that devil. Don't put a gate on that side—the devil will use it. Nor can you have a gate on the south-west side—it would be a *byomon*, sickness gate. All manner of pestilences would come through it. Don't sleep with your head towards the north—that's only for the dead. In digging a well you

The bow and arrow on the ridge-pole of a new house should be pointed north-east, for the devil approaches from that direction. The well must be south of the house, for that is the "prosperity side".



don't consider such material questions as where the best water may be found. The well must be on the south side of the house—that's the prosperity side.

To induce rain you go to the temple, get the ark of the rain god, and carry it about in procession all night.

Consider the signs of the zodiac in planting. Don't plant rice on the day of the monkey, because the god of rice and the god of the monkey are not on speaking terms. Plant sugar potato on the day of the cow, so that it will grow large, like the cow's head.

How agriculture is ham-strung by such unscientific conceptions may be imagined. Medical science, too, runs up against a thickly-matted wall of superstition.

Sorceresses still do a thriving business in the country. With her disease compass, the sorceress will tell you in which direction to go for your medicine.

A country druggist told me how he had met this situation. He had established small branches in all directions, so that the witch's compass used anywhere in the country would point to one of his stores.

The "*soroban* doctor" will tell you by manipulating the *soroban* or abacus what is the matter with you, and what medicine you should have.

A *mamorifuda*, slip of paper bearing sacred characters, may be rolled up and swallowed for internal pains. Or it may be pasted on the head as a remedy for headache, or on the jaw for toothache.

But a whole book, in fact many books, would be necessary to give any adequate account of the primitive beliefs that still persist in modern Japan. Chief among them, of course, are



Country medicines are primitive. The dried foetuses of deer are supposed to be a specific for tuberculosis.

the government-fostered myths of the divine origin and divine mission of Nippon.

An ignorant people is a dangerous people—particularly dangerous when mechanized power is placed in its hands. Japan is momentarily weak, but she may be expected to revive with amazing speed. It is of the most vital importance that Allied control should not hesitate to give liberal Japanese educators strong support in radically revising Japanese education. A highly literate but ignorant Japan is always open to the propaganda and manipulation of any group that may seize power. It can readily be made the tool of a new war.



The *kirin*, one of many imaginary animals held as objects of worship. The *kirin* is equipped with horns, a horse's body, a deer's feet and a dragon's head. It will trample on the crops unless properly supplicated.

13:

### *But Now for the Brighter Side*

THE disabilities of Japan which I have mentioned may give satisfaction to some Occidentals who hope to see a permanently weak and futile Japan. But the best interests of the world will be served by a strong and intelligent Japanese nation. Backwardness anywhere holds us all back, wisdom anywhere contributes to the common fund.

Bringing the matter down to purely commercial terms that

anyone can understand, a progressive Japan can buy our goods, a backward Japan cannot.

Also, a higher standard of living and life in Japan will stimulate all Asia. A billion Asiatics will begin to mean for the first time a billion customers.

Naturally, it goes far deeper than that. The rich cultural possibilities of the Japanese, Chinese and Indian peoples, now stifled by poverty and drudgery, will be liberated.

The ignorance of the Japanese masses is not due to lack of intelligence. It is the result of physical isolation from the world on the Japanese islands, two and a half centuries of seclusion during the period of mankind's most dramatic progress, followed by eighty years of mental seclusion imposed by an autocratic warrior government.

The native intelligence of the Japanese, their ability to learn, probably is not excelled by any people in the world. They have given ample proof of this in their acquirement of technical skills in the past few decades. There is no basis for the notion that the Japanese are racially of low intellectual capacity.

Seattle knows that. In a Seattle high school during a recent ten-year period, one out of every four Japanese-American students was chosen class speaker at the graduating exercises, although the students of Japanese ancestry were only one-tenth of the student body. They did three times as well as other students, in proportion to their number, on this school's honour roll. And at Seattle's University of Washington the honour group of Japanese-Americans is, in proportion, double the group of honour students of white American extraction.

This does not necessarily mean that they are superior in intelligence to white Americans. It does mean that they are not inferior, and it means that they work harder. In the schools of Japan, too, far greater effort is expended than in Occidental schools. It is spent to poor advantage—but re-organized education will make good use of it. Japanese students are extraordinary for their earnestness—a trait of the Japanese people as a whole.

Take a single example—the zeal of the Japanese amateur photographer. Eric Sitzenstatter, executive of Eastman Kodak in Tokyo, told me:

"Selling cameras here is a very different matter from what it is in the United States. There a great deal of snap-shooting is done. Young people go on a holiday, snap a lot of pictures, take them to a store to be developed, and get them tomorrow morning. They are interested only in getting pictures of friends and places, not in photography.

"Here the photographer is very conscientious. He studies the subject, makes a hobby of it. He may spend an hour setting up his midget camera on a tripod and examining the ground glass and making adjustments—then take only one picture.

"In the United States many start with a Brownie. Here Brownies don't sell. The beginner would rather have no camera at all until he can have a good one. There are more Leicas sold in Japan than in any other country, except Germany and the United States.

"Kodak started a 'Camera Day'. It's been tried in the States, but didn't go far. Here it has been very successful. It is held annually by groups of retailers or by electric-car lines to attract visitors. You may have seen the posters."

I had seen them in the street-cars and on station platforms. They showed eager photographers climbing a mountain-side with their cameras at the ready, and above them the caption in Japanese kana: KA-ME-RA HA-I-KI-N-GU, Camera Hiking.

"The retailers give prizes for the best pictures taken by their customers. Also 'Camera Nights' are held. An entertainment is put on in some hall and camera enthusiasts try their hand at photographing the performance.

"My Japanese assistants here remind me of Germans. They have the same way of minutely picking propositions apart, the same passion for graphs and mathematical details."

The Japanese artist does not use an easel but kneels to his work on the floor.



With this extraordinary scientific earnestness go some good moral qualities. One is honesty. I am not speaking now of higher intellectual honesty, in which I believe the Japanese are sadly lacking, largely because their minds have been perverted by deliberate official falsehoods. But in common, garden-variety honesty they excel. In thirty years of visits and residence in Japan I have never had so much as a toothpick stolen. Doors in Japanese inns are not locked, nor lockable. In the guest's absence anything might be taken, but nothing is.

One of our occupation officers writes that he asked his inn proprietor to keep his expensive watch and a considerable sum of money in the hotel safe while he was away on a rough country tour. The proprietor, explaining that he had no safe, brought a tray, placed the valuables in it, and left it on the low table in the guest's room. He assured the officer that his belongings would be quite safe. The American came back at the end of a week to find that, although the room had twice been used by other guests, and servants had been in and out of it repeatedly, his valuables were exactly as he had left them.

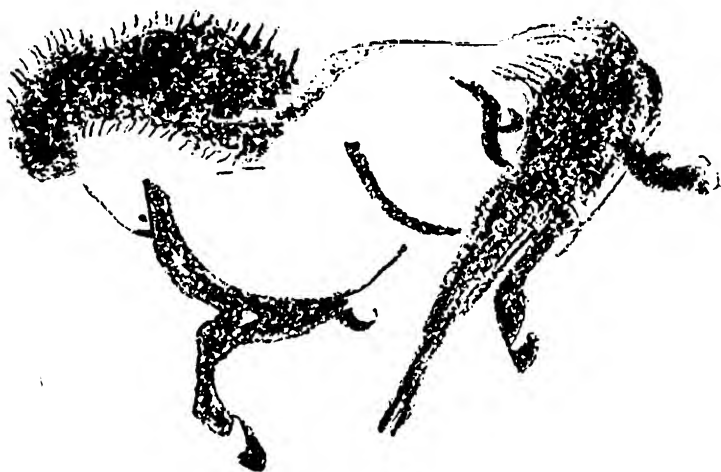
Such trust is highly to be commended, but not recommended. Thefts do occur, even in Japan. But in general, *things* do not excite in Japan the cupidity that they seem to arouse in the West.

One reason may be—and this leads us to another good trait—Japanese simplicity. The wants of a Japanese are few. He has learned how to get along with little. In thrift he is surpassed only by the Chinese.



Brushes of a bewildering variety are used by the Japanese artist. Much of his remarkable ability is attributed to the fact that from childhood he learns to handle a brush with skill in writing Chinese ideographs.

He applies thrift even to his artistic interests. He draws a picture with only a few lines. He paints a water-colour scroll with astonishing taste and simplicity. He is the world's best water-colour artist, the civilized world's worst artist in oils. They are too rich and sumptuous for him.



Wild horse, after the manner of Hokusai. But he would do it in a few bold strokes, the large ones with a brush, the small ones with his finger-nail.

He likes to give an impression of a thing without picturing the whole of it. He loves little things. It has been said that Japanese art is great in small things and small in great. The artist leaves noble masterpieces to the European, and contents himself with helping us see the beauty in a fish or a spray of bamboo.

The artistic ability of the Japanese is a rich heritage for all peoples everywhere. In painting, pottery, damascene, ivory, cloisonné and lacquer, Japanese creations are an immediate and lasting delight. Even household objects are designed with taste. The dress goods department of a Tokyo department-store is a museum of lovely textiles, and the *obi*, the twelve-foot sash in which a woman winds herself, is often a superb work of art.



As for the other many fine qualities of the Japanese, they may be glimpsed in the following native epigrams—for a people is known by its proverbs:

Breeding rather than birth.  
Proof rather than argument.



The twelve-foot *obi* in which a Japanese woman winds herself makes up for its weight and oppressive warmth by its elaborate brocaded beauty.

A sorrow is an itching place that is made worse by scratching.

The second word makes the fray.

It's no use cutting a stick when the fight is over.

Make sure of a thrifty wife, if you have to wear your shoes out looking for her.

Cows herd with cows, horses with horses.

Better to wash an old kimono than borrow a new one.

A good drum does not require hard striking.

One can see the heavens through a needle's eye.

A man's good name is as precious to him as its skin is to a tiger.

No standing in the world without stooping.

One good word can warm three winter months.



The great bronze Buddha of Kamakura.

14:

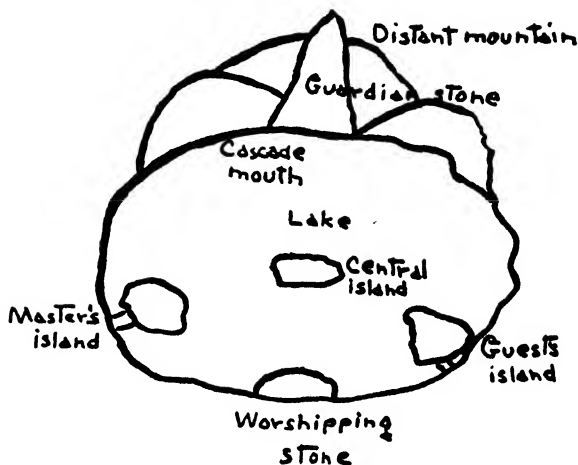
### *Beautiful Japan Makes Man Less Vile*

Nor every prospect pleases, even in Japan, and atrocities committed upon British and American prisoners-of-war, coming to light as these words are being written, suggest that "vile" is a tolerant adjective when applied to the butchers of the prison camps.

And yet it remains true that the Japanese have responded at least partially to their environment—one of the most charming to be found on either side of the Pacific basin. Many of the graces of Japanese character can be traced to the influence of nature.

Why are Japanese so sensitive to natural beauty? Profound explanations have been offered. Special qualities have been ascribed to the Japanese soul. But I think the explanation is fairly simple. The Japanese respond to natural beauty because there is more natural beauty in Japan to respond to.

Instead of Japanese appreciation of nature being something peculiar to the character of the Japanese, it is probably due



One of the standard plans for a Japanese garden.

to the fact that nature here is superbly worthy of appreciation. Much of the credit that goes to the Japanese esthetic temperament should go to the environment that made that temperament.

Of course, some peoples are surrounded by beauty without responding to it, notably certain wild tribes in tropical lands. But on the whole, the human race likes nature when nature is likeable. In Japan, it is.



Japanese love of the fantastic and picturesque extends even to the method of wrapping a shrub in straw for the winter.

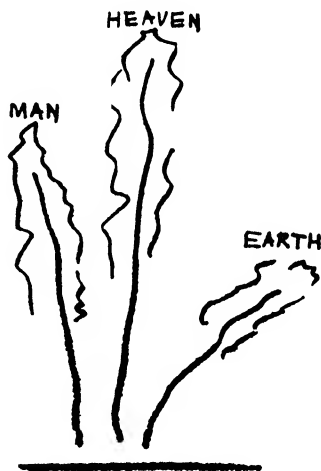
Take the adoration of the cherry-blossom. Looking at our own cherry-blossoms, we have difficulty in understanding how anyone could be ravished by them, drink wine to them, attach poems to them. But Japanese cherry-blossoms are not like ours. When the foreigner stands amid a sea of that pink bloom, he may not write a poem, because he has never learned how, but he will want to.

The average Occidental responds instantly to the beauty of a Japanese garden, however remote it may be from anything he has seen at home. And he will return home with a quickened sense of appreciation.

Men who have been fighting for more than three years in the steaming jungles south of the equator and on the barren rocks north of it, were relieved to step ashore in Japan. Oh, to be sure, they griped about it, because no place was as good as home. But those who must stay, and new men who will have to go, are fortunate that it is Japan we must occupy, not frigid Manchuria or torrid New Guinea.

I well remember the ineffable relief of arriving among the cool lovely hills of Nagasaki at the end of a world trip. After simmering in Egypt, sweltering in India, stewing in Sumatra, sizzling in Singapore, broiling in the Philippines, and baking

Basic principle of flower arrangement. A tall, a medium, and a short branch, to represent heaven, man, and earth.



in South China, the cool air of late May in Japan was like the hand of a Red-Cross nurse.

But I shall be making prospective visitors expect too much. Let it be said then that the winter is damp and chilly (though not cold enough for snow), there are occasional winds during the spring and the *nyubai* or rainy season in July is an unmitigated curse.

The best seasons are spring and autumn. And the loveliest months of all are October, November and December. But there is not a month in the year that does not have its compensations, and doctors testify that the climate is unusually healthful.

The energy of the Japanese as compared with other Asiatics is largely due, in the opinion of climate researchers, to the temperate-zone climate of Japan, as regulated by the surrounding seas.

Japan is beautiful because it is so worthless. Eighty per cent of it is too rugged to be cultivated. Its mountains crowned with snow, its hills topped with picturesque shrines in groves of quaint trees, give unending variety to the landscape.

Add to this the fact that anything grows. There are few plants, whether from the Arctic, the temperate, or the tropical zone, that may not be found in Japan. And the Japanese are most conscientious about preserving their forests, or renewing them when denuded.

As for flowers, they pass through the seasons in gorgeous succession: plum, camellia, cherry, peach, quince, dandelion, violet, wistaria, crape myrtle, mountain lily, morning glory, chrysanthemum and a hundred more. And in autumn, the incredible colours of the maples.



A tree in a tray. The Japanese are expert in growing and shaping dwarf trees, some of them a hundred years old.

Man has, as is his wont, marred nature's beauty with railways and industrial plants. There are too many billboards advertising Merry Milk, Chicken Sauce, Calpis Drops, Lion Toothpaste (there being no "l" sound in Japanese, "Lion" is rendered in kana as Ra-i-on), Kirin Beer (Bi-ru), Milk Caramels (Mi-ru-ku Ki-ya-ra-me-ru), and Johnny Walker Whisky (Ji-yo-ni O-ka U-i-su-ki).

But there is much of Japan that is undisturbed by American-style ballyhoo and untouched by war. The deer in the park at Nara, the temples of Nikko, the stone lanterns and torii of Miyajima, the thousand undercut isles of Matsushima, the reflected Fujiyamas in the still surface of the Fuji Lakes, do not know that there has been a war.



The undercut isles of Matsushima.

15:

## *Foreign Footprints in Yokohama*

THE first city to be occupied by Allied troops in the month of surrender, August, 1945, was Yokohama. And as the final surrender papers were signed September first on board the battleship *Missouri*, it was impossible not to recall poignantly another day and another signing. The aftermath of that signing was not altogether happy.

And yet we were as pleased with our achievement then as

we are with this one. Each was heralded as the dawn of a new era.

When the first American-Japanese treaty was signed by Commodore Perry and the Japanese envoys in the village of Yokohama under the menace of 250 American guns, the lesson learned by the Japanese was that might makes right. One of Perry's advisers, Wells Williams, wrote in his journal:

"Three powerful steamers like the *Susquehanna*, *Powhatan* and *Mississippi*, each drawing another vessel, the *Vandalia*, *Macedonian* and *Lexington*, showed the Japanese the means we had at command, and may have inclined them to receive us."

Perry's visit has been romanticized until many school-children picture him as a Galahad or a Good Samaritan who responded to the appeal of a benighted nation that longed for nothing so much as to throw off its age-old chains and embrace the benefits of American civilization.

Contemporary Japanese accounts give a different picture. The newcomers were referred to as *shu-i*, hideous aliens, *banzoku*, barbarian bandits, and *kaikwai*, sea monsters. There was no thirst for Western customs. On the contrary, there was much proud talk of *kwofu*, imperial customs, *shin-i*, divine dignity, and *shin-shu*, the land of the gods.

The emperor commanded all people to supplicate the gods as they had at the time of the Mongol invasion in the thirteenth century. He issued an edict that temple bells be cast into cannon. The slogan rang through the land, *Son no jo-i*, Revere the sovereign, expel the alien.

Perry's vessels lying in Tokyo Bay off the Yokohama shore swung at anchor. A historian writes:

"Every time the tide swung the vessels' prows northward, the news, carried to Yedo [Tokyo] by flying messengers, created a general panic; and whenever the ships rode with their prows southward, the intelligence of their changed position caused the capital to breathe again, so that for some days moods of despair and hope succeeded each other in regular succession."

The treaty was signed to get rid of the alien warships. And Perry's squadron was not hull down below the horizon before Japan had begun to prepare for war.

But, while preparing, she felt compelled to wear a smiling mask. Having admitted Americans, she was forced to admit others. The little fishing village of Yokohama received them and grew quickly into an ungainly, boisterous town in which some of the worst specimens of all nationalities might be found. It was a sorry demonstration to Japan of the beauties of Western civilization. The commercial adventurers were appropriately referred to by the British Minister as "the scum of the earth". Gambling hells, rum mills and lewd houses flourished. The worst Japanese flocked to the town in order to satisfy the worst appetites of the newcomers. The pioneers found it costly to bring wives from home, while "heathen women" were cheap. Sir Rutherford Alcock arriving in Yokohama at this time wrote of it:

"Nowhere is there a greater influx, unless it be at some gold diggings, of the lawless and dissolute from all countries—and nowhere is the danger and the mischief they are calculated to inflict on whole communities and on national interests greater than in these regions. In Japan more especially, an offence or act of violence that could have no other consequence in their own country, probably, than some temporary injury or inconvenience to one or more individuals, may here, among a sensitive and vindictive race, involve in massacre and ruin all the foreign residents—or set the spark to a train that will light up a war between two nations."

If the Japanese permitted Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry to think that the shogun was the emperor, the commodore got back at them. He allowed them to think that he was an admiral.





Prophetic words—except that not merely two nations were involved in the great war when it came. And Alcock, in his most imaginative moments, would not have dreamed that the then puny Japan could in eight short decades become powerful enough to extend her sway, at least temporarily, over most of Asia.

But he was no more blind than those who suppose that Japan's crushing defeat today will effectually prevent her from becoming a menace in the future.

The deadly parallel offers us little consolation. Twice Japan has been "opened". We lost the advantage of the first opening by teaching a too willing pupil the value of force, by a poor demonstration of our superior civilization, and specifically by backing the Restoration. The British, being monarchists, may more easily be excused for their part in this, but it is hard to comprehend how a republican America could have supported the establishment of an oligarchy centred upon a "divine" emperor. The motives were possibly good—it seems to have been believed that under the authority of a god-king autocracy, a democratic Japan could be developed.

It was like trying to beat sense into a child's head with a club. It did not work. The government showed signs of liberalism for a while—but the club of imperial divinity was too convenient, too tempting, and was finally used to beat the Japanese into submission and then to strike back at the very powers who had helped to provide the weapon.

But we do not read history much—particularly Japanese history. And so again in 1945 we conceived the bright idea that we could "use" the authority of the god emperor in the interests of ultimate democracy in Japan.



A Japanese emperor in ancient times. Foreigners by supporting the Restoration of the emperor in 1868 helped lay the basis for the militarism of 1941-5.

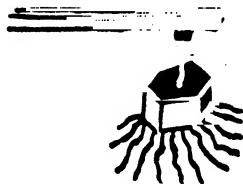
We were tired of war. We wanted a cheap, quick peace. The emperor's word would procure speedier surrender and choke popular uprisings which might disturb "order". Why worry that another generation would have to pay for this, as we had just paid for supporting the imperial regime of 1868?

I can hope that these words will have lost their edge before this book is printed—lost it because the core of Japanese militaristic aggression, the divine dynasty, will have come to an end. Every day of delay makes the task more difficult, less likely to be performed.

A Japanese newspaper draws a delightful parallel between Perry and MacArthur. It notes that Perry was resented at the time, but later was appreciated because he had opened Japan to Western benefits; and the newspaper opines that MacArthur, now resented, may some day be regarded by the Japanese people as their liberator.

Whether this comment was sincere, or guileful, I have no way of knowing. But certainly a parallel of a different sort must have occurred to members of Japan's ruling classes. They must hope that, after a few years of sputtering liberalism, the MacArthur invasion will prove to be as much of a blessing to oligarchs as was Perry's.

Neither our magnificent MacArthur nor anyone else, I suppose, outside of Japan, wants this to happen. Not far from Yokohama a monument to Perry was erected during the days when the Japanese had come to the conclusion that his visit was a good thing after all; but it was torn down shortly after Pearl Harbour. If grateful Japanese some time build a monument to MacArthur, let us hope that his policies, and those of the nations back of him, will have been so soundly laid that his monument will never fall.



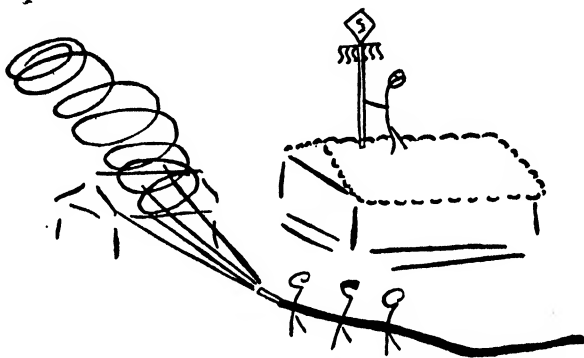
Sign before an artificial  
hair shop in Yokohama.

## 16:

## *So This Was Tokyo*

TOKYO, before the bombers came over, was the third city in the world.

Its population in 1940 was 7,100,000, as compared with London's 9,000,000. Tokyo covered an area of 217 square miles. The population of New York was 7,450,000 in an area of 310 square miles.



Tokyo has always been a city of fires. The fire company's standard-bearer stationed himself on the roof of an unburned building and it was a point of honour with the fire company to see to it that the fire should stop at this point.

These figures indicate that Tokyo was considerably more congested than New York, in spite of the fact that the skyscraper city packs its population in layers. Few buildings in Tokyo ever rose to a height of more than seven storeys, and well over ninety per cent of the city's structures were one-storey homes. But these homes were so small as to make the Manhattan apartment seem spacious, and Japanese families were large. If the New York area were as crowded as was pre-war Tokyo, its population would be 10,000,000.

During the first two years of the war New York lost population because of its lack of war industries, and Tokyo rapidly gained, making it temporarily the world's second city. This

distinction was short-lived. Bombings caused wholesale evacuation. In June, 1945, the government ordered the evacuation of all but 200,000 essential residents. Although this order was only partially carried out, the population shrank to a mere fraction of its former size. Now residents are flooding back and there may be 2 or 3,000,000 people in the city.

Any self-congratulation on the part of New York or London is ill-advised. Tokyo will again be a serious rival. Formerly some of Japan's surplus population spilled over into Korea, Manchuria, China and the Pacific islands. Now most of these expatriates will come home. Few of them can be absorbed in agriculture, since there is little more farmland available. Many will flock into the cities, and particularly the city which because it is the headquarters of a large occupation army will take on new life.

A more fundamental reason for the future growth of Tokyo is that Japan's future economy is bound to be increasingly industrial and urban. Limited to four islands, only twenty per cent cultivable, she cannot hope to maintain herself except by exports. Japan may gradually become one great factory, restricted of course to light industries without war potential. The growing population cannot emigrate, nor live on the land—it must come to the cities.

Hence it will not be surprising if Tokyo emerges from disaster two or three decades from now as the world's largest city.

But she is far from likely to be the greatest city, for greatness is not a matter of numbers. It is deceptive to count

Shinto shrine on the roof of the Shirokiya Department Store, Tokyo. Many Tokyo buildings, including some operated by British and American companies, have maintained roof shrines.

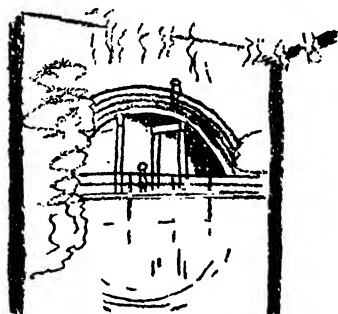


individuals in Japan where the individual does not count, and compare the total with that in a community of free men. Until Japan's present opportunistic forays into liberalism settle down into a genuine democratic policy, mass figures will mean little except as indicating the number of mouths to be fed.

What is left of Tokyo? Although large areas were stripped clean, industries destroyed, and the central station demolished (it was an ugly thing, anyhow), many residential areas are intact and much of the main business section. You may still *gin-bura* or stroll the principal shopping street known as the Ginza, see the temples of the shoguns, regard the moats, castle-like guard-houses and pine-crested embankments that surround the imperial palace, witness ancient samurai plays or modern revues or American motion pictures in large theatres, exchange gossip in the lobby of the indestructible Imperial Hotel, and ride in the most beautiful underground in the world with the exception of that in Buenos Aires.

Tokyo suffered considerably more damage in the earthquake of 1923. Then she staged a remarkable come-back and made more progress in the succeeding decade than in the preceding four. Taking one index alone, that of traffic, the records show an increase from 1924 to 1934 of motor-cars from 4,500 to 30,000, motor-cycles from 1,500 to 5,500, tram-cars from 1,300 to 2,500, bicycles from 250,000 to 650,000.

There were decreases which also showed progress. The number of rikshas declined from 11,000 to 2,000, and soon after dropped practically to zero. Possibly a few of these



Drum bridge in the wistaria garden of Kameido, Tokyo.

quaint equipages will be resurrected for the amusement of foreign visitors. Man-pulled two-wheel carts declined from 140,000 to 70,000.

Better plumbing was indicated in the decrease in ox-carts used to carry off sewage. They dropped from 20,000 to 9,000, and today an ox-cart will hardly be seen in Tokyo. But in the small towns it is still advisable to stand on the windward side when the sewage-cart goes by.

In 1924 there were sixty horse-and-buggy outfits in Tokyo; ten years later only two. In all its features, except the imperial palace, the city is painfully proud of its modernity.

Tokyo is not Japan. It is a monstrous conglomerate carbuncle of European, American and Asiatic customs. It is the poorest place in Nippon to study Japanese life. See it, then get out of it as soon as you can.

## 17:

### *Hidden Places, Strange Sights*

You move back eleven hundred years when you go from Tokyo to Koya-san, "Plateau Mountain". Upon its dish-shaped summit repose twenty-four square miles of monasteries, temples and fantastic medieval buncombe. A million Japanese pilgrims yearly visit this place, and practically no foreigners.

This is the shrine of Kobo-Daishi, founder of the Shingon sect of Buddhism in Japan in the year 816. He was also the inventor of what has been called "Japanese shorthand", the syllabary known as *hira-gana*, which is used to supplement and explain Chinese ideographs.

The temple bell of Japan is not placed in a tower. It is hung near the ground so that a worshipper may strike it with a suspended log.



You ascend to the top of the mountain by cable-car. You emerge into a man's world. Women are now allowed, but they are still looked upon with some disfavour. For centuries women were not permitted to come within shouting distance.

There is no hotel or inn. But you will be taken care of in a monastery—provided you are willing to forget about fish, flesh, fowl and eggs during your stay. Or if you are not you may bring such food with you. The monks will not object to your eating it in the sacred precincts, but they will not supply it—unless you are prepared to offer a large tip, in which case it appears as if by magic, and in large quantities.

But we preferred to observe the proprieties, if only for the novelty of it. In a furnitureless room which projected quaintly over the waters of a goldfish-pond set in a lovely garden, kimonos were brought to us, then tea and *yokan* (bean cake), then dinner. It consisted of five dishes of beans, each in a different style: *aburaga*, a three-quarter-inch-thick slab of bean powder; *tofu*, sweet and sponge-like bean curd which spills water if it is squeezed between the chopsticks; bean soup; another soup containing *yuba*, a bean-made skin with



The Hall of Bones. Any bony segment of a deceased relative tossed into this repository ensures that the departed will be near Kobo-Daishi in Paradise.

the slippery consistency of a rubber raincoat; and, to top it all off, a dish of undisguised beans.

There were side dishes of shredded vegetables, temple cakes, and a white china bottle of special Koya-san saké prepared by the monks.

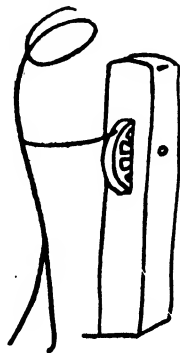
The floor was, of course, the bed. The next morning we were roused at 5 a.m. (sic) to attend service. In a mysterious inner room of the monastery lighted dimly by candles and lined with mortuary tablets, the abbot and his acolytes chanted, while pilgrims whose ancestral tablets had, for a price, been placed in this room, were called forward to worship.

The awesome effect of the half-lighted room, wavering shadows, drifting incense, phalanxes of tablets each representing the ghost of a departed one, profoundly moved the pilgrims and was not entirely lost upon the foreigners.

Beyond the monasteries extends one of the oddest cemeteries in the world, filled with phallus-shaped tombs of the famous of Japan. At the end is the *Kotsu-do*, Hall of Bones, a circular, windowless building with a small door through which you may toss a bone of a departed relative. It does not matter if it is merely a finger-joint. The act ensures that your departed will be near Kobo-Daishi in Paradise, and will return to earth in a considerably higher incarnation than otherwise.

Near-by is the tomb of Kobo-Daishi himself. For more than eleven hundred years a lamp has been kept constantly

One spin of the prayer wheel (if accompanied by a coin to the priest) is as good as the recital of a long prayer.





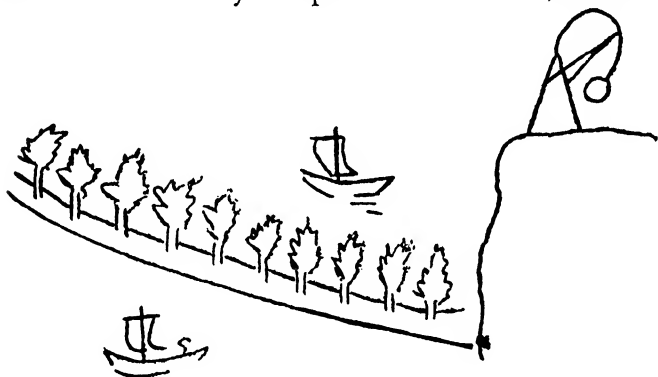
burning in front of it. Day and night, pilgrims and priests chant before it, clouds of incense roll, bells resound, prayers are uttered, rosaries thumbled.

The commercial aspects of the show are painfully apparent to the stranger. Every device is employed to extract money from the worshipper.

There are incense sticks for sale, candles, images of Kobo-Daishi made from ashes of incense burned before his shrine.

You may buy tiny bits from vestments used on the tomb. Swallowed, they will curse any ill, or they may be rubbed on any ailing part of the body.

You may have the Kobo-Daishi passport stamped on the white funeral kimono you expect to be buried in, thus ensur-



At Amanohashidate a long spit of land has been termed The Bridge of Heaven, but in order to make it appear to be floating in the sky it is necessary to view it upside down between the legs.

ing direct access to Heaven. You may, for a fee, hand your rosary to a priest, who will rub it on a rosary said to have been owned by Kobo-Daishi, and will return it to you full of new potency.

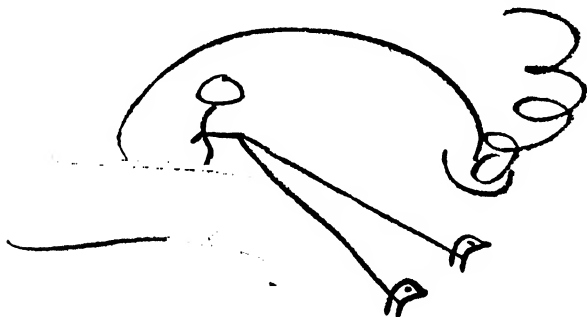
In short, you get new insight into the primitive, impressionable nature of the Japanese people.

A quite different Japan is seen at another mountain-top, Yoshino. Again you go up by cable-car. But here there are no monks, and plenty of inns. This is not a mountain of

worship, but of pleasure. It is a pleasure that does the Japanese credit—for great crowds of visitors come here during April for no other reason than to see the cherry-blossom.

Well, there is perhaps one other reason: custom permits the cherry-viewer to get thoroughly soused on saké. Hence you notice a stream of white faces coming from the cable-car, red faces going to it.

The mountain-side is a flood of pink and white cherry-blossoms, indescribably beautiful, worth a world trip to see. The people, too, are worth seeing, tens of thousands of them,



In the fast-flowing Nagara River at Gifu the night fisherman uses a beacon to attract the fish within range of his trained cormorants.

drinking, singing, clapping, playing the flute, samisen and drum under the cherry-trees—but never picking a solitary blossom!

Many revellers wear cherry-blossoms in their hair, but these are artificial, purchased in the shops. The blossoms on the trees may not be desecrated. Even those on the ground may not be removed.

A dream city of balconied tea-houses, inns, restaurants and shops perched on the ridge above the cherry groves surges with life for a month—then goes completely dead, to revive again only when April and the cherry-blossoms return.

Nor should the visitor who wishes to follow paths not too well beaten by tourists fail to see the strikingly picturesque

feudal castle at Okayama and the lovely moated castle of Hirosaki.

He should cycle over the "bridge of heaven" at Amanohashidate.

He should shoot the Tenryu Rapids.

He should walk the seventeen miles from Hakone past Lake Ashi and peerless Fuji over the Otome Pass to Gotemba. He should walk from Atami along the cliff-side to Ito and over Mt. Amagi. He should walk—plenty—for Japanese scenery is close-packed and reveals itself only to the walker.

He should fish in the River Nagara, not with rod and line, not with net, but employing cormorants on leash. The birds swim ahead of the boat, dive for fish, and disgorge them at their master's feet.

The visitor should see the Shiraito Falls which emanate from underground channels and burst from a cliff in a thousand gleaming cascades to tumble down the valley in a new-born river.

He should visit the Grand Shrines of Ise, sacred to the emperor, torn down and rebuilt every twenty years so that they may be always fresh.

All these and many more things he should do. What he should not do is to sit in a Tokyo hotel, drink beer and become an authority on Japan.

## 18:

### *Up the Volcanoes*

THE most visited volcano, and the least worth visiting, is Fujiyama. Anyone can climb it, and millions do. The trail to its 12,395-foot top is lined with rubbish cast aside by pilgrims.

The summit is one great junk-pile. Cans, bottles, broken *bento* or lunch-boxes, teapots, fragments of pottery, apple-peelings, banana-skins, fish-bones and chicken-bones, straw sandals, straw mats, millions of burned matches and empty match-holders, cigarette stubs, chopsticks, drifting newspapers, and countless deposits of human excrement make it truly the peerless mountain—peerless as a garbage-heap and a monument to Japanese uncleanness. It is astonishing that

a people who bathe daily, and love nature, should desecrate it so foully.

The disappointment of the visitor is complete if he reaches the summit only to find himself in a dense fog that shuts off all view except of the surrounding rubbish. Fuji invites clouds. Even on an otherwise spotlessly blue day, vapour in wisps, festoons, or heavy masses will envelop Fuji's cone.

Fuji can best be enjoyed at a distance. Then it becomes one of the beautiful visions of earth. This is partly because of its unbroken outline, for it is still what the geologists term a young volcano. But it is also due to the fact that the surrounding country is low. The highest peaks of the Andes or Himalayas are not so impressive because they are surrounded by other peaks almost as high. But Fuji stands alone. Your eye sweeping the horizon comes to it with a crash. The Spanish novelist, Ibañez, described it thus:

"I know of no other mountain in the world which gives one such a sense of overwhelming immensity as this volcano, rising as it does out of a land where everything has the grace of the small, where the houses are like toys and where the scene appears to have been arranged as a setting for dolls."

Fuji last erupted in 1708. Dormant, it still mutters. Up-heavals within it radiate earthquakes, and from fissures in its flanks issue jets of hot steam in which pilgrims cook their eggs. As the "Goddess of Fire" and the "Supreme Altar of the Sun" it has been constituted a Shinto shrine.

A much more satisfactory volcano for the climber is 8,260-foot Asama. For one thing, its conquest has the zest of being more dangerous. Asama is decidedly active, frequently spewing forth incandescent rocks and sending ashes and cinders thousands of feet high to settle upon the roofs of villages twenty miles away. Many climbers have been killed by volleys of hot stones, or streams of lava. But during the mountain's quiescent moods it may be climbed without incident.

Starting from Karuizawa, my wife and I cycled up to a mountain-side tea-house, Mineno Chaya—a task made more difficult by the fact that Mary had just learned to ride and the trail was covered with skidding cinders. We reached the tea-house after midnight.

There we fell in with a group of Japanese students. One of them was Toguri, teacher of English in the Middle School of Nagoya. We felt for his pupils, his English being so wretched that conversation was easier in Japanese. We went with his party, supposing they knew the trail. One of them had gone up many times—the others, never. The one who had gone many times promptly lost the trail and we staggered up steep slopes through stones and gulleys in dense fog.

The heavy cloud through which we climbed drenched every stitch of clothing. It filmed spectacles so that they had to be removed. It shut us in so that we could not see the torches of climbers two hundred feet away.

The mountain-side was burned bald. There was not a blade of grass. Nothing but cinders and black, glossy lava rocks. It was Dante's *Inferno*.

We met a party coming down. They had turned back without reaching the summit because of the chill wet wind.

Twice my heart, older than those of the students, went into a song and dance and it was necessary to halt until the palpitation stopped. Meanwhile our Japanese friends kept going, and we had to race to catch up. The Japanese, with their innate sense of hard discipline, do not wait for stragglers.

Dawn found us still climbing. The fog closed around us like a gigantic mosquito-net. It swept swiftly across the ground, not in a solid mass but in ripples or shivers before the wind.



Fuji is best viewed from a distance, say from the Fuji Lakes. For the climber, more interesting volcanoes are Asama, Mihara and Aso.

We reached the hilly top, but there was no crater. Plainly, we were lost. We crouched disconsolately behind a big rock, shared sandwiches and chocolate bars, and made a small fire to warm numbed hands.

"There are many miles of hills on top of this mountain," Toguri said. "Sometimes people wander about in the fog here for days."

A cheerful prospect, with no more water, no food, a biting wind, and the danger of eruption at any time.

We made a scouting plan. One man was to go as far away as his shout would carry back to the rock. Another would go beyond him an equal distance; another beyond him; and so on, but each careful to remain within call of the man next to him. The men took their places.

"Yoi!" they called back and forth. Then the line, almost a mile long, began to revolve around the rock, exchanging calls constantly.

"Yoi!" "Yoi!" Suddenly there was a new note in the Yoi. The trail had been found.

The trail with a white post every thirty feet—how we had ever lost it I cannot imagine—led to the edge of the crater. What we saw and heard there repaid us for everything. Six hundred feet below us, hell boiled. Geysers of flaming lava shot up into the air. White-hot stones came hurtling up, causing one to duck instinctively behind the crater rim. The mighty cup was a third of a mile across. The din of its churning contents was deafening. We could see the lips of our companions move but could hear no words.

All volcanoes are favourite jumping-off places for suicides. There had been three here already that season. We contributed a fourth.

Our Japanese companions had scattered. When they began to come together again one held a letter and a coat. He had found them at the brink. They accounted for the absence of one of our group.

"One is missing," Toguri said quite simply. Everyone was depressed. The boys sat beside a rock, not saying a word. Finally they rose and prepared to go down.

I asked Toguri: "We will look for him?"

"No good. He is gone."

The party went down grimly without a glance behind. After an hour of descent, Toguri got philosophical.

"Very bad times. Life is not good. Science does not permit us to believe in God or Buddha. The great ideals are all in the past. We young men today have no good reason for living."

Asama also is a Shinto shrine. To give oneself to Asama has a certain spiritual significance. There is a relation with bushido.

A volcano easily accessible from Tokyo is Mihara, on the island of Oshima, just outside Tokyo Bay. This also is a Shinto shrine and the scene of some eight hundred suicides a year.

Unlike Asama, which is twice as high as Vesuvius, Mihara rises only to a height of 2,512 feet. But it is none the less interesting for that. It is one of Japan's most active (and treacherous) volcanoes. Few foreigners ascend it—which is regrettable, for the climb is an easy and delightful experience.

We went up effetely on donkey-back to the tea-house on the edge of the first of the two craters, one extinct, one active. Descending to the floor of the extinct crater we boarded, believe it or not, huge, fuzzy Gobi camels. These beasts, imported from the Gobi Desert for the purpose and the only camels in Japan, seemed to fit the barren environment. We oscillated precariously between heaven and earth across the desert-like mile-wide crater, then walked up a steep path to the brink of the new crater.

This volcano does not roar like Asama. It is a silent, sulphurous, smoking monster. Its thousand-foot cliffs are a



Thousands of countryfolk, at some time in their lives, assume the large hat and staff of the pilgrim and ascend the sacred volcanoes—not for love of climbing but to acquire religious merit.

beautiful, tawny red and the great pillar of smoke rising from it is rose and blue.

I climbed the high barbed-wire fence along the brink to get a closer view and the proprietor of a near-by tea-house shouted and gesticulated wildly, supposing that I was preparing to be one of the two a day to take the fatal plunge.

Some get caught on a ledge a hundred feet down and are hauled up again. Two men went down a thousand feet and came up alive—but they were in a closed gondola sponsored by the newspaper *Yomiuri*. They brought up little scientific data, but the publicity was good for the paper.

You descend the mountain as luxuriously as you came up, but differently. A slider, much like a roller coaster, has been laid part way down the mountain's flank. The rest of the descent is made on foot. In the lowlands, cows are so numerous that milk baths are furnished in the hotels, and gorgeously flowering camellia-trees grow in such profusion as to supply most of Japan's camellia-oil for coiffures and cooking.

There are other notable volcanoes—Bandai, Adzuma, Shitane, Shirane, Sakurajima, Kirishima—and mighty Aso, with its fifteen-mile wide and two-thousand-foot deep crater, the largest in the world. But the complete story of Japan's volcanoes would be a long one, since there are nearly two hundred, fifty-eight of them active. Japan lies on a bed of fire, and perhaps those psychologists are not too far afield who say that the unstable temperament of the Japanese is partially due to the constant threat of physical disaster from the gods of eruption and earthquake.

## 19:

### *Into the Pearl Lagoons*

I COULD never earn my keep as a pearl-diver. But perhaps some of the good swimmers among our sailors, soldiers and marines would like to try it. There is no better place than at Toba, where millions of dollars in pearls lie beneath the quiet surface of the bay.



However, I did try. A comely mermaid lent me her diving-helmet. It consisted simply of a round glass window edged with rubber, fitted over the face to protect the eyes and nose, and tied behind the head.

A rope was fastened to my waist, the other end attached to a tub which floated on the water. I was to dive to the bottom, fill my hands with oysters, rise and put them in the tub, and repeat the round trip until the tub was full.

"Why am I tied to the tub?"

"So that you will find it easily when you come up," the girl answered.

"And so we can find you if you don't come up," one of my friends remarked. I ignored this.

A cynical audience made up of my wife, other visitors, and employees of the pearl farm, watched from the near-by pier as I dived from the launch which was used by the divers as headquarters.

Struggling against water pressure, I swam down, my feet tangling in the rope. Here and there I could see white flashes of arm and leg as the diving girls went about their work.

The bottom was visible, but distressingly far away. The swimming became harder every second. It seemed impossible that the body should be so cork-like, so determined to bob to the surface. The exertion winded me.

At about nine feet, with the bottom still several feet away, I gave up. I shot to the surface, gasping for air, and with no oysters to put into the tub.

My audience on the pier was very merry over it.

When my breathing grew easier, I up-ended and went down again. This time it was even harder, not having the momentum of the dive from the launch to help me.

At a depth of perhaps seven or eight feet I was about to quit when a white something flashed up to me and oysters were pressed into both of my hands.

Up I came, and, to the astonishment of all spectators, poured two good handfuls of fine oysters into the little tub.

Scarcely had the murmurs of admiration died away before I was down again for another rendezvous with my fair collaborator. She did not fail me, and the trips were repeated until the tub was full.

My wife professed she had known all along that I could do it, and she was rewarded for her unswerving faith by a dish of fried oysters for lunch, every one of them containing a pearl.

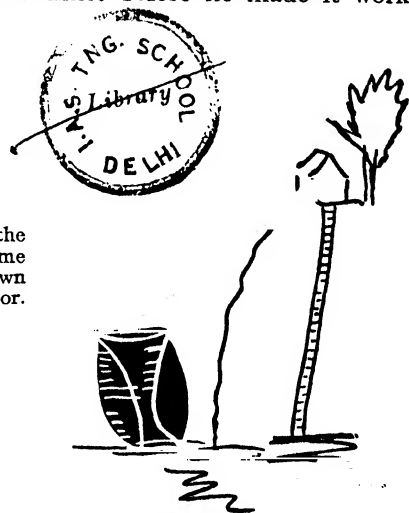
One of the most amazing ingenuities of the Japanese is the cultured pearl. This is in every sense a real and genuine pearl. But it is planned, not accidental. And its cost is, because of the planning, only the merest fraction of the cost of an accidental pearl.

Ordinarily, only one oyster in many hundreds of thousands develops a pearl. It is much easier to find a needle in a haystack than a pearl in an oyster-bed. Therefore when one is found it is worth a great deal. But if every oyster contained a pearl, the price would drop to a trifle.

This was the dream of a young noodle-maker named Mikimoto. He left his wife in charge of the noodle shop and went to the seashore. He began tinkering with oysters. He knew that when a grain of sand gets inside an oyster's shell, it annoys the oyster, which proceeds to coat the irritating particle with a secretion, which hardens, thus gradually building up a pearl. If he could put a grain of sand into every oyster . . .

He went bankrupt three times before he made it work.

While others feverishly sail the seas, this fisherman sits at home and draws his net up and down by a line through the front door.



Then he became many times a millionaire and his pearls covered the world.

A visit to one of his pearl farms is an interesting experience. You see girl divers plunge to the bottom some twenty feet down to bring up oysters which are then taken to the laboratory for their operation. Each shell is opened and a bit of mother-of-pearl inserted. The oyster is put back in the bay and left there for eight years. It takes time, even for an educated oyster, to make a pearl.

We saw oysters that had been working for eight years to cover their troubles with beauty, removed and opened. Some of the pearls were useless. Seven out of ten were excellent.

Here, too, modern science and ancient superstition are curiously linked. We ascended to the top of a near-by hill and looked upon a shrine built by Mikimoto and consecrated to the oyster. Since Buddhism forbids the taking of life, and Mikimoto takes many lives, he seeks absolution by having a Buddhist priest come once every year to conduct ceremonies of penance before this shrine and offer prayers for the souls of departed oysters.

On another hill the penitent inventor has raised a monument, the base of which is a coffin with concrete walls so thick as to defy thieves. Within the coffin are a million pearls.

They are a peace-offering to the god of oysters.

## 20:

### *Forgotten Home of Townsend Harris*

PERHAPS the chief Western shrine on Japanese soil is the home of the first American Consul, Townsend Harris.

He opened and kept open the door which Perry unlocked. His was a far more difficult task than Perry's, for he had no guns to back him up.

Completely out of touch with his home government, he undertook the delicate task of winning the confidence of the Japanese in Western intentions. Surmounting a hundred evasions and deceptions that made him describe the Japanese as "the greatest liars on earth", he finally reached his objec-

tive, an audience with the shogun and treaties that were to be the model for subsequent pacts between Japan and Britain, France, Germany, and Russia.

The quaint Buddhist temple that was his home is little visited. It is off the tourist path. The Japanese marooned him there, in the lovely but remote village of Shimoda at the end of the Izu Peninsula, in the hope of isolating him. But it is possible today to travel over the mountains that seclude Shimoda, or to get to it by small steamer from Yokohama.

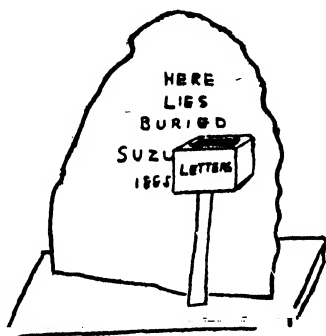
The trip is well worth while. Not only is Shimoda harbour with its islands and surrounding mountains and overlooking castle a place of rare beauty, but the historical associations of the place give one a comforting assurance that Western diplomacy has its bright chapters. And then there is the half-legendary story of the romance of Harris with the maid Okichi to give glamour to the setting.

The Perry treaty had stipulated that an American consul might reside at Shimoda. But when an American frigate brought Harris in 1856 and dropped him and his assistant, like abandoned kittens, on the Shimoda shore, the Japanese sought to evade the treaty. There was no place for him to live, they said. He must go home.

But since his ship had already sailed away, he and Henry Heusken were stuffed into a romantic old temple with very unromantic lack of plumbing and other facilities.

The Japanese went about forgetting him, as his country had already forgotten him. The commodore of the frigate

Occasionally in country cemeteries one sees a gravestone accompanied by a letter box in which one may drop a letter or visiting card as a token of respect to the dead.



had promised to return in six months. Harris wrote in his journal on May 5, 1857:

"It is now eight months and three days since the *San Jacinto* left here . . . I am a prey to increasing anxiety. I have not heard from Washington since I left the United States, October, 1855."

But it was another four months before a ship called, and then only by accident. There was no mail from the State Department.

Under such discouraging conditions, he faithfully carried on his negotiations with Japanese officials. He was desperately lonely. Officials offered to provide him with "female companionship" but he refused. Japanese and Chinese men were employed about the consulate, and finally two maids were added, Okichi and Ofuku.

Heusken took a fancy to Ofuku. Okichi, a lovely seventeen-year-old geisha, tried to break down the apparent indifference of the consul. She appears to have won his regard when he became ill and she ministered to him day and night. In his delirium he pleaded for cow's milk. It was an unheard-of drink in Japan. Braving taboos that might have cost her her life, she got it for him. Today there is a shrine to the cow before the temple.

The Japanese in later years decided that Harris had been their friend and made the temple a shrine-museum in his memory. It stands among gnarled cedars part way up the hill with a marvellous view of the many rounded islands and peninsulas crowding the bay.

Within the temple we saw Harris's eight-inch-long china-ware pipe, his horn-handled knife, daguerreotypes, oil paintings of Harris and his predecessor, Perry, Okichi's black brocade *obi*, a French tapestry pocket-book said to have been given to Okichi, Ofuku's comb, steel mirror, tortoise-shell hair-pins, kimono, and bamboo trousseau chest which she used when she married after leaving Heusken. In a lichen-grey cemetery behind the temple, Ofuku is buried.

We saw the quiet pool in which Okichi, after Harris left for Tokyo, drowned herself.

In the graveyard of another temple are two tombs to her memory. One, the original, is rough and simple and accom-

panied by a letter-box into which you may drop your calling-card as a sign of respect. This is in a dark corner. But the unrequited love of Okichi has become a famous legend in Japan. Hence the town authorities, alive to publicity values, have erected a fine new tomb directly before the temple, and the approaches to it are lined with booths exploiting Okichi in every aspect of her life and death.

You may buy Okichi post-cards, Okichi wood carvings, Okichi on metal and Okichi in ivory, and the Song of Okichi inscribed on the inside of an oyster-shell. The oyster-shell symbolizes to the Japanese one-sided love.

You may drop into the Okichi Café opposite which there is an Okichi Shooting Gallery; and in the geisha district certain houses of merriment as well as some of their inmates bear the name Okichi.

Harris in three years obtained peacefully in Japan what British and American pressure had not succeeded in wringing from China in thirty years. His treaties of 1857 and 1858 opened ports for foreign ships, established commercial relations, provided right of travel in Japan, stopped religious persecution of foreigners, and established the right of foreigners to lease property and erect buildings.

But his greatest achievement as consul in Shimoda and later American minister in Tokyo was the education of the Japanese in the practice of good will and mutual trust between nations. That the education was not completely successful or enduring was not his fault.

## 21;

### *Land of Beards and Bears*

A GLIMPSE of Japan before the Japanese got there may be had by visiting the Ainu people on the northern island, Hokkaido.

Of course "history" as it has been taught in the Japanese schools has it that the Japanese islands were divinely created by the Japanese gods for their descendants, the Japanese people.

The fact that the first Japanese to come to Japan found another race already there is conveniently forgotten. Forgotten too by the champions of an "Asia for the Asiatics" is the fact that these primitives were ruthlessly driven from their homes in the Japanese mainland to the bleak northern island, and there reduced to an abject condition that is rapidly carrying them to extinction.

Of the several million Ainu of ancient times only 16,000 remain.

The history of the Ainu has sometimes been compared to that of the American Indian. We have no desire to excuse the many injustices suffered by the Indian. But it remains true that while the reservation Ainu have steadily decreased in number, the reservation Indians have steadily increased, and are today increasing.

The treatment meted out to the Ainu has been harsh. He was not even regarded as a human being. His name on Japanese lips was usually pronounced not Ainu, but Aino, meaning mongrel, based on the Japanese notion that the despised race is the outcome of union between a human being and a dog. As proof of this theory, ignorant Japanese point to the extraordinary hairiness of the Ainu.

True, ethnologists recognize him as the hairiest human on the planet. His body is well covered, his beard is long, dark and handsome, his moustache is so profuse that a moustache lifter must be used to keep it out of the wine cup, and his head thatch reaching to his shoulders is so massive that portions above the nape of the neck and above the forehead are shaved away to make the burden lighter.

The samurai upon encountering a "dog-man" required him to go down upon his hands and knees and rub his head back and forth upon the ground or press his nose into the dirt. Failing to do this, his head was flicked off.

The Ainu could appeal to no law for protection. He was



The hairy Ainu's moustache is so profuse that a moustache lifter must be used to keep it out of the wine cup.

not allowed to own a weapon—thus his principal means of making a living, hunting, was denied him.

He was killed if he attempted to speak the Japanese language. That was supposed to be too good for the dog-man. He was not permitted to use Japanese money. He could exchange goods only by barter. A deliberate policy of suffocation and extinction was pursued.

It would be pleasant to record that the recently better treatment of the Ainu has been due to the growing humanitarianism of the Japanese. But it is chiefly a by-product of the tourist business.

When visitors began to come to see these extraordinary people with their white skins, their strong Aryan features so different from those of their Mongrel oppressors, their odd homes, their pet bears, and their primitive festivals, the Japanese government saw the need for making the mistreatment of the Ainu less obvious.

The best friend that Ainu ever had was John Batchelor, missionary. He worked among the Ainu for over sixty years.

"The Japanese treat them better now," John Patric in *Why Japan Was Strong* reports him as saying, "simply because they came to realize that the Ainu were a valuable curiosity worth preserving. There was no kindness or sentiment in it—none whatever. They stopped trying to exterminate this shattered relic of a dying Caucasian race when visitors with money to spend began coming from all over the world just to see and study them. If today the Ainu are protected wards of the Government, and if the Government has paid me any honour, it is not because of a change of *heart* on the part of the Japanese; it is only because the Ainu became *worth something* to Japan."

The Ainu cradle is suspended from the ceiling.





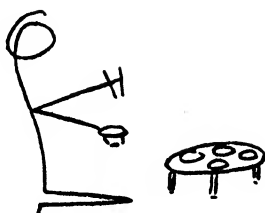
In this home of a primitive race and of virgin forests where bears still prey upon the unwary, it is odd to find one of the most modern and most American cities in Japan. Sapporo was planned by an American engineer, using Washington, D.C., as his pattern. Its architecture is in the New England style. Stone, brick and cement buildings line its broad avenues.

It was American experts, too, who laid out the pattern of agriculture in Hokkaido. They introduced and developed grains, berries, fruits, vegetables, cattle and horses. They brought in modern machinery. The large farms of Hokkaido permit the use of American methods. They started Hokkaido Imperial University with a curriculum strong in the sciences. They opened up Hokkaido's immense coal-fields.

But the Japanese did not like to go to Hokkaido's because the weather was cold. The possibilities of this outlet for Japan's supposedly overcrowded millions will be discussed later.



The AINU pot ordeal. If the suspect minds being boiled, he is guilty.



22:

## What You Will Eat in Japan

IF you are a totally stuffy person without the least instinct for adventure, you will eat in Japan exactly what you ate at home.

But if you are gastronomically curious, here are a few of the dishes that will interest you. I do not say that they are all good. But they are experiences.

Raw fish. Until you have learned to like it you have not passed the primary course in Japanese eating. It is easy to like. The Japanese call it *sashimi*. It comes to the table in thin ice-cold slices. A slice is taken in the chopsticks, dipped in soy sauce, and eaten. It has a delicate flavour, and no "fishy" taste whatever. Being absolutely fresh, it is rich in vitamins.

Fish eyes. Once is enough. This item, considered a great delicacy, disconcerts the tyro by gazing steadily at him as he brings it towards his mouth. Even as it goes down the throat and lies in the stomach it seems to continue gazing reproachfully at its violator.

Octopus. The tentacles, cut into short cubes, and dipped in soy sauce, are not at all bad.

Silkworms. All other dishes I mention here I have tried, but not this one. I leave this particular research project to you. I first saw silkworms eaten in the silk filatures. After the cocoons have been killed by steam and the silk has been wound off, the factory girls open the shell and eat the shrivelled brown chrysalis. It is said to be delicious.

Mother-and-son dish. *Oyako dombri*. *Oya* means parent, *ko*, child and *dombri*, dish. The reason for the name is that the dish contains both chicken and egg. These are mixed with onion slivers and served on rice. Hot and good.

Eels and rice. *Unagi gohan*. Much liked, but rather rich, since the fried eels are fatty.

*Tempura*. Foreigners like it. Shrimps or prawns dipped in batter and fried in deep fat.

*Sukiyaki*. The tourist's stand-by. Beef and vegetables cooked by the customer himself on a small stove on the table. The origin of the name is interesting. Since according to Buddhist ideas a house would be polluted if meat were cooked within it, and any pan used would be likewise contaminated, the fire used to be made outdoors and the meat broiled (*yaki*) on a shovel (*suki*). By the way, do not say soo-kee-yah-kee. The u is elided, leaving it skee-yah-kee.

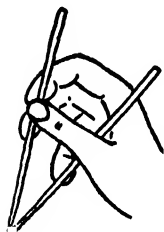
*Yakisoba*. A delicious dish of fried noodles mixed with bits of pork, celery, onions, peas and some white leathery strips of goodness knows what.

*Chawan mushi* literally "teacup steam". A steamed custard of egg, *mitsuba*, mushrooms, chicken, with *aji-no-moto* (a Japanese flavouring powder).

*Tara-no-ko*, "child of cod". Codfish eggs broiled in solid cakes. A little salty, but good.

*Mitsumame*, "sweet beans". A delicious and popular dessert. Cubes of gelatine, discs of rice *mochi*, pieces of apricot, black beans, all suspended in a syrup made of sugar and honey.

*Kamo namban*, literally "duck, south barbarian". A delectable soup of macaroni and duck, so named because it was introduced by early Spanish and Portuguese visitors to Japan.



How to hold the chopsticks.

*Manju*. Alone worth coming to Japan for. A brown or white cake about the size of a muffin. The outside is made of cake dough, the inside of *an*, bean paste mixed with black sugar.

Of course there is always rice. And Japanese cooking gives it a light, loose consistency that makes it totally different from the pasty pudding of the West.

The scores of delicate teas in the preparation of which the Chinese and Japanese are past masters should never be polluted with milk or sugar.

As for milk, the Japanese version is a distant cousin. It is likely to be little better than chalky water. Conservative Japanese still disapprove of milk. "What a shame," said one to an American, "that you have to kill the cow to get the milk."

Most Western dishes are to be found now in Japanese restaurants, but the spirit has gone out of them. You will do well to stick pretty closely to dishes the Japanese thoroughly understand. And when you want a thoroughly good meal—slip over to China.

## 23:

### *Where You Will Sleep—if You Sleep*

It is hard to understand the mind of the Anglo-Saxon who goes half-way round the world, only to live in a hotel exactly like those he left behind, except that it is not as good.

A poor half-dozen of the Western-style hotels of Japan are really first-class. The majority are a wretched imitation. The Japanese do not understand our furniture. They see no beauty in it, hence they cannot choose between good specimens and bad. Your room is likely to be an atrocious misarrangement, in which bed, dresser, chairs and carpet vie with each other in ugliness. The only thing that is handsome about it all is the price.

On the other hand, the Japanese native inn is one of the most attractive hostelries in the world. At least I have not found its equal in sixty-three countries for cleanliness, good taste, and economy.

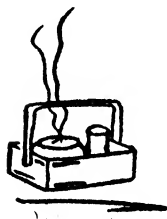
I have not said it is comfortable. Whether the visitor will find it so depends upon his own adaptability. But if he has an appreciation for beautiful and tasteful surroundings, he will ignore a few inconveniences.

You are met in the court-yard by colourfully kimonoed *nesan*, maids, smiling and bowing and crying "*O kyaku san*", Honourable guest. (Does anything like that happen to you at a hotel?) In the lobby you are welcomed by the proprietor, his wife, and more maids.

If you know some Japanese, you now have an opportunity to use it, for inn people always have time to chat. If you know no Japanese, it does not matter. Your needs are understood.

You replace stiff shoes with soft slippers. There are no formalities at the desk, for there is no desk. Led by a maid, you pad along corridors of polished wood to your room. The door is slid open. Your slippers are for corridor travel, not room use. They should be slipped off and left outside the door, and you step on to the springy mats or *tatami* in your stocking feet.

If the inn is good, and most are, you are immediately charmed by the elegant simplicity of the room, the gold-leaf and water-colour landscapes decorating the *fusuma* or sliding partitions that separate the room from the corridor, the delicate perfume of the natural wood and the clean matting, the fine grains of the ceiling, the beauty of the alcove or *tokonoma* in which hangs a pictorial scroll, *kakemono*, behind a vase of flowers. You like the apparent spaciousness of the room uncluttered by furniture, the delightful glimpses of the garden with its miniature landscape, stepping-stones, pool and stone lanterns.



The *tabakobon* or tobacco box contains no tobacco; but a small *hibachi* from which to light your smoke, and a miniature spittoon!

If you want privacy you have come to the wrong place. This is not the sort of hotel-room where you can lock the door and settle down to read the Gideon Bible—not the sort of place where you could die and no one know the difference.

You have no sooner settled down on a *zabuton*, floor cushion, than the maid is back with a *yukata*. It is a light, blue-figured kimono, and is much more comfortable than western clothes for floor-dwelling.

If the weather is cold she will provide also a thickly-padded kimono called a *dotera*. The maid deftly helps you to change your clothes.

Attention does not stop here. You are doubtless thirsty. Tea is served and delicious cakes of varying size, colour and content. A *takakobon* is brought in should you wish to smoke. It is a lacquered box containing two bowls—one is a small brazier containing live coals from which you may light your smoke, the other is a miniature spittoon!

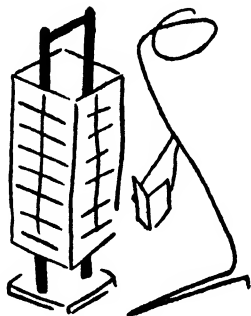
The bath-boy calls to learn when you would like to have your bath. The proprietor's son or daughter, who has learned a little English in school, comes in to practise it.

A slightly less welcome attention is the bringing in of the police questionnaire, which calls for your name, profession, age, sex and destination.

Your meal appears, borne in on an ankle-high tray-table. You take up first the steaming-hot towel to refresh face and hands.

You may be offered a knife and fork. Refuse them. There

Lamp for floor-dwellers. It burned rapeseed oil once, electricity now. The light is softly diffused through the paper panels.



will be plenty of time for them after you get back home. The manipulation of chopsticks is easily learned.

The maid sits on the floor opposite you beside a large lacquered tub of rice. She will replenish your small rice bowl as often as necessary. She will beguile the meal with conversation if you please, or sit silently if you prefer silence.

You will be left alone during the evening, and may read by the light of the *andon*, rectangular, paper-covered floor-lamp. But when you clap, the maid will come to lay your bed. She will draw heavily-padded quilts or *futon* from a cupboard and spread them on the matted floor. Remember, by the way, that the mats are two inches thick, therefore as resilient as a rather firm mattress—but, of course, quite innocent of springs.

A sack of oats is provided as a pillow. If you think that is hard, recall that the Japanese formerly used a block of wood. Ladies who cling to the old-fashioned coiffure still do, for the block placed under the neck allows the hair-do to hang in space.

A mosquito-net practically as large as the room is suspended from the four corners to form a canopy over the bed.

Maid-service also includes undressing you if you wish. If you prefer to undress yourself, the maid will return to tuck you in. She will shut the *amado*, sliding wooden doors, facing the garden.

If you would rather not suffocate, you may rise surreptitiously after she has gone and open them a crack—but be careful that she does not catch you at it. The police require that they be closed. Moreover, the maid will tell you solemnly, night air is dangerous.

During the night the heavy quilt over you will become too hot, the oat-pillow will roll off, and your feet will project from under the too-short covers. But on the second night you will



Wooden pillow, lightly padded, placed under the woman's neck. The male sleeper uses a sack of oats or rice hulls.

have solved these problems by using two light *futon*, instead of a single heavy one, a back-stop behind the pillow and an auxiliary quilt over the feet. Within a week you will be sleeping perfectly—and at the end of two, you will find a real bed too soft.

The charm that has well-nigh disappeared in the raucous city life of Japan still lingers in the inns. Modern hilarity has not yet ruined it. Some time ago the innkeeper's association considered that, to keep up with the times, they really should get out some publicity. But instead of placing an order with an advertising agency for some high-powered copy, they hired a poet. This is what he produced:

*An inn is a plum-tree  
Laden with succulent fruits.  
The guests who take shelter in its boughs  
Are nightingales.*

## 24:

### *How and With Whom You Will Take a Bath*

THE one Japanese institution that wins the unanimous approval of foreign residents is the bath.

No one can live long in Japan and fail to surrender to it. Eight inches of water in a Western tub will always seem inadequate and ridiculous after experiencing the delicious embrace of a hot bath at least three-feet deep.

If Japan has any claim to be recognized as a civilized nation it should be based, not upon her ability in war and her amazing ingenuity in devising tortures for prisoners, but upon her invention of the planet's best bath. Here is one thing she did not copy from China or the West.

This at least the great perversion known as Shinto has done for the Japanese. While Shinto is entirely without ethical content and makes no demand for the purity of the heart, it does insist upon physical cleanliness.

The Japanese are clean, on the outside. Not that bathing is indulged in merely for the sake of cleanliness. It is enjoy-



able for its own sake, and it is a way to keep warm in a land that has hardly heard as yet of central heating.

It seemed to me that every time I called at a certain farmhouse I found the whole family in the tub. It was a large tub and a hot spring kept the water continually at 120°. I would be invited into the bathroom and chat with them while they soaked.

"How often do you bathe?"

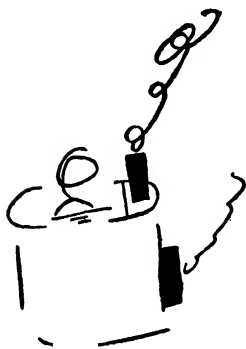
"Whenever we get cold. Four or five times a day."

"And in summer?"

"Oh, we are too busy then. Only once a day in summer."

The usual home, without hot spring facilities, has a tub large enough for only one person. The master bathes first, then his wife, and so on down, the servants last. The same water is used, but does not get dirty—because the real cleansing is done with soap and small buckets of water before entering the tub. Thoroughly scoured and rinsed, you step into the tub and crouch in it up to your chin for the thorough heating and relaxation it affords.

Rheumatic ills are dispelled by the very hot water. But you must not compromise. If the bath is made luke-warm by adding cold water, the aftermath may be kinks and cramps—whereas a bath that is hot enough to leave the body as red as a boiled lobster, leaves a rich store of heat within the body. In back-country villages men and women may be seen walking home stark-naked from the public bath-house, even in the chill winds of mid-winter.



The three-foot-deep Japanese bathtub has a built-in stove that keeps the water at 110° or better.

Sometimes a small shopkeeper will keep a tub under the counter and step into it when he or she becomes cold. Business goes on as usual, the occupant occasionally stepping drippingly out to pluck goods from the shelves.

In public bath-houses, mixed bathing is now contrary to law. Some have separate rooms for the sexes. Some merely have separate entrances marked "Men" and "Women", but once inside you are in a common bath. Sometimes the two sections of the bath are divided only by a bamboo-pole, or by a string, or a panel of glass.

I was disconcerted to find upon entering a huge public bath in Atami that the great thirty-foot pool was not divided, even by a string. Some two dozen men bathers were obviously enjoying the water antics of about as many of Atami's famous geisha. Ordinarily, however, the two sexes pay absolutely no attention to each other.

In the inns, no law applies, and there is but one bath for male and female. If you are squeamish, the proprietor can arrange that you will be undisturbed.

However, a newcomer will not interfere with you in any way, except perhaps to say *Gomen nasai*, Pardon me, before stepping down into the water. This apology is not made because of any sense of impropriety in sharing the bath with you, but because the entry of another person makes a movement in the extremely hot water, thus causing discomfort to the one already in the bath.

According to Japanese ideas, any exposure required by one's work or incidental to health and cleanliness is proper; exposure, even if it be the slight revealing of the neck or a shapely ankle, if done merely "to show off a pretty figure" is improper.

## 25:

### *Mysteries of the Japanese House*

LIFE in a Japanese house is not recommended to the visitor unless he has real curiosity to know how the Japanese live.

Having such curiosity, we lived for five years in a Japanese

house in the fishing village of Hayama. Next door was the charcoal-store, then the village post office, then another Japanese house—the emperor's summer palace. I have written elsewhere of its occupant.\*

We rented our house on a balmy September day, when the sliding walls had been thrust back and all the rooms were open to the garden. Sunlight and butterflies and the fragrance of flowers drifted in. The *tatami* mats were pleasantly cool, the fine unpainted wood of the ceiling and the *tokonoma*, sacred alcove, glowed, the light colour and cleanliness of the interior were satisfying.

On such a day the Japanese house is altogether delightful and deceptive.

For not every day is bright and balmy. In fact, rain, wind and cold require that the house be closed most of the year. But it is of South Sea origin, and it was not designed to be closed.

Nor is it enough to draw shut the *shoji*, paper panels. They would be ruined by the blowing rain, and they would not keep out the cold. Therefore, outside of them, the *amado*, wooden panels, must also be closed. In city houses there may be glass doors—but not in fishing villages.

Sealed up in a darkened house like a chrysalis in a cocoon, you wait for spring.



The kitchen stove or *shichirin* burns charcoal and accommodates a pot on top. The fire must be blown vigorously and frequently to keep it alive. There is no guarantee that the smoke will not circle down into the operator's eyes.

\* In the book, *The Son of Heaven*, 1945

The Japanese winter is not severe, but damp and penetrating. There is ordinarily no stove, other than the *hibachi* or brazier filled with ashes, upon which smoulder a few lumps of charcoal. You must hug the fire to keep warm. The winter air rises through the floor upon which you sit. The straw mats are porous, and the boards underneath are loosely laid with cracks between. The house is raised on posts, and the wind howls through beneath you and filters up into the room.

To keep warm, you must either go to bed, soak in the bath, or keep moving. One cannot stay in bed or bath all the time. Therefore the answer is action. I firmly believe that this is one reason for the remarkable activity of the Japanese. It is far more comfortable to plough and plant in the muddy fields than to sit in the house.

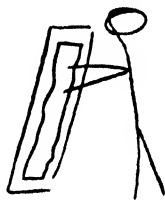
Unfortunately, we had no fields to cultivate. We went on long vigorous walks of a kind almost forgotten in this automobile age. We developed leg muscles and better lungs.

Even in summer, it was not all roses. The house, with its *shoji* removed so that it became a pavilion open to the breezes, would have been perfect—if there had been a place to sit, lie or eat. Our vista of the garden, the valley, Sagami Bay, and Mount Fuji beyond, was marred a bit for lack of an over-stuffed chair to view it from. One sat on the floor with the legs crossed in front, or, on formal occasions, cramped back beneath.

There was no support for the back except the backbone—and we had become rather unaccustomed to using our backbones.

Eating was done at an ankle-high table. The floor was the bed, and no matter how many *futon* were laid, draughts seemed to rise through them. In the Japanese inn this is not

Ironing is done in two ways. One is to smooth out the wet cloth on a board where it dries flat.



so noticeable, the much greater building area giving each room more protection from under-floor draughts.

The thin-shelled Japanese house responds quickly to summer heat as to winter cold. It bounces in the frequent earthquakes, and it is very likely to collapse in a typhoon.

The more than usually severe typhoon of September 21, 1934, destroyed 105,657 houses by blowing them over or by flooding them with tidal-waves, killed 3,000 people and injured 8,000. It ruined 289 schools. It blew trains from bridges. It made rivers run backward, the sea water rushing up them for many miles, then overflowing into the fields to destroy the crops. It spelled a total loss of more than \$300,000,000.

While such visitations are not frequent, typhoons come every year that fill the house with flying debris, if they do not tear tiles from the roof and wrench off the shutters. Our garden fence had to be restored to an upright position at least three times a year.

Add to the troubles of the householder the difficulty of preparing a meal on a charcoal-brazier, the necessity of constantly fighting giant cockroaches, spiders measuring six inches from tip to tip, sturdy rats, and mosquitoes (for there is no screen except over the bed), and you begin to realize the training that the Japanese have had in the school of discomfort.

The result of such discipline is that the Japanese soldier on the field can completely ignore conditions that would disturb the morale of men used to a higher (and softer!) standard of living.

We were not tough enough to take it. While we continued



A hollow iron filled with glowing charcoal retains its heat for nearly an hour.

for five years in a Japanese house, we admitted to it after one year of floor-living such comforts as beds, chairs, tables and electric stoves.

Then it became comfortable and almost familiar. And yet we never quite got used to the strange things that happen in a Japanese house.

At night it is full of mysterious groans and wails. Rats get into the low attic and rampage wildly back and forth over the ceiling. Animals come under the raised floor and meow and bark beneath your bed. Winds make the house shake as if it had the ague, and send the smoke from the bath-stove pouring into the rooms. Earthquakes (and there are four a day, according to the seismograph) set the crockery rattling and the floor heaving.

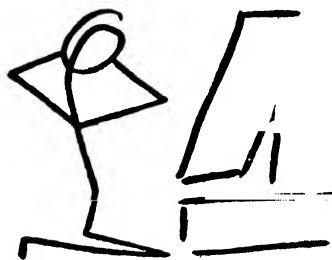
Strange foods come out of the kitchen, where your wife and a Japanese maid do their best without a common language. You hear the American girl say to the Nipponese: "*Ima neko tabemasho, ga yasai sukoshi mo.*" It is a very slight error, the use of *neko*, cat, instead of *niku*, meat, but it makes the general effect rather astounding:

"We'll eat the cat now, but give the vegetables a little more time."

But total culinary disaster is prevented by the kitchen god over the sink. His name is *Kojin Sama*. He has three faces and six hands, and a frightful expression, but that is necessary, for he is there to scare away devils.

It is an old house, and haunted by the spirits of people who have lived and died there. In one room high up near the ceiling is a *kamidana* or god-shelf, bearing a miniature Shinto temple, guarded by two porcelain lions. Behind a

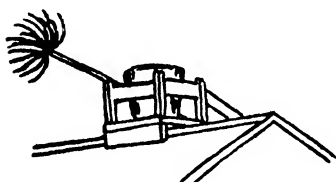
One must kneel to use the mirror of the miniature dresser.



secret panel is an unexpected small room containing a Buddhist shrine elaborately carved and gold-lacquered.

This would seem to imply that some of the people of the house were of one religion, some of the other. But it is not so. Religions are not mutually exclusive in Japan. The owners of the house follow both religions.

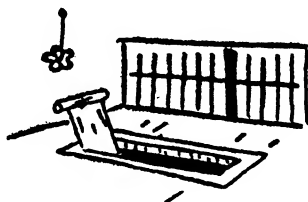
They worship their family ancestors according to Buddhist rites. They venerate the emperors with ceremonies of State Shinto, the synthetic political cult devised in the eighties by the founders of modern Japan.



When sparks from a near-by fire threaten the house, the brush is dipped in the water tub and the roof sprinkled.

Indeed, they follow a third faith too, old-time Shinto, as the charms pasted above door-lintels testify. These talismans picture the nature deities of early Japan, gods of wind, wave, rock, tree, rain, earthquake, good luck and disease.

The Japanese eagerly embrace modern science, but cling to the old stand-bys, lest science fail.



The privy is innocent of plumbing, therefore a perfume dispenser is hung on the wall. The night soil of fifteen million Japanese homes fertilizes Japan's farms.

## 26:

### Try What the Japanese Call Sports

FURTHER insight into Japan's character may be gained by a study of her sports. It will soon be noticed that the chief of them are not quite accurately called sports; they are martial arts.

The militarized mentality of Japan was impatient with anything that did not directly prepare for war. This state of mind was not new. It extended far back into samurai times.

*Judo* (ju-jitsu) was developed, not because it was fun, but because it could be used in the subjugation of an enemy.

The legend of its origin has it that a famous sixteenth-century boxer, unsatisfied with his skill, had a dream. He saw a pine and a willow in a snowstorm. The pine strongly resisted the snow, which burdened the branches more and more heavily until it broke them. The willow yielded, bending far down under the load of snow until it slipped off.

The boxer awoke with a great idea. Winning by yielding. He devised three hundred tricks and taught them in the "Spirit-of-the-Willow School".

Why was it called *judo*? In the Japanese version of the New Testament we read: "Blessed are the *ju*, for they shall inherit the earth." *Ju* means meek, pliant, and *do* is way.

"The "meek way" of overcoming an antagonist is to step back or aside when he plunges, thus encouraging him to lose

The *sumo* wrestlers may weigh 300 pounds or more. The bout is conducted with elaborate Shinto ceremonial.





his balance; then seize him and draw him still further in the same direction, causing him to fall. Then the meekness is dispensed with, and you proceed to "hit, chop, thrust, poke, or kick his vital points", according to Professor Kano, chief recent exponent of the meek art.

All of which is strangely suggestive of Japan's diplomatic methods. Send envoys to Washington to discuss peace, then strike. And, when the war is over, yield readily to all demands, in order to rid the country of occupation as soon as possible, then prepare to strike again.

Exhibitions of *sumo*, heavyweight wrestling, were frequently put on in the large cities before the war and may soon be revived.

A *sumo* match is a sight not to be missed. It is a bout between two human oxen. They stand head and shoulders above the average Japanese and frequently weigh 300 or 350 pounds. They are fed gangantuan meals, one wrestler eating as much as ten ordinary men. Their enormous stomachs bulge and swing like captive balloons, their arms and legs look much too flabbily fat to possess great strength.

They win over an opponent chiefly by superior weight, or by the skilful placing of inferior weight.

Despite their gross appearance they are highly honoured. In Tokugawa times they ranked just below the samurai.

Then there is the Japanese version of fencing. Our village rang every morning with ear-splitting shrieks from the police gymnasium. If you should come to the open door and look in you would see what might be taken as an act from an ancient drama.

Two lines of warriors face each other. They wear what looks like samurai armour, and a helmet with an iron visor over the face. Each man fights with but one opponent, using a heavy two-handed sword—but made of wood, not steel. *Kendo*, fencing, means "the way of the sword". The sharp wild ejaculations are supposed to disconcert the antagonist.

Again, the purpose of the "sport" is not sport, but the training of a fighter.

Mountaineering has also been encouraged by the government, because of the discipline it affords to the prospective soldier. Every university has had its mountaineering club.

The Japanese Alps afford plenty of opportunity for this pursuit. In the winter many fine ski runs are maintained.

Kite-flying is a favourite sport of both boys and men in the spring months. The authorities have favoured it because it affords some elementary knowledge of aeronautics.

Doubtless, the Japanese have no equals as kite-flyers. Their kites are often twelve square yards in size, and the cord from two to three hundred feet long. Suruga kites are monsters of a thousand square feet. One of them costs the equivalent of \$150, American, and requires a cable and twenty men to fly it.

On the other hand, the province of Owari takes pride in very small kites in the form of bees or cicadas, held in leash by silken threads.

A curious feature of the Japanese kite is the powdered glass applied to the entire length of the holding line. A line thus treated is manœuvred so that it will cut an opponent's line, thus sending his kite adrift. A fallen kite is the property of the first one who gets to it.

Perhaps the most unique sport of Japan is falconry. The usual scene of the hunt is the Imperial Hunting Preserve in Saitama Prefecture, within easy automobile distance of Tokyo. The sport is limited to the imperial family. Occasionally a foreigner is allowed to attend, but strictly as an observer. Possibly there will be some relaxation of the rules now that they are being made by the Allied Occupation rather than the Imperial Household.

But in pre-war Japan I considered it a rare opportunity to attend a hawk-hunt even as an onlooker. After all, there is little for anyone to do in a hawk-hunt except to look on—the hawks do the work. Yet it is intensely interesting to see how they do it.

Strung out in a line, we crept silently through the reeds. The hawks were borne each on the left fist of a *takajo* or hawk guardian. The great proud birds, very still but alert, stared intently forward. Their huge yellow-ringed eyes and battle-ship beaks were enough to strike terror into any prey. They knew as well as we that grouse were just beyond—but they waited the order of their guardians.

Suddenly, not thirty yards away, about a dozen grouse rose

into the air. The *takajo* spoke quietly to their birds. The five goshawks spread their great sails and took off. They made straight for their quarry and overhauled it rapidly, for a grouse or a moor-hen is not built for speed. Within a hundred yards of us every hawk was above its selected prey. Then it "stooped" sharply and clutched the body of the victim in its vice-like "pounces".

A badly-trained hawk, at this point, might "carry"—that is, fly away with the quarry to kill and devour it in private. That would be a disgrace, not only to the bird but to its trainer, and if it happened on a royal hunt the humiliated *takajo* might commit hara-kiri.

But these five birds were famed throughout Japan for their prowess and discipline. They now swooped down, each carrying her quarry like a pontoon below an aeroplane, and came to earth within a few paces of us.

They began to "plume" the grouse, tearing out the feathers with their savage scimitar-curved beaks and flinging them into the wind. Knowing just where to dog for treasure, they tore open a hole and plucked out the heart. This is usually all they want and they are allowed to have it.

Then each *takajo* advanced and took up his bird, with the pelt still clutched in her talons. A few bits of pigeon meat from the small basket each guardian carries at his girdle were fed to the goshawks, and the pelts could then be removed from their relaxed grip.

For ages emperors and shoguns have enjoyed falconry. It dates back to 2,000 years B.C. in China and 600 years B.C. in Japan. Now the participants dress plainly and go on foot, but in the old days there was much pomp about it; the hunters sat on brilliantly caparisoned horses or rode like charioteers in ox-carriages.

The hawks themselves are like peers of the realm. The Emperor Kwammu used to have his favourite falcon sit in state while court affairs were being conducted—and when the procedure became boring the emperor would attend to his bird, manicuring its pounces and stroking its feathers.

In a Japanese room, the hawk always takes the place of honour—in the *tokonoma*, or sacred alcove. She outranks her trainers, although they have always ranked with the

samurai and are highly paid. But they are the servants of the honourable hawk. For example, the word *takajo* does not mean hawk-teacher or hawk-master, but hawk guardian or protector.

While we were waiting for scouts to report more game, we witnessed an amazing display of skill. The *esashi*, or food-getters, armed with spears, prowled about seeking small birds to feed to the hawks. It might be supposed that the hawks would find their own food—but they are too honourable to be troubled with so menial a task.

Now and then a spear flashed up among the branches of a tree and pinioned a bird before it could leave its perch. One bird escaped the missile and flew out into the clear. There was the flash and zing of another spear. The bird, skimming along twenty feet above our heads, was pierced in mid-air. Time after time this performance was repeated. Not once did an *esashi* miss his flying target.

Scouts returned. Rabbits! A covert full of them was reported and we walked half a mile through the imperial forest to the spot. What could a bird do with a rabbit? And yet I remembered an Arab sheik on an oasis of the Sahara who had shown me his fighting falcon and bragged that it had killed eighty gazelles. And in the domed tents of Mongolia I had seen eagles that are kept to hunt wolves. But just how a bird could deal with an animal as large as itself, or larger, was a mystery. It soon became evident that the answer was—tenacity!

There was a rustle in the covert, then a leap. A hawk was off like a shot. A great rabbit, twice the size of the pursuer, scurried across the open. A rabbit can move. But the hawk was faster. She was soon riding as if on horseback, spurs deep in the flanks of her mount.

But the rabbit knew a trick or two. It sprang into the air and came to earth upside down, the hawk underneath. The bird hung on. Then there was a wild kicking with those powerful hind legs. Feathers flew, but there was no other result. The rabbit rolled over and over, so fast that the animal and the bird seemed one, a mythical beast of feathers and fur. And they were one, for there was still no sign of their parting company. Then a tree gave the rabbit a new idea.

It tried to dislodge the bird by rubbing violently against the trunk. More feathers in the air.

The rabbit was getting tired. For a moment it was uncertain—the bird took advantage of that moment to shift her hold. She clamped her claws like steel bands around the rabbit's head. That head had as much chance as a nut in a nutcracker. The rabbit, a mass of bounding muscle, suddenly became only a limp piece of fur on the ground.

Hawks are sometimes killed in such a scrimmage, so the champion was carefully inspected. Her plumage was cocked awry and she looked like a lady who has just been through a street brawl. But she did not show a scratch. With soothing apologies, addressing her humbly as *O-taka* (Honourable hawk), the guardian stroked her feathers with the preening-stick.

Back to the hunting-lodge. The game was broiled and eaten. The Japanese played *go*, the Oriental chess, then lay on the straw mats to sleep.

But there was to be no rest for the inquiring reporter. One of the most interesting functions of falconry is performed at night—the training of new birds. (The terms "hawking" and "falconry", by the way, are synonymous according to common usage—and even according to the dictionary. The hawk and the falcon are both used, and the sport goes by the name of either.)

A hawk guardian led me out through the dusk to a row of huts set rather far apart. Each hut was about six feet square and nine feet high, and was occupied by one bird.

"We can't talk after we get inside," said the *takajo*. "So I'll explain now that these birds have been in training for different periods. The one in the last hut is just completing her required two months and will get her last lesson tomorrow. The one in the first hut is a newcomer, a peregrine falcon—caught just this morning."

"How was it caught?"

"We tie a golden plover to a stake. We hide in a blind. The plover has very keen eyes and can see a falcon at a great distance—then it becomes excited. We cannot see the falcon ourselves, but we know by the nervousness of the plover that one is coming. So we let fly a duck at the end of a cord two

hundred yards long. When the falcon 'binds to' the duck we haul in . . . until the falcon is brought up to a pole which has been previously coated with bird lime. The falcon sticks to the pole. We go out quickly and take her before she injures herself trying to break away."

"But suppose it is not a 'she'?"

"The males are of no use. They are too small and weak. We let them go."

What a blow to male pride!

"Let us go into the first hut," said the *takajo*. "It will be all right. The nails and beak have been clipped."

We tiptoed to the hut, slipped inside, and closed the door. There was a furious beating. I received a clout on the head from a flail-like wing and felt the brush of claws on the back of my neck. The reason for blunting the claws was suddenly quite clear. I scrunched deeper into my coat collar, but did not stir. The bird quieted down.

For a long time we stood still, scarcely breathing. Two eyes gleamed in the dark. Not a thing could be seen but those two stern, disapproving orbs of the big bird of prey—and even they were only glints. At last the *takajo* tried slight movements, pausing long after each. Then he cleared his throat, ever so gently. The two glints of light shifted, but the bird did not leave its perch. For an eternal hour we stood there, my companion making slight, evenly spaced sounds. Finally we slipped out. Stiff and bored, I was beginning to appreciate the patience that goes into the training of these birds.

The guardian explained. "First the bird must get accustomed to having someone about. But it must be done carefully—if she is badly frightened just once she will be totally unfit for any further training. That's why we begin in the dark. There are no distractions, and the bird cannot see her trainer. We slowly win her confidence."

"Doesn't food help to tame her?"

"Lack of food helps more—at first. That bird will not be given anything to eat for ten days. This is called conditioning. After conditioning, the bird is weak and hungry, and is more easily taught. The goshawk in this next hut has just been conditioned. She will perch on my hand and eat."

He produced a dead pigeon from a leather pouch and we went into the hut. Silence for a while. Then the guardian spoke softly. "Haw, haw, haw." That is an invitation to eat. Evidently the bird responded and perched on the hand that held the pigeon, for there was soon a pecking and tearing sound and the clicking of the big beak. The food was withdrawn, an hour of training followed, then the balance of the meal was served.

At the third hut the bird had qualified for "eaves training". She was taught just outside the hut under the eaves, where there were more distractions, sounds from the lodge and a near-by motor road, and starlight enough to make the form of the trainer visible. This lesson was three hours long.

My companion retired, but another guardian demonstrated "daybreak training". The bird is carried about the grounds, talked to, fed, while darkness gradually fades and it sees the world and the trainer. But as dawn grows, the guardian must stand in front of the hut so that at the least sign of fright the bird may be placed indoors.

Gradually the time of training is extended into the morning. Now hunting is taught. The bird must learn to do amid human distractions what she would do naturally in a wild state. A flapping pigeon is tied to a stake, and the hawk,



The *takajo* or hawk guardian allows the falcon to pluck out the heart of the prey as its reward. Then the falcon is persuaded to release its victim by an offer of bits of pigeon meat carried in the basket at the *takajo's* waist.

leashed, must go to get it. Each time the quarry is placed farther away. Then a pigeon at the end of a short cord is allowed to fly up, and the hawk, still leashed, pursues it. Next, the same lesson with the hawk free.

The hunters rose, yawned, gargled, tooth-brushed, bathed, drank their bean soup, and were ready for another day's hunt.

Geese! They had been located in a paddy-field. Geese are accustomed to farmers and they have sartorial wisdom—they know a farmer's clothes from a hunter's. So the party dressed in peasant garb, supplied by the lodge, and went down to the paddies. Each man carried a hoe!

The geese could be seen—a flock of perhaps a dozen. But even in disguise the hunters could not walk straight up to them. There are four recognized ways of approaching geese, and Count Bojo, Master of the Hunt Section of the Imperial Household, later gave me a chart illustrating them. The first way is to walk nonchalantly past the geese, then loop back. The second is to approach zigzag. The third is to walk far away, turn, walk back and past the geese, and stop. The fourth is to describe a semicircle about the flock, beginning at a distance and ending near.

The hunters zigzagged. Now and then they paused and chopped about with the hoes, doing more harm than good, I am afraid, to the farmer's crops. At thirty yards two hawks were released. They wasted no time in binding to two of the largest geese. The others did not fly away. They closed in, viciously attacking the hawks, and would speedily have killed them if the guardians of the honourable birds had not run to the rescue.

Much other game was hawked during the day. The most curious was a snake. It described wild arabesques in mid-air as the hawk, which had plucked it from a tree, flew down, holding the neck firmly in her pounces. The snake's coils wrapped around the bird, but slipped off the smooth feathers. The flight was ended when the hawk bit off the serpent's head. This "game" meant nothing to the hunters, but a farm lad retrieved it and took it to his village, for serpent's flesh is supposed by the peasants to be a cure for pleurisy.

The last feature of the hunt was perhaps the most exciting. A big white heron was slated as the final victim. This was a



job for the giant peregrine, and one was loosed. She soared up, up, out of sight. This bird's procedure is quite different from that of the goshawk. Instead of flying straight from hand to quarry, the peregrine rises so high as to be invisible both to the hunters and to most game—but her eyes, as strong as telescopes, tell her what is going on below. She "waits on" the hunters—hovers above them until game is sprung—then drops like a bolt out of the blue.

We moved through dense covert, trying to locate the heron. Even sharp eyes aloft could not see us through solid foliage, and a guardian blew a whistle frequently so that the falcon would stay by. Finally the heron was startled and sailed out into a clearing and up to the top of a high tree.

An enlarging speck dropped through the sky. The heron saw it too, and took off. A heron will not try to escape from a falcon. He considers himself her match. This one rose in small steep circles almost as buoyantly as a balloon, thanks to his vast wings, small body, and air chambers in the bones.

The two seemed about to crash. The heron extended its dagger beak. But the falcon swerved and dropped yards below the heron before catching herself and starting upward in pursuit. *Kaik, kaik, kaik!* she cried.

She could not rise in the heron's steep spiral. She must make large circles, travelling a much greater distance—but at such high speed, due to her great strength, that she was soon above the heron once more. Then we saw her stoop sharply, slide by the uplifted dagger, and bind to the heron's neck. They dropped to earth, the falcon on top.

The heron has no great liking for war in the air, but he is a terror when he gets the ground under his feet. We witnessed a battle royal. The guardians did not interfere, for this was not a case of one bird against many—it was a fair duel. Let them fight it out. The heron wrenched himself free, plunged his dagger time after time into the falcon until she spouted blood over the grass. The falcon's beak, better for tearing than for stabbing, ripped out white plumage, now streaked red with blood. Then the falcon managed to get that elusive head in her talons. The steel bands contracted, the head went pulpy, the big white bird collapsed.

We ran forward. The falcon stood proudly over the game.

Then she tottered, her eyes closed, and she slumped to the ground. The guardians bent over her. When they straightened up, their faces showed as much pain as an Oriental face ever shows.

The fallen warrior was buried that afternoon. Incense was burned and a priest in yellow robes intoned a Buddhist sutra.

All the foregoing sports, except falconry, which entails only the killing of birds and small animals, have been followed because they train men for the killing of other men. A new motivation is needed in Japanese sports.

Baseball and football have been entering wedges for a better philosophy of recreation. Both are very popular, particularly baseball. It has become so thoroughly Japanese that a member of our village team asked me if baseball was played in America. When I told him it was, he said:

"Well, that's one good thing America learned from Japan."

Baseball, football, basketball, cricket, track, tennis will help build a sane Japan. Also, in a peaceful Japan, some of the native games may change their character and become truly sports rather than martial arts.

27;

## *The Korea Tourists never See*

FOLLOWING occupation of Korea in September, 1945, by American and Russian forces, the Soviet and the United States have undertaken to guide the nation towards self-government. The Soviet stands guard in northern Korea, America in the south.

Korea had been promised independence "in due course". The words were wisely chosen, for no one can be sure how long it will take to reconcile and co-ordinate the various Korean factions that are bidding for power in the new state. However, it is to Allied interest that this be accomplished as soon as possible so that occupation troops may be withdrawn. At a meeting of the Big Three in Moscow in December, 1945, a five-year trusteeship was agreed upon, but with the under-

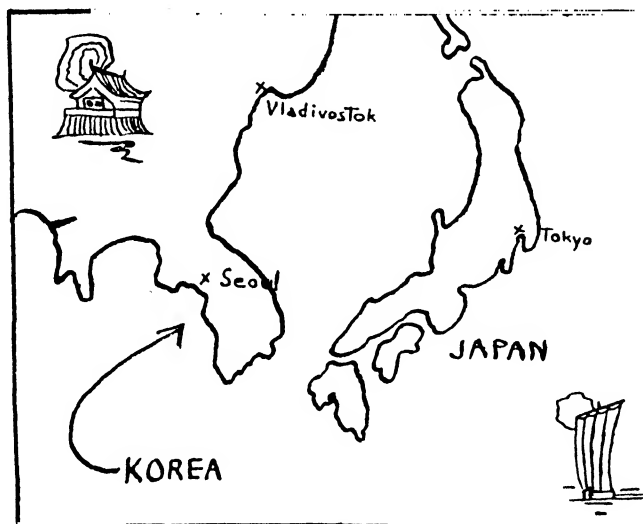
standing that there might be an abbreviation of the period if warranted by the stability of the new Korean government.

The task of aiding Korea is made more difficult by lack of knowledge of the "Hermit Kingdom". A veil of Japanese secrecy has covered this shut-away land. Close censorship has conspired to prevent anything but superficial news from leaving the country. Koreans were not free to cross the border, particularly when suspected of "dangerous thoughts". Instead, they were jailed. Very few escaped to tell Korea's story.

Foreign visitors to Japan before the war were not urged by the Japan Tourist Bureau to include Korea in their itineraries. If they insisted upon going they were not stopped. But they were courteously escorted and guided.

Landing at Fusan, they stepped into a superb train fully the equal of the best in Europe, and were whisked to the capital city, Seoul (the Japanese have called it Keijo), where a taxi-cab took them to the magnificent Chosen Hotel.

As their feet sank into its deep rugs and their wondering gaze took in the pink and gold decor, rich furnishings, flowers, fountains, Steinway piano, and murals of idyllic



Korean scenes done by a Japanese educated in Paris, they began to like Korea.

They saw the delightful reading-room supplied with magazines and papers from all the world—except Korea. In the finely appointed bar they liked Korea better and better.

And when the Otis elevator shot them up to a most charming bedroom with American bath and a fine plate-glass view of Japanese Government buildings, banks, department stores and schools, they could not fail to be impressed by the achievements of modern progressive Japan in the backward Hermit Kingdom.

The tourist could be excused for enjoying himself—that is why a tourist tours. The serious investigator rarely went to Korea because there were more important countries to investigate. The newspaper correspondent did not go there because there was no news there.

At least, no news on the surface. Outwardly the country was still true to its ancient name, Land of the Morning Calm.

Korea, the nose of Asia, projects towards Japan. Its tip is only 122 miles distant from the main Japanese islands. Korea is but half as large again as another more familiar peninsula, Florida. But when Ponce de Leon discovered Florida in 1513 during his search for the fountain of perpetual youth, Korea had been drinking from that fountain for more than 3,000 years.

Unlike Florida, Korea is mountainous. "Iron it flat," some geographer has remarked, "and Korea would cover the earth." These mountains are rich in wealth and beauty. Their ribs are of granite, and between the ribs is gold in abundance. Superb sandstones and marbles are found, rock crystal, coal, iron, silver, copper and lead. Korea is a storehouse of minerals which Japan itself lacks. Zinc, tungsten, kaolin, arsenic and graphite are present.

The soil which covers these mineral treasures is deep and fertile. All grains and vegetables flourish. American pears, grapes, and apples have been introduced, and thrive. Japanese agriculturists used scientific methods and wrung the highest yield possible from the willing soil. And it is a fantastic fact that, in the midst of this plenty, the Koreans starved.

The climate is as close to perfection as any to be found on

the planet. Nearly every morning seems like a Sunday morning—strangely bright and pure, "clear as the tones of a chapel bell". The air throughout the day is electric. If rains come they are brief and closely flanked on both sides with sunshine. Persistent rains come only during the summer.

It is a high testimonial to Korea that the birds like it. The more spectacular and interesting birds are the great black eagles, the peregrines (which hunters tame and use as winged hounds to capture game), gorgeous pheasants, stately swans, teal wearing spectacles, statuesque pink ibis, cranes and storks, friendly doves, highly talented pigeons, coloratura soprano orioles and larks.

Wild animals enjoy the mountain fastnesses. Mountain villages must be wary of the great Korean tiger, larger, stronger and more beautiful than his tropical counterpart. He has even been known to enter the capital city itself and carry off human prey. Leopards, too, have been shot within the walls of Seoul.

Far north in the "Ever-White Mountains" (which although not exactly ever-white are covered with snow ten months out of twelve) the huge Korean bear sleeps a good part of the year while the always active wild boar is considered even more dangerous than the tiger. There are five species of deer and a bewildering assortment of otters, beavers, martens, sables, tiger-cats, badgers, wolves and foxes.

Possibly the man who knows Korean animals best is the famous Russian hunter, Yankovsky. His story is a thriller. A nobleman of the old regime, he organized a force of White Russians to fight the Bolsheviks, lost, was driven from his two-million-dollar deer farm near Vladivostok, escaped in a sort of Noah's Ark with his family of twenty-five, his forty officers and the best of his deer, cows and horses, to Northern Korea. There he built a unique lodge in the side of a cliff near a brawling mountain stream in the dense forest, and began to make a living by hunting.

When I stumbled upon his retreat a few years ago a beautiful snarling lynx, as big as a wolf, met me at the door.

Yankovsky hastened to reassure me.

"He won't hurt you. He's just a pet. I had a leopard but he got too wild. I had to let him go."

The lodge is a wild-woods Palace of Monte Cristo. The back wall of it is a precipice into which a huge fireplace and inglenooks have been carved so that one may actually sit inside the cliff. Hugged by mother earth, the house is warmer in winter and cooler in summer than if it were fully exposed. The other side looks out upon a boiling cataract over which a precarious rope bridge is slung.

Great larches stand so near that some of them thrust their branches into the house through holes in the unpainted larch board walls and out again through the white birch roof. Trophies line the walls—bear-skins, boar's tusks, stuffed herons, live-looking leopards. Outside, fourteen hunting dogs roam the grounds.

Yankovsky disdains trapping. He says that any animal that he and his dogs cannot track down deserves to live.

He does a large business in furs. He catches live tigers for zoos. He mounts rare specimens for museums.

He even chases butterflies—to such good effect that twenty species bear his name. He sells five hundred dollars' worth of butterflies a year. That is a lot of butterflies.

Collectors and museums the world round watch for his new finds. The man who has a street named after him could be no more proud than this Russian exile of his *Saturnia Jankowskii*, *Marumba Jankowskii*, *Actias Jankowskii*, and so on, to the number of twenty. Also his discoveries include a formerly unknown swan, *Cygnus Jankowskii*, and a beetle, *Captolabrus Jankowskii*.

As we ate leopard steak (flavourful but a bit tough!) he told me how he had killed the leopard.

"I'd rather take a chance with a tiger," he said. "A tiger is conspicuous. But a leopard is very skilful about hiding himself. A tiger meets you on the ground, but a leopard hides in a tree. This one was on a branch just over the trail.

"My horse—he was an Arabian pony—suddenly stiffened and stopped. The presence of a tiger or leopard often has a sort of hypnotic effect upon a horse. I looked round and above but could see nothing. I dismounted and finally located the leopard and shot him. He fell from the branch and his thrashing about brought him almost under the nose of the pony, which still did not move a muscle.

"After the leopard was dead and we were on the way home the horse became so nervous that it was almost impossible to control him."

Stories of the big Korean bear followed.

"But our prize animal is the boar," said Yankovsky. "He is the largest wild boar in the world. He may weigh four hundred pounds or more. He's very common here. Every year two or three hundred people are killed in this section by boars. When he is wounded he is more dangerous than the tiger or leopard or bear. There's quite a lot of excitement in hunting him. Would you like to try it?"

I replied that I'd like to be a spectator while someone else did the hunting.

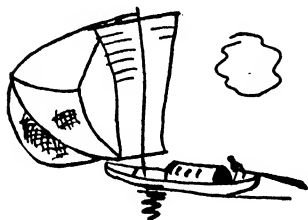
As it turned out I was something more than a spectator—almost a victim. At dusk we prowled through a thicket of oak-trees where the boars were in the habit of coming for acorns.

"Remember," said Yankovsky, "that a boar runs in a straight line. If he rushes you, stand where you are until he is five or six yards away—then move to one side."

It sounded as simple as stepping out of a plane, counting ten, and then pulling the cord.

A black shadow came out from behind a tree-trunk. Its size was amazing. It was twice as big as a man. "Shoot!" recommended Yankovsky. I followed his recommendation. The bullet took effect. Its chief effect was to bring the wounded boar towards us like a midnight express. His knife-like tusks gleamed white.

I found it quite possible to stand still, but doubt if I could have followed the second part of my friend's advice, for, like the Arabian pony, I was glued to the spot.



A clever idea if you can make it work—the net suspended from the mast.

Fortunately I did not need to move. Yankovsky's shot felled the boar and we had delicious fresh ham the next day for dinner.

There are more thrills to be had hunting whales along Korea's east coast. The whaling industry with Japanese capital and Korean labour sells enormous quantities of whale products every year.

It was here that the "lost" California grey whale was re-discovered. This whale, once common along our west coast, was so relentlessly hunted that it disappeared. It was supposed to have become extinct. Instead, the wise whale had deserted dangerous American waters for the comparative safety of the Asian coast. There he was identified by Roy Chapman Andrews, explorer of Gobi Desert fame.

Andrews was more at home in a desert caravan than on the heaving deck of a small Jap whaler. He was deathly sick, but he did his stint behind the harpoon gun, his oilskins frozen stiff by the bitter cold and sleet, and was rewarded by the opportunity to examine in six weeks more than forty grey whales.

This whale is important because he dates back six or seven million years. He is so primitive as to be, in Dr. Andrews's words, "almost a living fossil". To examine him was like having a chance to step back into the Pliocene Age and study living specimens of that period.

But he is now being so vigorously pursued that he is likely once again to disappear, this time for good and all.

The poverty-stricken inhabitants of this land of plenty are an attractive people. Anglo-Saxons find them "so much like us".

Their racial origins are unknown except that they are largely Mongolian. But the Korean is taller, stronger and better-looking than the average Mongol. His skin is lighter and his features are more regular. Korean girls seem prettier to us than Chinese or Japanese girls, probably because Korean features are closer to the standard we associate with beauty.

Some ethnologists have been tempted to believe that there was a white Caucasian element in the Korean racial mixture, but we have no proof of this.



Western missionaries and business-men who have worked among various Asiatic peoples say that it is easier to get close to the Korean. His way of thinking is more like our own.

I found that in a few weeks I forgot that my Korean friends were of a different race. But five years of residence in Japan only confirmed the contrasts between the Japanese mind and the Western.

The Japanese may wear coat and pants, collar and tie, but he remains a son of Heaven. The Korean we promptly recognize as being of the same common clay as the rest of us, despite one of the most fantastic and individual costumes in the world.

He wears a long white robe over a short white jacket and ballooning white trousers tied at the ankle with a blue ribbon. Another ribbon, blue or white, girdles his waist. No buttons are used. There were formerly no pockets, but when many Koreans became Christian and needed to carry a Bible to church a pocket was introduced. It is still called the Bible pocket.

Why is the national costume white?

White is the mourning colour of Korea. Whenever a member of royalty died the entire population had to wear white for three years.

During one period of Korean history royalty died off so fast that the people were continually in white and became used to it.

Topping the tall saint-like figure of the man in white is a plug hat of horsehair so loosely woven that one may look inside it and see the matrimonial top-knot. The unmarried man wears his hair down. Even though he may be eighty years old, he is considered a boy and his opinion is not taken seriously. When he is married up goes his hair and he is consulted on village affairs. The top-knot is the index of wisdom.

These customs still prevail in the villages. In the cities many young Koreans wear Western clothes.

The woman's costume is less spectacular than that of the male. A full skirt hangs from the waist and almost sweeps the ground. The village maiden takes care not to show her well-turned ankle. But she considers it perfectly proper to reveal her breasts which her jacket is too short to cover.

The girl marries young and makes a good wife. She spends a large part of her married life beating the dirt out of white clothing with a stick and "ironing" it by roundly thrashing it with two ironing-clubs. These if deftly handled bring out a fine gloss that could not be produced by an iron.

Korean home life can best be understood by living in a Korean home. So come with me to the house of Hyun, a young man who has seen the life of the city but is not ashamed of the mud-and-thatch dwelling of his parents in a mountain village back of Seoul.

We passed through a yard filled with great jars, any one of them large enough to contain a man. Instead, they contain the winter's store of *kimshi*—a mixture of fish, onions, garlic and red pepper. It is a favourite dish of the Korean, but guaranteed to lift off the top of the head of any foreigner.

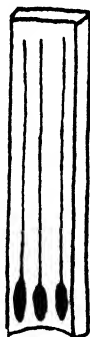
"Here we are," said Hyun happily, and opened a low handsomely carved door. "Step over the threshold, please."

I carefully stepped over the door-sill and then looked at Hyun inquiringly.

"It's a superstition," he explained. "Every house is supposed to have its own particular household god. The door-sill is the god's neck and must not be stepped upon or the god will become angry and bring misfortune upon the house." He laughed. "It's just an old idea. But we respect old ideas."

He introduced me to his old white-clad father and mother and his pretty sister. Then he invited me to take a seat. There

Steel needles used in acupuncture, the piercing of the body to let out disease or the evil spirits that cause it.



was no chair. We sat on the floor. The autumn air had been chilly outside. But now a delightful warmth began to pass up through me. It seemed to be coming from the floor!

And then I became acquainted with one of the cleverest inventions of man since the age of fire began. It is the heated floor. America and Europe, for all their ingenuity, know it not. The Chinese have something like it—the *kang*, a heated brick divan. By living on top of the *kang* and stepping down from it upon the cold floor as rarely as possible one may keep reasonably warm.

But the Korean invention has gone the Chinese idea one better. The entire floor becomes a *kang*.

Who has not suffered with cold feet and hot head in an unevenly heated room? Since hot air rises, it would seem elementary that the heat should come from the floor—and from all parts of the floor, not just from a register in one corner. This very obvious fact seems to have struck the Korean and no one else. And the Korean has very simply solved the problem by running the hot smoke from his kitchen stove under the floors of the other rooms to the far side of the house where at last, its heat exhausted, it is allowed to escape through a chimney.

By using what we throw away he keeps his house warm.

The floor is raised from the ground a foot or two and is made of stone slabs cemented together so that no smoke can rise into the room. The stones absorb heat easily and hold it well. For comfort's sake, the entire floor is covered with resilient oiled paper almost as thick as a thin carpet—and much easier to keep clean. On this spotless silk-like surface cushions are placed for sitting, or beds spread at night. Cooking the usual two or three meals will furnish enough heat to keep the floor warm all day, and only a blaze of pine-needles at retiring will store enough heat in the stone floor to last till morning.



Nine holes, three in a row, a cure for colic according to the practitioners of acupuncture.

The walls of the room in which I sat were bare except for a hanging scroll on which was inscribed in Chinese characters a gem from the classics. The windows were of oiled paper, translucent but not transparent.

Glass is still almost unknown in the country. But in the centre of one pane of oiled paper was a small piece of glass, green and curved, giving a curiously distorted and jaundiced glimpse of the street.

"A piece of a beer bottle," said Hyun. "Bottles are rare and much prized because they can be broken and the bits inserted in windows—then we can see out without poking a hole in the paper."

The women were busy in the kitchen. Presently they brought in three small low tables and set one before each of the men. We removed the chopsticks from their paper cases and set to work. I was much relieved to see that the gastronomic atomic bomb, *kimshi*, had not been served.

Before me was a great bowl of rice surrounded by a perfect ring of small bowls. Each small bowl contained a pickle. The result was entirely satisfactory. A mouthful of rice was followed by a bit of pickle. By going right round the circle, selecting a new pickle each time, a delightful sense of variety was achieved—for the bowls offered this gamut of flavourful delights: pickled cabbage, pickled pine-nuts, pickled turnips, pickled maple leaves, pickled beans sprinkled with millet seeds, pickled mushrooms, and pickled seaweed.

The whole was washed down with a tangy tea made of dried ginseng and ginger.

At bed-time a great thick rug made of tiger-skins was spread for me, and on it were laid wadded comfortables, beautifully designed, evidently the pride of the house. Korean women are excellent seamstresses.

Hyun offered me a cushion as a pillow, but when I saw that he and his father were using blocks of wood, I insisted upon having one too. I rather regretted my decision before morning. The traditional Korean wooden pillow is made of smooth soft pine, but wood at its softest is hard to the pampered skull of the foreigner.

Hyun's house was better than the average. Life in a Korean village is frugal and severe. The fruits of labour of the little

farms have gone to Japanese overlords. Korea has only memories—memories of those great days when Korea held the torch of progress and learning.

Japan owes a great deal of her civilization to the Hermit Kingdom. Korea was Japan's teacher.

Because Korea was the closest foreign nation to Japan, her influence was felt even before that of China. Korea had learned much from China. She passed it and her own learning on to Japan. She had a long head start on Japan. While Japanese history fades into legend when we try to go back more than 1,500 years, Korean civilization is at least three thousand years old and some scholars trace it back a thousand years farther.

Korean knowledge flourished for more than two millenniums before Japan learned to read and write.

Early Japan scorned intellectual pursuits. The man of learning was at a discount. The soldier ranked first, as he still does.

Even after the importation of the art of writing from Korea, the samurai was ashamed to be caught with a writing-brush in his hand. It was unmanly.

History records that in the twelfth century when an Imperial Mandate was sent to a certain troop of five thousand soldiers only one man in the five thousand could read it. His ability, far from distinguishing him, disgraced him in the eyes of his fellows. The only arts and sciences honoured were those of war.

In Korea war was considered an evil, if sometimes a necessary one. It interfered with the true purpose of man, the advance of civilization.

Learning, far from being scorned, was the badge of honour. To win a government post it was necessary to pass a literary examination.

So greatly was education respected that the title of address such as our "Mr." was *So-bang*, meaning "School-room" or "School-man". Even Kim, who dug ditches and never saw the inside of a school, must be addressed as "Schoolman Kim".

Korea had learned writing from China. But only a scholar had the time to master the involved Chinese ideographs. The

common people wanted to read and write. The king heard their clamour and commanded his scholars to devise a simple alphabet. The scholars showed a creative ability amounting to genius when they invented an alphabet so simple that in the words of Homer B. Hulbert, one of the early American teachers in Korea and personal adviser to the king:

"I can give evidence from my personal knowledge that any Korean of average ability can take up his alphabet and in two weeks read any book you lay before him."

This was the first simplified script to be invented in the Far East. Korea had gone her teacher China one better. The script was so easy, in fact, that scholars scorned it. They called it *Un-mun*, "The Dirty Language". But "The Dirty Language" was a godsend to the people. Reading became almost universal. Missionaries when they arrived at once saw the value of the easy alphabet and used it in printing the Bible.

The Koreans were responsible for another great intellectual invention—movable types. This invention is the very foundation of modern printing. Imagine the labour if every word in this book had to be carved out by hand on blocks of wood, one block for each page. That was the ancient system, in Europe as well as in Asia. Once the page was printed, the block was of no further use since the letters were not movable.

A Korean genius conceived the idea of making a separate block for each letter. Then, after a page had been printed, the letters could be taken up, reassembled to form new

The art of falconry was one of Korea's gifts to Japan. The horsehair hat denotes the married man.



sentences and used to print another page. Without movable types the rapid production of books and periodicals at low prices would have been impossible.

Specimens of early Korean types may be seen in the Natural History Museum in New York. The invention dates back to 1232, and was in general use by 1406.

It was not until a half-century later that Gutenberg perfected a similar system for use in Europe.

Korea has other "firsts" to her credit.

A Korean engineer built what is believed to have been the world's first suspension bridge only a hundred years after Columbus discovered the new world. With the first iron-clad ships Korea defeated Japan nearly three centuries before the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. In the little village of Kyung-ju you may still see an astronomical observatory built by a Korean queen some 1,500 years ago. It is the oldest existing observatory in the Far East. But it was preceded by another from whose tower astronomers studied the stars and kept records of comets, sunspots, meteors, and the movement of the planets during the first century before Christ. They even calculated in advance eclipses of the sun and moon.

Korea led Japan out of the Dark Ages. Much of the culture which Korea gave Nippon was Chinese; but to go back farther still, it was the hand of India that reached through China and Korea and lifted Japan. Indian Buddhism, enriched in China and Korea, carried civilization with it.

The Japanese always resented the fact that they must learn



Japan's shogun Hideyoshi set out in 1592 to conquer Korea, China and India. His armies were stopped and turned back in Korea.

from others and instinctively plotted revenge. They ached to show the superior Koreans and Chinese that they, the Japanese, were, after all, better men—just as in a later century they could not rest until they had flung down the gauntlet to their teacher, the West.

The swashbuckling general Hideyoshi in 1592 resolved to punish Asia for her superiority. Hideyoshi set out to conquer Japan's benefactors, Korea, China and India.

"I shall do it," he bragged, "as easily as a man rolls up a mat and puts it under his arm." He believed that destiny was his, for a soothsayer had told him: "Wherever the sun shines, all places shall be subject to you."

When warned that he should take along a Chinese interpreter, he retorted: "We shall teach these Chinese to use *our* literature."

He announced that he would fill the sky of Asia with the hoar-frost from his sword.

He would clean up Korea first. In 1592 he dispatched an army of nearly 300,000 men to Korea, and later another 150,000, "the largest armies," Upton Close reminds us in his *Behind the Face of Japan*, "transported overseas between the fall of Rome and the Boer War."

For six years Japanese armies ravaged Korea. In the end they were beaten. Korea thus stands out as the only nation in the world that has, until 1945, ever whipped Japan. She had the help of friendly Chinese. But the chief genius was her own in devising weapons that broke the morale of the Japanese.

One of these weapons was the world's first bomb. One day a great iron ball came hurtling into the court-yard of a castle held by the Japanese. The samurai gathered to look at it. Suddenly it exploded, killing thirty men.

Gunpowder had of course long been known and used. But the exploding shell was new. Its inventor was a Korean by the name of Yi Jang-son, and he appropriately named it The Flying Thunderbolt.

It came into general use on the part of the Koreans and their Chinese allies, but there is no record that the Japanese, skilful imitators that they were, succeeded in copying it.



Japanese soldiers were inclined to regard it as supernatural and it had a great effect in disorganizing and demoralizing Nippon's armies.

When a large Japanese fleet attempted to go to the relief of the Japanese troops it encountered a new horror—nothing less than a gigantic tortoise, as large as a ship, which came swiftly towards them over the water.

It had a dragon's head fitted with horns and from the mouth came blasts of flame. The terrified sailors could not know that the flame came from a bronze rocket-gun—prototype of the modern flame-thrower.

Long oars projected through ports and propelled the craft swiftly over the surface. Above the oar-ports were other ports from which cannon were fired. The top of the ship was curved like a turtle's back and covered with metal plates, as were the sides—for this was history's first iron-clad. Japanese balls bounced harmlessly from the copper and iron shell.

This *Kwi-sun* or "Tortoise-boat" had been invented by the Korean Admiral Yi Sun-sin. Numbers of them appeared before the war was over.

Humility finally overtook Hideyoshi on his deathbed in 1598.

"Alas!" he murmured. "Like the falling and vanishing dew am I."

He recalled the warning of the Korean king that an attempt to conquer Asia was like trying to bail out the ocean with a cockle-shell. He had stubbornly forced his discouraged troops to fight on in Korea. Now he turned to his aide.

"Let them come home," he said, and died.

The troops gladly came home. They brought with them the ears of forty thousand of their victims. These were placed in a mound near the statue of Buddha at Kyoto. The "Ear Mound" still stands and teachers bring their children to it



The ears of forty thousand Koreans lie under this monument at Kyoto. Hideyoshi's warriors, failing to conquer Korea, but pretending victory, brought them back as trophies.

that they may have clear evidence that Japan was really victorious over Korea. For it is a jealously guarded tradition of Japan that she has never been and can never be defeated.

In a sense, Japan did defeat Korea—utterly. Hideyoshi had indeed filled Korea with the hoar-frost from his sword. The blight of that terrible frost remains today. Korean civilization was almost completely wiped out. Cities were ruined, monasteries were burned, libraries destroyed, scholars put to death. Six years of rapine and slaughter impoverished the people. Now the bitter struggle for existence consumed every moment—there was no time for the arts and refinements of life. From that holocaust Korea never recovered.

The old skills were dead. But they lived on in Japan. A single example is pottery. The Japanese officers recognized the glory of Korean pottery and when they retreated to Japan they took with them the only remaining Korean potters they could lay their hands on.

These were settled in a colony in the province of Satsuma and were set to work. That was the beginning of the famous and beautiful Satsuma *faience* that makes tourists marvel at Japanese artistry.

But with the skilled workmen, the skill vanished from Korea.

This was not the first Japanese invasion of Korea, nor was it the last. Repeated attacks upon the weakened nation culminated in annexation in 1910.

Japan, finally master of the long-coveted peninsula, began to work miracles. Roads and railroads were built, mines dug, new land put under cultivation, natural resources of all kinds developed. Barren hills were reforested, harbours were deepened, fisheries were financed. Plumbing made cities safe for the incoming Japanese. Money was sound, a competent police force insured order, new factories offered employment.

It looked like a new day and a better day for Korea. And it was—for Korea—but not for the Korean.

The distinction may seem subtle but it is important. While his country has gone upwards the Korean has gone downwards. Goldsmith would recognize Korea as a land "where wealth accumulates and men decay".

Trade grew by leaps and bounds. But it was trade by

Japanese, with Japanese, for Japanese. The Korean had no part in it, except as a serf. The Japanese of Korea, numbering less than 1,000,000, used the 23,000,000 Koreans as their tools in the exploitation of this rich land.

The menial tasks fell to the Korean. He could hold no important position. It would be occupied by a Japanese, even if the Korean were better trained, and he was not trained. He could not go beyond grammar school. There was only one small university and it was for Japanese. The Korean was not even sure of grammar school education. Schools were provided for less than 1,000,000 children—2,000,000 went without. And the curriculum of these inadequate schools was very limited.

On my last visit to Korea I saw how relentlessly Japan had pursued the policy explained to me by Governor-General Terauchi on my first.

"Americans made a mistake in the Philippines," he had said. "They gave the same education as in America. Britain made a similar mistake in India. Here we shall not train the Korean for work that he will never need to do. His education will be agricultural and industrial. With the trained hands of the Korean and the trained brains of the Japanese the destiny of China will be fulfilled."

It was fulfilled, to the satisfaction of the Japanese. Koreans performed the manual labour under the direction of competent Japanese executives and engineers. Rarely were Japanese coolies employed along with Koreans—if so, they were paid twice or three times as much. On road construction Koreans received no payment.

If you were Japanese you might order any Korean to work for you and punish him if he did not comply. If he took the case to court he would almost certainly be turned away without a hearing.

Japanese foremen, without vestige of government authority, have compelled villagers at the point of the revolver to work on the railroads at one-third of the standard wage. If, because of other duties or inability, they could not go to work on the tracks, they must pay for each day off twice what they would have received in wages. This blackmail in one town amounted to \$20,000 dollars. In order to pay, people

were forced to borrow a part of it from Japanese usurers at *twelve per cent a month* interest.

The effort of a Korean to "better himself" was quickly checked. If a Korean store-keeper began to have a little success, a Japanese store opened near-by and, with government support, pegged prices so low that they could not be met. Consignments to the Korean store were mysteriously broken or lost in transit. Things went from bad to worse. One day a Japanese dropped in and bought the store—at his own price.

But the saddest tragedy of Korea is the fate of the farmer. Eighty-five per cent of the people depend upon farming for their living. So systematically have their farms been taken from them, on one pretext or another, that eighty per cent of the farmers become tenants under Japanese landlords.

Half of the year's produce must be delivered to the landlord. Much of the remaining half went in taxes and other exactions. The farmer came out with about seventeen per cent of the total yield of his farm. This did not feed his family until the next crop could be harvested. During the spring, when the storage-jars are empty, the family must live on bark, grass-roots, rice-hulls and weeds.

The Koreans have a name for this unhappy annual experience. It is "The Spring Suffering".

And this in a land where it was formerly much easier to make a living than in Japan or China, since the ratio of arable land to population was twice as great as in those countries. The rice yield of Korea was so bountiful that frequently rice had to be thrown out of the store-houses to make room for the next crop. From an annual rice consumption of 220 pounds per person in 1912, the amount dwindled to 133 pounds in 1933, the last year that figures were given out. It is estimated that before 1910, the annexation year, the Korean enjoyed more than 300 pounds of rice a year, and that his quota in 1944 was less than 100, due to the exportation of rice to Japan.

The Korean standard of living has been reduced by at least half during the Japanese regime.

There is not space for me to set down one in a hundred of the details accumulated on four visits to Korea concerning

life under alien rule, the strict suppression of free speech, the burning of Korean books, the destruction of ancient culture, the jailing of Korean editors, the banning of the Korean language in the schools, arrest without warrant and prison without trial, tortures reminiscent of the most ingenious inventions of the Inquisition, the wholesale massacres of 1919 and 1942—and, above all, the unflagging determination of the Korean people to regain, some day, their independence.

Japan blames the West for much of Korea's recalcitrance. And it is true that Western missionaries have been great "trouble-makers". Not that they set out to make trouble. But the teaching of Christian democratic principles in the mission schools stiffened the Korean demand for self-rule.

"Americans are our best friends," Koreans have said. American doctors introduced modern medical science to displace belief in the tourniquet of woman's hair to cure snake-bite, the stocks as treatment for the insane, the puncturing of the body with needles to let out evil spirits. Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points, and his doctrine of self-determination raised great hopes in Korea. These hopes were revived by President Roosevelt's promise of the four freedoms, and of independence "in due course".

It is not true that Koreans have had no experience in government. All but the higher governmental posts have been held by Koreans. The ousting of the last Japanese officials and the organization through free elections of a Korean government, will make possible an independent and self-reliant Korea—provided, however, that Allied control is not withdrawn before the new regime has found its footing.

28:

## *Back of Beyond in Manchuria*

MANCHURIA is the plum of the Orient. It is twice as large as Japan and Korea combined. It is fabulously rich.

"Compared with the poverty-stricken conditions in Japan," wrote General Honjo before the Japanese seized Manchuria

in 1931, "these regions appear indeed to be the happy land of Heaven. If they are brought under our administration, our Empire will in less than ten years acquire a wealth exceeding that of the United States of America."



Minerals, lacking in Japan, abound in Manchuria. The Fushun bed of bituminous coal is the thickest in the world, 417 feet. Oil shales in use have a capacity of 1,000,000 tons of fuel oil a year. Iron ore is plentiful, particularly at Anshan, where the Showa Steel Works boasts the largest mechanical hoist in the world.

The soil of Manchuria is the most fertile in all China, due to the cover of grass. The yield per person is the largest in China, and living standards are therefore higher. Large areas

still await cultivation. The finest forests of China are in Manchuria.

No other sections of China has so many roads or so many vehicles. Railways in 1940 spanned 6,000 miles, more than in all the rest of China together.

Because of its wealth, also because of its position, Manchuria has long been known as a "cradle of conflict". And its days as a trouble centre are probably not yet finished. Russia has driven out the Japanese. She has signed a pact with China guaranteeing Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria. But she has also reclaimed the right she enjoyed before her defeat by Japan in 1905—the right to Port Arthur, and an equal share with China in management of the railroad running north from Port Arthur across Manchuria to the Soviet border.

This railroad is much more than a railroad. Under both Russian and Japanese control it policed zones several miles wide on each side of the right of way, erected towns and cities, operated factories and mines, had its own postal system and its own armed guards, who were frequently used as a punitive force against Chinese factions.

It was, in effect, an arm of an alien power projecting into China.

So it will be again. Russia's desire for a warm-water port is legitimate, and the power she is in a position to exercise in China may be used benignly. Nevertheless, the power is there, and as China becomes strong and Japan recovers, the next half-century may expect to see new struggles centring upon Manchuria.

Added to the troubles that other powers make over Manchuria, are the troubles she brews on her own account. Perhaps because of the bracing climate and the consequent virility of her people, and perhaps because of her material riches, Manchuria has many times made her influence felt in China below the Wall.

In A.D. 907 Manchurian hordes surged south and established a dynasty in China.

It remained until overturned in 1125 by other Manchurian warriors, the Jurchin, who set up the "Golden" dynasty on the Chinese throne.

They were driven out in the thirteenth century by still another northerner, Kublai Khan.

China learned to look north for trouble. In 1616 Nurhachu steeped Manchuria in blood, gained control of it, and immediately began to think of the throne of China. In 1644 his grandson seated himself on the Chinese throne and that was the beginning of the Manchu dynasty.

Meanwhile, the Russian bear was creeping across through Siberia. In 1638 he reached the Pacific, to find it frozen. In search of a warm port he began encroaching upon Manchuria.

But Japan didn't enjoy having the bear so near her doorstep, and she too had her eye on Manchuria. So there followed Japan's three wars, 1894, 1904 and 1931, all of them for the same purpose—to get Manchuria.

Constant turmoil raised up in Manchuria a turbulent class of warrior bandits. One of them, named Cheng, I met in Mukden.

He had been educated at Yale—not in banditry, but in law. Returning to Manchuria he had practised law for some years. He turned to banditry because it was more lucrative. He became such a menace that the Japanese government sought to divert his powers into better channels by offering him a job as district governor.

He accepted. But he found life pretty dull now.

I asked him what effect a long history of disturbance had had upon Manchuria.

"It has made men like me," he smiled. "Restless fellows, who know that nothing is safe, that it does no good to be sober and industrious—you can't win. The only sound profession is banditry."

A pert little Japanese official who had sat in on the interview laughed and said to me:

"The governor is just joking."

I am not sure that he was joking. No other country in the world is so bandit-ridden as Manchuria. The Japanese tried to put down the Legion of Discontent, but whenever a Japanese "punitive expedition" started out in one direction, banditry sprang up in another. As the old proverb has it, you can't keep boiling water down by putting on the lid.



The fire under the Manchurian pot is uncertainty. The Manchurian farmer has always been sure of one thing—that he could be sure of nothing. When his crops were ready to harvest, the waves of war would probably break over his village, and when they passed he would be either dead or destitute.

What wonder that he was inclined to take the law into his own hands? Instead of spending patient months ploughing, sowing and cultivating, only to lose in the end, he joined a gang, held up a wealthy citizen, and was richer after one foray than after a year of farming.

Clever, intelligent men became the leaders of these gangs. Often a group would number as many as 3,000 men.

A tremendous commotion, with a resultant increase in banditry, was caused by the mass migration during the 1920s of millions of Chinese into Manchuria. They came from crowded Shantung and Chihli to seek a living in the open spaces of the north.

But a living could not be had merely for the asking, and many did not find a place for themselves and turned to banditry. The disordered conditions of our West during covered-wagon and gold-rush days were duplicated, with variations, in Manchuria.

As Japanese control tightened, there was more order, but there was also more resentment. The people did not like being bossed by the Japanese.

And when Japan definitely took control of Manchuria and clamped on the lid, the fire burned more hotly than ever, and steam spurted furiously from the pot. Banditry took on a patriotic colour. Bands bore such names as "People's Revolutionary Army", "National Salvation Army" and "Korean National Army".

They became more similar to the Chinese guerrillas. They were fighting for freedom.

That doesn't mean that they turned angelic. They were tough customers as always, and did not hesitate to descend upon a village of their Chinese brothers if they needed food or ammunition. And the lone wanderer on a Manchurian road took his life in his hands.

His road was likely to be bordered by fields of *kaoliang*.

He saw not a soul—yet there might be a score of men watching him.

The *kaoliang* is a sorghum that stands twelve or fourteen feet high. It is planted in straight rows and spreads at the top to conceal perfectly the alleys between the rows through which a whole army could march unobserved, even by planes. Banditry and *kaoliang* always reach their greatest heights in the same month, June.

From this perfect concealment, a few men step out into the road and politely accost the traveller. They do not rob him—probably he does not have enough on him to make that worth while.

They invite him to tea, and if he is wise in the ways of the red beards he knows what that means. It is an evasive Oriental way of informing him that he is being kidnapped.

He goes with them through the long aisles to their hide-out, perhaps an abandoned temple.

And, sure enough, there is tea on the fire. Over the tea-cups, his new acquaintances inquire as to his relatives and friends. They are so interested that they even ask for names and addresses and write them down. Then they write letters demanding a stiff ransom.

If the ransom is not forthcoming they become less polite.

When eighteen heads were set out on the table I squeamishly removed my tea-cup. In Manchuria banditry is an ancient and honoured profession.



They may disengage their guest of an ear, and send this with a peremptory note. The other ear may follow, and then one finger or toe every day until the ransom is paid. If it is still not paid, the captive is killed.

I escaped kidnapping by one day.

On the day before I journeyed by cart to Yi Tung Hsien, a small town thirty miles out of Hsinking, all travellers were picked off the road by bandits. The day after my trip, the same thing happened. But in the charmed interval I got through without trouble. The bandits were busy elsewhere, looting a near-by village.

Upon arrival at Yi Tung Hsien I was told that Manchurian troops had been dispatched to the looted village to deal with the bandits. The Manchurian troops were Chinese. Their loyalty to their Japanese masters was not very intense. They did not like to fight bandits, because they had been bandits themselves, or might want to be some day.

During the afternoon the Manchurian troops came back. They brought eighteen heads—gruesome and pitiable objects.

I was in the "city hall" talking with the Chinese magistrate (mayor) and his Japanese "policy determiner", when the soldiers entered and laid out eighteen heads on the long table. I squeamishly removed my tea-cup from the table.

The magistrate asked: "These are the heads of the bandits?"

"They are," replied the captain in charge.

The magistrate turned to his official thorn in the flesh, the Japanese "policy determiner", who had been sent to the town to reorganize its affairs according to Japanese ideas. "You see," he said, "our brave men have killed all these and put the rest to flight."

But the Japanese was suspicious.

"Are you sure," he asked the captain, "that these are not the heads of the village men who were killed by the bandits?"

The captain was indignant. "No, no. These are the bandits."

"I have been in that village," the Japanese persisted. "I think I recognize some of these faces."

"Your pardon, but you are mistaken."

"How many of your men were killed in the fight?"

The captain squirmed a little. "Well, we were very lucky. No one was killed."

"And I don't see that any of you were even wounded. And yet you killed eighteen men. That was a great feat."

The captain mumbled assent.

"You had ten rounds of ammunition. How much have you left?"

"None left. It was a very hard fight."

"It must have been. Where are your guns?"

"After we had used up all our ammunition we had to throw our guns aside and fight with our knives."

"So you still have your knives?"

"It is a great pity, but in our great haste we forgot our knives, and they were left behind."

The Japanese slowly rose to his feet and his manner became menacing. "You fought no bandits. Instead, you gave them your arms and ammunition, so they could continue to make difficult our administration of *Wang Tao*, the Kingly Way, with which we seek to restore peace and happiness in this country. You will go to your barracks. You will await trial by a military court."

He turned to me as they went out.

"You see our difficulties," he said. "We want nothing but the welfare of these people. But they will not co-operate with us."

I noticed in going about this and other towns that even people who had suffered severely at the hands of bandits would say nothing against them. The "bandits" were the only ones who were fighting the people's fight against the Japanese. They were not gentle. They looted and killed—but it was mainly to get food and arms to carry on their war against Japan.

Many people no longer called them bandits. They called them volunteers.

When Russia finally attacked Japan, these tough, cruel bandit-guerrillas suddenly multiplied and became a real insurgent army.

The Japanese always complained that the people were ungrateful. They did not seem to appreciate the better roads,

better railroads, better agricultural and industrial methods, developed by the newcomers.

"That is all splendid," a Chinese farmer told me. "Splendid for Japan. If we raise more, Japan takes it. The new mines—yes—but what comes out of them all goes to Japan. Everything is for Japan. We become poorer day by day."

He threw up his hands. "*Mei yu fa tzu*." (There is no help for it.)

Japan found a treasure-chest in Manchuria. Here was an area of half a million square miles to add to the quarter million of the Japanese Empire.

It was a land of good workers, thanks to the great Chinese immigration. The population of "Manchukuo" in 1940 was 44,459,524. All of these were Chinese, with the exception of about 4,000,000 Koreans, Mongols, Manchus, White Russians and Japanese.

With millions of highly competent slaves to work for them, the Japanese could strut like lords of creation. One upon returning to Japan and seeing Japanese doing menial tasks said:

"I find it very strange. Where I have been no Japanese would stoop to manual labour."

Down the centre of the country sweeps a flat plain, deplorable from a scenic viewpoint, but providing rich virgin soil to the peasant. That is, to the Chinese peasant. It afforded its opportunities in vain to the Japanese peasant.

Japan had pled that she needed space for her crowded farmers. But when she got the space, her farmers refused to take advantage of it. They would rather be squeezed and pinched on a one-acre farm in lovely Japan than have any number of acres in a flat, dusty no-man's land where a winter forty degrees below zero leaps abruptly without pausing for spring into blazing summer, and then back, with no autumn, into freezing winter; and where one's Chinese neighbour raises and sells more because he is content to work harder than the Japanese and live on less.

For these reasons, Japanese colonization schemes largely failed. Most of the Japanese residents in Manchuria were there as overlords and exploiters. When they owned land, they employed Chinese to work it.

This exploitation of Manchurian soil for Japanese benefit was very scientifically done.

It was a matter of test-tubes and microscopes. In the Central Laboratory at Dairen white-uniformed Japanese scientists studied vials of soil as if it were gold-dust, honoured the lowly bean with endless hours of painstaking experiment, and adjusted American apples, pears and plums to the Manchurian climate.

In one room was a permanent exhibition to show what had been done with the bean. Of course, the bean is the monarch of Manchuria. It is more valuable than all the mines and forests. Much more than half of the world's production of soy beans comes from Manchuria.

But the scientists made a good thing better. In the exhibit were twin-bottles showing the soy bean before and after improvement by the laboratory.

And here is an amazing array of objects to show the many possible uses of the better bean. This automobile steering-wheel was made from beans, these buttons were once beans, this salad oil, this sugar, this great cart-wheel of bean cake, which can be used either as fertilizer or cattle food, this bottle of Vitamin B, this fountain-pen, and a score of other articles—all from beans!

Knowing that war would some day cut off Japan's supply of American cotton, the laboratory made cotton feel at home in Manchuria. This was no small feat. The world cotton zone is below latitude thirty-seven. Yet millions of pounds of cotton are now grown in Manchuria, well north of this zone. The seeds came from America.

If Japan could have held her cotton plantations in Manchuria, North China and New Guinea, she would never need another ounce of cotton from America.

Japan got her wool mainly from Australia. But there might come a day when she would be cut off from Australia—therefore she prepared to grow her own wool on the backs of Mongolian sheep. But there were not enough of these sheep in Manchuria and their wool was not good enough.

The laboratory, together with the great experimental farm at Kungchuling, began to experiment.

The French merino sheep was brought in. This sheep had

the right wool but couldn't stand the climate. The Mongolian sheep was hard as nails. It had learned how to huddle to keep warm at forty below, present the least broadside to the cutting wind, nuzzle out grass from under a foot of snow. But its wool was straight and thin.

The scientists proceeded to put the merino wool on the Mongolian sheep's back. In the Resources Museum at Dairen three stuffed sheep are mute evidence that it has been done.

The first is a Mongolian sheep, its hair stringy and sparse. The next, a cross of Mongolian and merino, has better wool. The last is a cross between a Mongolian-merino and a merino. The wool is right, while the animal is still structurally Mongolian, a tough rangy native of the steppes and desert.

And a comprehensive breeding programme was put on to increase the number of sheep in Manchuria so that instead of two or three million faulty specimens there might be 25,000,000 of the best.

The Chinese farmer or stock-raiser would have reason to thank Japan for the new and better methods that he is forced to put into effect—if he derived any benefit from them. But low fixed prices for his products, and high taxes, transferred the benefit to the governing Japanese. Economists found that the standard of living of the governed was declining.

In the cities as well as on the farms, there were many evidences of "progress" while the condition of the people became worse.

You were immediately impressed as you landed at Dairen, port at the southern tip of Manchuria. You walked from ship to shore on a pier much larger, longer and finer than any of those that fringe Manhattan Island.

You came out into broad streets lined with handsome stone buildings. Everything was new—but built to last. There was nothing extempore. The Japanese believed that they were here to stay.

The city fairly boiled with activity and the statistics of imports and exports handled through the port were imposing.

But if you could get behind the scenes, you came upon a somewhat different picture.

In the mean back streets of the glittering city was another city—the City of Bachelors, it was sometimes called. There were 10,000 men here. They were Chinese immigrants from Shantung. They were employed by the South Manchurian Railway to work on the piers. It was practically slave labour. They were paid from a tenth to a twentieth of what a Japanese would be paid for similar work. If they wished to quit and go home, there were good reasons why they could not. There were no ships going, or no space available. More than likely the men were in debt to the company for food and lodging and might not leave until the debt was paid.

They were lodged in what looked like a prison camp. Dozens of long barracks, exactly alike, were “home”. The men slept fifty in a bed—or, rather, on it, for there were no covers. The bed was a brick *kang*, a broad brick platform against one wall and extending the full length of the building—and across the aisle was another extending along the opposite wall. A thin straw mat was stretched over each *kang* and on this the men lay, closely packed.

“You have a recreation-hall?” I asked the Japanese superintendent of the colony.

“Ah yes. Recreation-hall. Right this way.” We came to a curious building. It had a door but no windows. “This is the recreation-hall.”

I started towards the door.

“So sorry,” he said hastily. “We cannot go in. Now I will show you the temple.” He started away.

I pretended not to understand, for he was speaking in Japanese. I said “*Arigato*” (thank you) and popped into the door of the forbidden building.

He followed, protesting. But I had already seen. It was an opium-den. Men lay in narrow bunks, smoking. An attendant behind a counter was selling the familiar Jap-made packets of opium and heroin to half a dozen workmen.

The superintendent sought to explain.

“In your country you have many strikes, yes? Here we have no strikes. This smoking—it helps to keep the men patient. And we give them no meat. Meat makes labour trouble. It is too strong. If you would not give your American workers meat . . .”



He saw that I did not welcome his suggestions on how to keep American labour patient.

"Now we go to see the temple. It too has a very good effect upon the men."

The small Buddhist temple contained a tarnished Buddha whose toe had been almost completely kissed off. There was also a money-box.

The Japanese looked about with satisfaction.

"Very good for the men," he said.

"It keeps them patient," I suggested.

He agreed carefully. "Yes, yes. Buddhism makes quiet. Christianity no good. It makes every man think he is important. The religion of Mohammed—it is no good. It is a war religion. Buddhism is very good. It makes men look upon every small insect as their brother."

The policy of keeping the men patient with opium, Buddhism and no meat apparently had succeeded. A more listless lot could hardly be imagined. Their muscles were



The traditional two-puffs-and-then-tap-it-out pipe of the Orient has been too largely displaced by Japanese-made "Sunrise" brand opium cigarettes.

stout enough for their work, but their spirit seemed dead. Most of those off duty were smoking cigarettes. The smoke betrayed the presence of opium in the tobacco. I picked up one man's pack and looked at it. It was the familiar "Sunrise" brand, made by Japanese interests and sold at a very low price throughout Japanese Asia.

"More patience," I remarked to the superintendent.

Japan's deliberate campaign to drug the Chinese people into a state of lassitude and non-resistance is too well known to be described in detail here. Everywhere in Manchuria as well as in North, Central and South China itinerant Japanese "physicians" sold the "medicine" guaranteed to cure stomach-ache, headache, or any other ache of body or mind.

It could be had in many forms. It might be injected, smoked, eaten, or taken in a pinch of snuff. And it was always dirt cheap. The benevolent conquerors saw to it that no one, not even the humblest coolie, could not afford a pack of heroin cigarettes.

The South Manchuria Railway, employer of the 10,000 men of the City of Bachelors, and many thousands elsewhere, was a model of efficiency. I visited the fine Railway Training Institute where engineers learned what to do when bandits place logs across the track and lie in ambush. Conductors and telegraphers must be fluent in Japanese, English, Chinese and Manchurian dialects. In the Railway Work Shop students were taking locomotives apart and putting them together again.

In the railway's Hygienic Institute commendable work was being done to insure the health of Japanese in Manchuria. Scientists analysed Manchurian foods and water, horses confined in spotless stalls furnished serum against scarlet fever, tetanus and diphtheria, there was a corral of sheep whose blood was used in the Wassermann test. . . .

This railroad carried on so many activities that seemed to have little to do with railroading that one was almost surprised to find that it also ran trains.

They were, as might be expected, the best. The coaches and chair cars were American in size and comfort, the diner, where the menu was printed in four languages and you were waited on by smart White Russian girls, was clean and cheap, the observation car had every convenience from radio to library, the road-bed was smooth, and you could rely upon arriving at your destination on the minute.

The railroad links Manchuria's cities. Let us follow it. Port Arthur, near Dairen, is a health resort—but it was hardly that in 1905 when Japan ousted Russia from this "Gibraltar of the East".

Chin-chou is a quaint old town with a wall twenty feet thick, and walls also around the mentality of its conservative people. Here we saw a funeral procession in which a paper cow and paper horse were carried so that the departed would have food and transportation in the world beyond.

Mukden is a violent combination of old and new. The part known as "Newtown" or "Japtown" is Tokyo at its most modernistic—but the Imperial Palace of the Manchu Emperors who ruled here before they invaded Peking, and the grand mausoleum of Pei-ling, where one of them is buried, are like roots reaching back through the thin dust of Japanese conquest into a remote and rich past.

Hsinking is the capital of Japan's puppet invention, "Manchukuo". Hsinking is a miracle.

On my first visit, before the Japanese invasion, it was a flea-bitten village. On my second, just after the conquest, it was a cloud of dust as the Japanese pulled down rat-traps, threw up new buildings and built avenues. It was like a Western boom town. There was no room in the hotels. Visitors had to sleep in pullman cars in the railroad yards. On my third visit it was a smart modern city with a population well on towards half a million and splendid administration buildings for the Japanese "advisers" to the puppet government.

But the promise of a fine palace for the "emperor" had never been fulfilled. He was still housed in an abandoned salt-administration building left over from the old days.

The "emperor" of "Manchukuo", now held captive by the Russians, is the world's most pitiable ruler. He once sat on the throne of China. When China became a republic, he became just plain Mr. Henry Pu Yi. When the Japanese took Manchuria they persuaded Pu Yi with fine promises to come to the new capital as chief executive and, later, emperor.

He went, but he was probably sorry later. He was consigned to mean surroundings and was the prisoner and baggage of the Japanese Kwantung Army. He might play tennis as much as he pleased—but John Jones of Jonesboro had as much to do as he had with the state of affairs of "Manchukuo".

Going farther north, we come to Harbin. And now we begin to feel Russia.

For Harbin teems with White Russian exiles, people of the old Czarist regime, who had fled the country when it turned Soviet. Probably you can see the old Russia better in Harbin than in most cities in Russia—for here the people have been unaffected by radical Soviet reforms. They have scorned to

adopt Chinese ways, or Japanese. Harbin had the largest white population under yellow rule. But they were too proud to work for yellow masters.

They lived in dismal poverty, begged on the streets, told the stranger highly coloured stories of their supposedly aristocratic past. And, indeed, some of them belong to once noble families of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Harbin is the vestibule to Russia. From here, if you go east you come to Russia, north, you come to Russia, west, you come to Russia.

But distances are great and it is an uncomfortable and sometimes unsafe trip to the border by any one of these three routes.

Curious to see that long nervous line between Siberia and Manchuria where conflict was inevitable, we first went north.

Our train puffed through a bleak, bare wilderness. Much of the great plain was under water. The July floods were on. They are a regular institution. The mountain snows melt in June, the rivers plough down into the plain and overflow. This is no place for a home, unless it has a keel under it. Even the bandits have little use for this country. Villages are too few, loot too little.

A railroad through this waste could not pay for itself. It was put there with one thought—war with Russia.

Our train is full of troops on their way to the border. The Kwantung Army must be ready at all times; who knows when the moment will come? On sidings we see armoured railway cars mounted with searchlights and gun towers and camouflaged with a mottle of blue, yellow, grey, brown and green.

There are box-cars of horses, flat cars loaded with tanks, others packed with field pieces.

Every station is protected by a double fence of barbed wire and barricades of sand-bags, and swarms of armed soldiers.

We rattle over a bridge. At each end of it is a cement fort, and the soldiers on duty salute as the train goes by.

Down the track half a mile ahead of our train runs a petrol-propelled pilot car, bristling with machine-guns. The idea is that "bandits" or Russian guerrillas may have blown up the track and are in ambush to attack the train—the pilot

car should discover any such plot and signal back a warning to our engineer.

Our train guards are all heavily armed. Hitched to the end of the train is a travelling fort—an armoured car with many embrasures for machine-guns and a round gun-turret on top.

Every day there is likely to be an "incident" somewhere along this great border as long as that between the United States and Canada—from which much could be learned in the art of peaceful neighbourliness. It only remains for the chiefs to choose the incident that shall be used as the spark to set off the great conflagration.

The train picks its way gingerly over a section where the rushing flood has undermined the track. (The next day the track was washed out at this point.)

The train stops at Peian—it will lie there until morning. Night travel is too dangerous. We are told that we can go to a hotel. That sounds all right.

But the hotel is half a mile from the station and, between the two, stretches a sea of liquid mud. A motor-car could never get through it.

In high rubber boots, provided by the station policeman, we wade. The surface is deceptively smooth. Underneath are all sorts of ruts and lumps to slip and stumble over. Rain is pouring down. A boy follows with our suitcase on his shoulder, and another boy with our shoes, openings upwards, so that they fill with water.

The mud comes only to the knees, but fragments of it spatter us from head to foot. The town, when we reach it, is a board and tin affair reminiscent of American frontier days.

The streets are a trembling brown jelly. Citizens, bare-legged, hoisting their Japanese kimonos or Chinese robes, wade nonchalantly about.



The deeper the mud the higher the *geta* or wooden clog worn by the Japanese. The Chinese, more practical, wade bare-foot or wear rubber boots.

At the centre of the town is a large fort to which the people may flee if marauding Russians come. Russian planes sometimes playfully bomb this town. A plane—probably Japanese, but who can be sure?—is above us now.

Drenched, bespattered, Mary looks herself over.

"One comfort," she says, "is that we're well camouflaged."

She regrets arriving at a hotel in such condition. But when we reach the hotel, it appears that there was no cause for worry. It is not the Ritz.

It is a sort of barracks of rough boards and there is about as much mud in the lobby as outside. The fare is plain, the prices high. This is frontier life. We are lucky that there is a hotel at all.

In the morning we wade back to the station—it is still raining—and ride on to Heiho on the bank of the Amur. The great Amur River marks the border. It is a mile wide. Beyond it is Siberia. The rain has stopped. The sun pierces ominous clouds to shine upon the Russian church towers and domes of Blagoveshchensk.

There is no bridge and no ferry. No boatman will take you across. Here are two separate worlds. Russia is, as yet, content to let it go at that. But Japanese eyes look covetously across the stream.

The China war really began here. In the summer of 1937 Japan was ready to fight China, but wished to know first whether Russia would come to China's aid. There was a way to find out—twist the Russian bear's tail and see whether it growled or not.

Japanese gunboats steamed over to yonder two small islands near Blagoveshchensk and expelled the Russian troops that guarded them. In the scrap, one Soviet gunboat was sunk.

The bear took it lying down. Japan was left in control of the islands. Japan had learned what she wanted to know. Russia did not want to fight. A few days later, on July 7, 1937, Japan opened the Chinese war at the Marco Polo Bridge near Peking.

Now let us return to Harbin and thence go west into another wilderness where Japan had a quite different encounter with the bear.

We come to one of the most fascinating lands in the world—the Desert of Gobi, which stretches across Outer Mongolia and reaches up into Manchuria until stopped by the Great Khingan Mountains.

Here Manchuria, Russia and Outer Mongolia (a Russian protectorate) meet. The greatest trouble-maker of ancient Asia came from hereabouts. Jenghis Khan conquered most of Asia and much of Europe. Though he grew up in a tent and had never seen a city, he went out to conquests that surpassed Napoleon's.

His grandson, Kublai Khan, sat on the throne of China, and made the only attack in history upon the homeland of the Japanese until Jimmy Doolittle came along six and a half centuries later.

The Mongols are still warlike, and there are 2,000,000 of them in this far province of Manchuria. The word Mongol is from *mong*, meaning "brave men".

We ride out on Mongol horses into the frontier country. We decide that the Mongols must be brave, and able too, to make a living in such a land.

The Gobi is also called *Shamo*, "Sand Desert", and *Han-hai*, "Dry Sea". This part of it is not sandy, but it is surely dry. There is not a tree. The ground supports only a light grass.

Yet on this thin grass are grazing far larger herds and flocks than we have ever seen in the American West or even on the pampas of Argentina. The former home of the dinosaur and *baluchitherium* and possible birthplace of the human race is still very much alive.

Yonder is a herd of 5,000 horses. Some of them are rough, tough Mongolians, but others are the new cross-breed of Mongolian and Arab, combining the good qualities of both. There are vast herds of two-humped camels. And around that lake, which looks so refreshing but is heavy with salt, 10,000 sheep graze on the slopes. They are the famous Mongolian-merino breed already mentioned.

Near each herd or flock are the *yurts*, felt tents, of the Mongols in charge of them. The *yurts* are shaped like the hogans of our Navajo Indians, who are believed to be of Mongol descent.

I have slept in these *yurts* on sheepskins beside the fire of *argol*, dried dung, which must be used as fuel since there is no other; have eaten horse meat and kumiss (fermented mares' milk) and licked my bowl clean in approved Mongol fashion since water is too precious to be used in washing dishes; and have come to respect the Mongols for their hard Spartan lives and constant courage.

The Mongols have not been good citizens of Japan's puppet state. They constantly made guerrilla raids upon the Japanese.

A border dispute at Nomonhan in 1939 swiftly grew into a young war. Russian troops and their Mongol sympathizers from both sides of the frontier fought so sturdily that the conflict lasted all summer, and it was finally the Japanese who called quits. They had used 500 airplanes and 60,000 troops, of whom 18,000 never returned to Japan.

This humiliating defeat is credited with having made Japan decide to leave Russia alone for the time being and concentrate first upon acquiring the resources of southern Asia.

We now cross this great land from the far west to the far east and find still another Manchuria. Here, close to Vladivostok, are mountains and great forests where the finest tiger in the world tempts the visitor to forget international affairs for a time and turn hunter.

With Yankovsky, the famous Russian hunter already mentioned, whose home is just over the Korean border from this section of Manchuria, I wearily walked for days through mighty forests, watching for yellow and black stripes.

"Are you sure there are any tigers up here?" I asked sceptically. "I always understood tigers belong in hot countries—Bengal, for instance."

"Bengal!" he snorted. "Their tigers don't compare with ours. The Siberian tiger is larger. His pelt often measures twelve feet. And the fur is much more valuable, because it's softer, thicker and longer—has to be to stand this cold climate. I can get \$300 for a pelt."

"It's worth it, considering what a job it is to find one," I complained, peering down the endless aisles of great trees.

"But that isn't all. I sell the meat and bones. The Chinese consider them good medicine. Especially the knee-caps!"

"Do you ever sell tigers alive?"



"Oh yes. To the zoos. If you've been at the Seoul Zoo you've seen two of my tigers. I got \$1,000 for the two."

"How did you catch them?"

"They were young ones, about six months old. I killed the mother. Then with a forked oak stick I held one tiger's head to the ground while the other men tied its feet together, jammed a stick between its teeth to prevent it from biting, and put a stick through its legs to carry it by. Same way with the other."

"It sounds very easy," I said. "But here we've been going three days and haven't even come on a track."

"Be patient. Something may happen just when you least expect it."

It did. That night we stayed in a tiny hunting-cabin. I came out after dark to get a bucket of water from a near-by spring. As a precaution, I picked up the axe as I went out the door.

By the spring, a black shadow was lurking. Thinking it was one of the savage wild dogs that had frequently been annoying us, I swung the axe and the animal dropped without a sound.

"Got a dog," I said as I returned to the cabin. In the morning we found a tiger five feet long from nose to tail-tip, lying dead beside the spring. Of course he was only a youngster—yet hardly what one would choose to meet on a dark night.

"I think I've had enough tiger-hunting," I said.

Here three countries meet—Manchuria, Korea and Russia. Just over the Russian border is Vladivostok.

Vladivostok is a picturesque city on hills overlooking the Golden Horn Harbour dotted with wooded islands. It is vaguely reminiscent of Naples—but if you should come in



The winds of the dry season blow dust, and seeds, to lodge in the thatch. The rains of the wet season produce roof gardens.

winter you would find the harbour frozen over except for passages kept open by ice-breakers. This in spite of the fact that the latitude of Vladivostok is about that of the Riviera.

The town, apart from its hills and harbour, is not beautiful. Its buildings are poor, its cobblestones are rough, and it is difficult to imagine where its half-million people live—until you are told that a good number of them are underground!

Vladivostok is more than meets the eye. Behind its low hills covered with buildings are higher hills, rounded and bald, which conceal the real might of Vladivostok.

These hills are hollow. Some of them are underground airplane hangars. This war has taught that an ordinary airfield is peculiarly vulnerable. Many a battle has been won by destroying an airfield together with all its planes before they could get off the ground.

Put the airfield under a hill, and it is not so easy!

In other hills are subterranean ammunition depots and supply centres. In others are living quarters for troops.

It seemed to be calmly expected that the town itself might quickly be obliterated by an enemy attack. But that would not end Vladivostok. The subterranean Vladivostok would carry on.

Vladivostok means "Conquest of the East". Conquest by whom is not specified.

Vladivostok is in a powerful position. Less than 700 miles from the chief cities of Japan, it will be Russia's air eye watching Japanese conduct as island bases will be America's. And Vladivostok no longer needs to fear a knife in her back. Behind her now lies a Soviet-guarded Manchuria.

Manchuria is like the core and meat of an apple of which Russia has formerly possessed only the skin. Russian territory west, north and east of Manchuria is now made safe. China too will be strengthened by her new hold on a Manchuria that has been highly developed since she saw it last. Thanks largely to strength derived from Manchuria, Russia and China now emerge as the great Asiatic powers of the early future.

But so far as the long future is concerned, it would be unwise to dismiss Japan. "We'll be back," a surrendering Japanese general told the Manchurians. Japanese have long memories, and bushido requires revenge. "The happy land of

Heaven," theme of three of Japan's war, and the most prized of her conquests, will be remembered as a *terra irredenta* to be redeemed some day when the Russian bear is busy in Europe.

## 29:

### *Forbidden Isles Become Allied Bases*

THE pattern of the new Pacific begins to emerge.

The United States Navy wants bases covering the world's greatest ocean from chilly Adak and Kodiak to Manus, south of the equator. Whether these are to be under American, Anglo-American or United Nations control is yet to be determined.

The most significant of these bases so far as Japan is concerned are the ones nearest to her shores and from which she made every effort before the war to shut out foreign interference: Okinawa, the Bonin-Volcano group, Saipan and Tinian.

These are to be police stations, guarding Japan. The nearest of them is Okinawa, but 325 miles from the Japanese mainland. It is a large island, 75 miles in length and from two to ten miles wide. The southern part of the island is low and flat. Even in the rolling northern section there is no hill-top over 1,650 feet elevation—therefore the island is an almost ideal site for large airfields.

The half million Okinawans are friendly to their Western visitors. Their culture, such as it is, is Chinese-Japanese and they have not been so thoroughly soaked in fanatic nationalism as have the mainland Japanese.

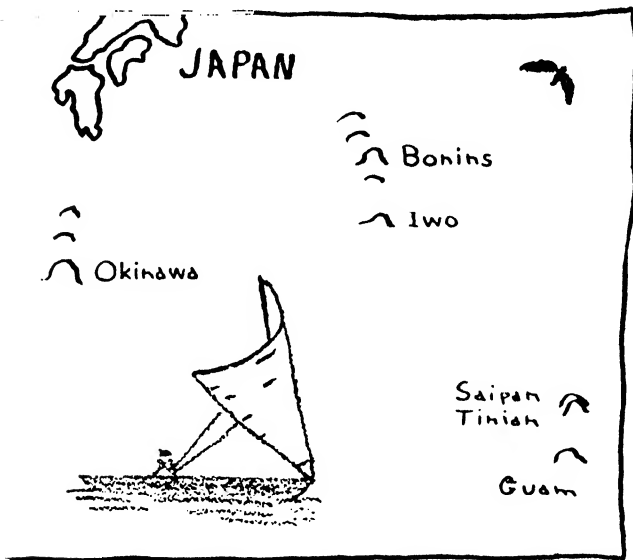
We have been ninety-two years in getting round to acquiring the Loochoos since Commodore Perry, in 1853, visited Okinawa and wrote home to Washington that it should be obtained as an American base.

Many American and Australian boys know Okinawa only too well.

Less familiar are the Bonins. They are of peculiar interest to Americans and British since they were once a British colony

bossed by an American! They were the first territory to be wrested from British and Americans by Japan.

They lie only 600 miles south of the Japanese homeland. There are about twenty islands in the group if one counts only the large ones, nearly 100 if all the islets are included. But the entire land area of the archipelago is only thirty square miles.



The story of the Bonins is as romantic as that of Pitcairn. Like the *Bounty* mutineers landing at uninhabited Pitcairn, or the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, the Bonin pioneers faced a new and strange life when they stepped ashore on palm-shaded Peel Island one day in 1830.

The island seemed a land of the dead—or an island on which life had never begun. It had long ago been called by the Japanese “Empty of Men”, *Munin*, of which the later “Bonin” is probably a corruption. And yet “Empty of Men” seemed waiting for men, for its soil was marvellously fertile, its vegetation luxuriant, and its climate well-nigh perfect.

Those first colonists were headed by an American, Nathaniel Savory. The others were British, Italian, Danish and Hawaiian. They seem to have been about thirty in all.

Although their guiding genius was Savory, their nominal chief was the Italian, Matteo Mazzaro. He had been appointed governor by the British consul in Honolulu, who had sent the little colony forth to hold the Bonins for the British crown. Three years previously Captain Beechey of His Majesty's Ship *Blossom* had taken possession of the islands in the name of King George IV.

So the British colony with an Italian governor (who would rather drink than govern), an American leader and an assortment of other races and colours soon supplemented by deserters from passing whalers, started from scratch. They put up huts, some of palm leaves, some of logs, apportioned off the brown women to the men in rough-and-ready marriages, caught wild pigs and goats in the hills, snared turtle in Port Lloyd Harbour, found wild pineapples, beans and taro as well as coconuts and breadfruit, piped water in bamboo tubes from the mountain spring, and put up a liquor still and a church.

"Governor" Mazzaro hung a ship's bell on a stump and struck it whenever he wished to assemble the settlers to hear his drunken edicts. The colonists paid little attention to him and took their directions from the industrious Savory.\*

Mazzaro raised the British flag. Savory raised the American. He refused to quarrel over the question of sovereignty, but he quietly hoped that some day the United States would dispute the British claim, which he regarded as very thin.

True, Captain Beechey's copper plate affixed to a tree-stump claimed the islands for Britain, but Britain had never formally endorsed the claim, and did nothing for the colonists. And Beechey had been by no means the first to visit the islands. In 1823, four years before the British ship arrived, an American whaling ship from Nantucket, with Captain Reuben Coffin in command, discovered the group.

His was the first recorded visit in "modern times", and Savory believed it gave the United States prior right. He

\* A most engaging and accurate historical novel of the early days in the Bonins is *Bonin* by Robert Standish (Peter Davies, 1943).

chose to disregard visitors who had come two centuries before. The Japanese had found the islands in 1593. The Spanish explorer, Villalobos, had sighted them in 1543. Such discoveries were too far outdated to deserve attention.

For more than twenty years Savory waited in vain. Then, in 1853, his hopes seemed about to be realized. Commodore Perry's black ships sailed into Port Lloyd.

Savory, thrilled by the appearance of the American flag, rowed out to Perry's flagship, the *Susquehanna*. It was a monster that signalled the transition from sail to steam; it possessed both masts and paddle-wheels.

Perry received him personally. How moved Savory must have been when he was told that it was the Commodore's intention to urge Washington to consider establishing an American coaling station and naval base in the Bonins. The Commodore felt that an American foothold here would have a salutary influence upon Japan.

Perry, on his own initiative and with his own money, purchased land for a naval station, to be later turned over to his government if it should approve his idea. This land, according to the title deed, was bought from Nathaniel Savory and consisted of that "piece of ground fronting on what is called the Ten Fathom Hole, the same being a part of the Bay or Harbour of Port Lloyd". That Savory had no thought of making money on the transaction is indicated by the provision that "the said sale is made for and in consideration of the sum of Fifty Dollars and other benefits".

"Governor" Mazzaro having died, Perry arranged to have the colonists elect Savory governor. On his own authority he made him agent for the United States Squadron and "attached to the Navy of the United States", indeed a peculiar position for the governor of a British colony.

When news of this got around the world there was reaction from three quarters: Britain protested the apparent attempt to expropriate her islands, America refused to dispute their ownership, and Japan made a note on her kimono sleeve.

In 1861 Japan quietly sent a group of about forty Japanese colonists to Port Lloyd. Savory found them on the beach at dawn, their ship having hastily sailed away. There was no way to deport them. They could not be allowed to starve.

Besides, they seemed mild enough, asking only for a place to live and work—and there was plenty of room. Savory gave them without charge a rich tract of land, and they set to.

They were good workers and made no trouble. They were all peasants, except their leader, a Japanese Government agent. One day he said to Savory, in effect:

"Mr. Savory, we are very happy to have you here."

"Have *me* here?"

"Yes—you see—there has been a small mistake—these are Japanese islands. They were discovered by a Japanese, Ogasawara Sadayori, in 1593. From now on they will be called the Ogasawara Islands. But everything will be as before. You will still be governor."

Appeals to both Britain and the United States brought no action. Savory died in 1874 and the next governor was Japanese. Two years later the islands were formally annexed by Japan.

The foreigners remaining were protected by extra-territorial rights. When Western powers surrendered such rights in 1894, some of the foreigners, refusing to be subject to Japanese law, departed. Others found that their roots were too deep in Bonin soil and remained, inter-breeding with the Japanese.

This pageant of history came vividly to our minds as my wife and I stood on the deck of a Japanese ship in the harbour



Japanese pleasure craft of the days when a cruising Japanese nobleman discovered the Bonin Islands. He named them Munin, Empty of Men.

of Port Lloyd, called by the Japanese Futami Ko. It is believed to be the crater of an extinct volcano. It is a mile and a half in diameter and some twenty fathoms deep. Its attractions as a small naval base, so evident to Perry, were not overlooked by the Japanese. The docks and installations were much more substantial than necessary to serve the commercial needs of a small island five miles by three with perhaps 6,000 inhabitants.

This main island of the Bonin group was formerly called Peel, is now Chichijima (Father Island), and tomorrow will probably be Peel again.

We could see at the sheltered apex of the bay the spot where Savory had established his little settlement. Behind the gently sloping beach the hills rose slowly and kindly, terminating finally in craggy peaks. Some of those peaks now looked strangely flattened as if topped with gun-mounts.

The lower slopes were covered with palm groves, bread-fruit-trees, tree-ferns, vegetable plots and small fields of grain under dry cultivation. In the hollows were flat wet rice-paddies. Along the shore was an almost continuous Japanese town, but the concentration at intervals of business buildings and Shinto and Buddhist shrines showed that it was really a series of villages. Most of the houses were of airy Japanese construction; but here and there were palm-log cabins probably dating back to Savory's day.

"That village is Susaki," said the mate beside me, pointing south, "and that is Ogiura. And those on the north side are Okumura and Omura."

But I mildly resented the Japanese names and recalled some of the salty names of the past: Savory's Rock, Stiver's Beach, Down the Bay, Gold Heart, Joe Kanaka Beach, Ugly Gulch, Bill Beach, Blossom Village, The Other Side, Hump Back, Hog Island Strait, Dick's Store Hole, Charlie's Little Island, Merry Wilson.

Those were salty characters who colonized the Bonins, and the whalers who came in later to steal women and rum were no less so. Somewhere up in those hills was the cave where the colonists stood siege for days while drunken whalers burned and looted their village.

I wanted to see the faces of the modern Bonin Islanders.



Was anything left of the pioneer stock? But our ship lay in mid-harbour and we were not pressed with an invitation to go ashore. On the contrary, we had been warned that the ship was stopping only on a brief errand, no cargo would be taken, and we might sail at any moment. This quite effectively kept us on board.

On a second call we were more fortunate. The vice-governor, hearing that I was a naturalist (which I am not, but in poking about among Japan's Pacific islands I had found it wise to show more interest in fauna and flora than in fortifications), asked that we come ashore to identify certain creatures that had been spreading death among the islanders. We went, glad of the chance to get ashore, but quaking lest our ignorance be exposed.

However, the "creatures" were easily identified. They were black widow spiders, perhaps brought to the island by some Japanese cargo ship from a Californian port.

Improving the opportunity, we kept our Japanese guides fretfully waiting while we talked with some of the people in front of the little houses and stores along the narrow, fish-smelling streets.

It seemed to me that in many faces I saw something better than the Nipponese cast of features. The girls particularly were lovely. I commented on this to one of my companions. He gave me a sly sneering smile.

"We like them in Tokyo," he said.

It was only later that I learned the significance of this cryptic remark. The Bonins for years have been the foraging-grounds of agents for Japan's yoshiwaras. Girls whose faces held some trace of American, British, Danish or Italian ancestry were preferred. These girls had definite features, not the broad flattened nose, shallow eye-pits, and general vacuity of many Japanese girls' faces.

It may seem strange that the Japanese would prefer something a little non-Japanese. But it must be remembered that the Japanese ideal of beauty, as illustrated in the old prints, is the long, narrow, definitely-featured face. Such faces may still be found among aristocrats, contrasting sharply with the round, flat, expressionless faces of the lower classes.

There was another reason for choosing girls of Western ancestry. That was malice. It seemed a delightful way to humiliate the West. The government connived. Girls of pure Japanese blood could not be taken without the consent of their parents. Girls "tainted" with Western blood might be abducted, with no questions asked.

The other great stamping-ground of the agents has been Tohoku, a poverty-stricken province in northern Japan. Starving parents were persuaded to part with their daughters—but they had to be paid. Hence agents who could make the trip to the Bonins preferred to get girls there. No expense was involved except payment to the toughs who seized the girl on her way to the fields, and the cost of a steamship ticket.

This traffic alone is good reason for ending Japanese rule in the Bonins.

If I had expected the villagers to tell me proudly of their European or American ancestry, I was disappointed. Those who were most obviously of Western origin most stoutly denied it. Foreign blood was not popular.

But they did seem to have a curious if disdainful interest in the past history of the Bonins, and an old log-and-frame hut said to have been the home of one of the first settlers was used as a small museum. There one might examine articles of clothing of the pioneers, a pair of Congress gaiters, a corn-cob pipe, a lithograph of Queen Victoria, pictures of whaling ships, a belaying-pin, a harpoon, and a ship's bell.

That the Bonins, though small, have sizable airfields is indicated by the heavy toll of Japanese aircraft we took over these islands. In American strikes July 2-3, 1944, upon the Bonins and near-by Volcano group, 106 Japanese planes were reported destroyed and 136 damaged. In Chichijima and Hahajima alone, several hundred planes were caught on the ground, thirty-two of them smashed and ninety-six damaged.

This means adequate runways—adequate at least for medium bombers. And these are all that will be necessary for the short flight of some 600 miles to the cities of Japan in case coercive action is ever necessary. The chief harbour may

be useful as a supply depot and staging base for both surface ships and submarines.

Not far to the south lie the smaller Volcano Islands, the best remembered of them the bloody rock of Iwo. It proved a valuable half-way station on the flight from Saipan to Tokyo, but its airfields are sharply limited by the small size and volcanic surface of the island.

Twice as far from Japan as the Bonins, but even more valuable, are Saipan and Tinian. They are not volcanic, but coral-line and fairly flat, the best islands in the Central Pacific for use as air bases. They are large enough to give plenty of elbow room even for the largest bombers and transports. Saipan is roughly fifteen miles by six, Tinian, thirteen by six. Guam, the third in the trio all to be considered as one base, is the largest of all the fifteen Marianas, some thirty miles long and seven wide.

These islands are characterized by flat coastal plains, or flat tablelands, or both. There are some hills, but the only mountains worth mentioning are 1,500-foot Tapotchau in Saipan and a range in the southern end of Guam.

Two small adjacent islands, Rota and Agiguan, will probably be thrown in for good measure. They are more than adequate for our B29s, which requires a runway 7,000 feet long. And on the magnificent ten-mile tableland in northern Guam air-strips many times this lengths are possible.

Vice-Admiral John H. Hoover, after inspecting Saipan just captured by American forces in July, 1944, declared that it offered the best possibilities for airfield development of any of the islands captured from the Japanese in the Central Pacific campaign.

"Its main air-strip," he said, "is far the best that we have taken and the island's size offers additional advantages of wide dispersal."

During the Saipan battle, the toughest up to that time in the Pacific war, we heard little about the level areas, much about "Hell's Pocket". This was a ravine 1,500 yards long and 500 wide on the south-east side of Mt. Tapotchau. Its walls were limestone cliffs rising straight for hundreds of feet, and these were honeycombed with caves concealed behind foliage.

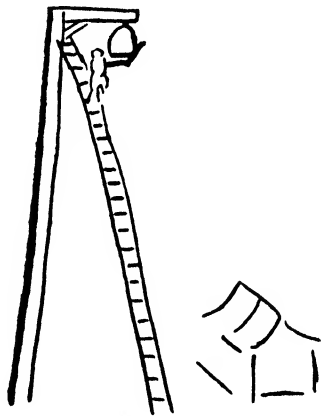
Some of the caves were hundreds of feet deep with rear exits. In these retreats thousands of Japanese waited behind mortars and machine-guns. Neither air-power nor heavy artillery could solve such a problem—the slogging Yank foot-soldier had to go in with machine-gun and flame-thrower and clean out the caves. Small wonder if Mount Tapotchau and “Hell’s Pocket” go down in history as representing Saipan.

But the rest of Saipan is quite different from this dinosaur-like hump of cliffs in its middle. Saipan has been producing six million dollars’ worth of sugar a year. Sugar-cane does not grow on cliffs.

Looking down from the razored ridges of Mount Tapotchau, one sees extensive plains waving with sugar-cane. Below on the west are the town of Garapan and Tanapako Harbour. Today the town is demolished and the harbours is full of American shipping. South of the mountain is a fairly level plateau accommodating airfields. East of the mountain are rolling hillocks which do not stump our engineers any more than they would the Japanese, who at Truk levelled a hill 300 feet high to make an airfield. And to the north, towards Marpi Point, there are more new-born airfields.

The troops maintained on the island of Saipan will find it not at all bad. The same goes for the rest of the Marianas.

A Saipan fire station. When the lookout sighted a blaze he struck the bell, and the fire equipment, such as it was, rolled to the fire. Fire protection has improved under Allied occupation.



The Spaniards called Tinian an island paradise. Guam contends for the honour of being the most beautiful island north of the equator.

Before the first landing was made on Saipan, a surgeon warned marines of a hundred terrors: in the lagoon, sharks, barracuda, poison fish; on shore, snakes, giant lizards, saw grass and villainous insects; in villages, yaws, leprosy, typhus, elephantiasis and a dozen other insidious horrors.

At the close of his talk, a private piped up piteously: "Why don't we let the Japs keep the island?"

But it isn't that bad. On the contrary, compared with the New Guinea jungle, the Marianas are city parks. The Japanese clean up places where they choose to live—and in 1937 the Japanese population of the Marianas was 42,700, which was several times the number of Japanese in any other section of the Japanese mandate.

Americans billeted in the little houses will find them comfortable—except that the ceilings are low! Captain John N. Popham, Marine Corps Public Relations Officer, writes from Saipan to the *New York Times*:

"The houses are built to scale for a small-statured people and the average American marine has a bad time with the low ceilings, door-tops and cross-beams. Consequently, those of average height and taller now wear their helmets all the time, indoors and out, so that when they bang their heads on the low rafters there is just a metallic ring and no injuries. It sounds like a series of muted dinner-bells around here most of the time."

But such troubles are counted small by the lads who have been in the fox-holes. In Saipan diseases are few, malarial mosquitoes non-existent, drinking-water safe, breezes soft, extreme heat and cold unknown.

There are, however, a few suggestions that may be made to the thousands of Americans of air and naval personnel who will make their headquarters on Saipan, Tinian, Guam and the other Marianas.

Don't look on shore for snakes—but watch out when you bathe. The sea snakes are poisonous. Eels and sea snakes are often confused. Eels are fish, and harmless. Incidentally they are very good food. A sea snake has scales, an eel has none.

The snake usually swims with his head out, the eel under water.

Watch where you step on the lagoon floor. The erect spine of the sting ray lying on the bottom can inflict a serious wound.

Don't walk into the open jaws of a giant clam. If they close you will be detained until help comes, and may lose a foot.

Don't share a bathing-beach with sharks. They are not there just to enjoy the bathing. Splashing *may* keep them off. A shark's Achilles' heel is his nose. Forcibly struck there, he usually thinks of an errand elsewhere. He is also sensitive about the gills.

To learn what to do and what not to do, ask the Chamorros. They will be found friendly—unless imposed upon. The Chamorros are the light-brown natives of Tagalog and Spanish blood mixed with aboriginal.

On Guam, where there are some 22,000 of them, they have been treated squarely by the American naval administration, which governed that island from 1898 to 1941. There they are enthusiastic about anything that is "states-side" (from or of the United States). Many of the Chamorros on the other Marianas have been in Guam or have relations there, hence share the good will towards Americans.

Where there are none of the wise and friendly Chamorros to consult, the Yank's problem will be more difficult. Many of the smaller northern Marianas and the Volcano Islands are uninhabited. The southern Marianas having become a great air base, American airmen occasionally drop into the sea, and find themselves struggling ashore on one of the northern desert isles.

A common characteristic of these islands is their volcanic nature. Uracas is a sputtering, lava-spewing volcano, down whose steep slopes internal convulsions send showers of cinders and ash. Needless to say, there is hardly a blade of vegetation, and no water. Some of the other islands are little better.

Worst, perhaps, are the temporary islands. There is no vegetation, except of the submarine variety, on an island that

has just come up out of the sea. Such islands are sometimes little better than barren reefs, pushed up by explosive forces beneath, only to sink again later.

The largest of these upstarts on record has a shore-line of two and a half miles. It appeared in November, 1904, three miles to the north-east of San Agostino. It was a bare, rocky picture of desolation, with only one gracious feature, a pumice-stone beach. At the end of two years, when about enough vegetation had come up on the island to support one goat, and the Japanese government was considering formal inclusion of this bit of earth in the Empire, it disappeared.

This region has become a geological riddle. One man who has helped to solve it is Professor William Herbert Hobbs, former Head of the Department of Geology at the University of Michigan. He has an international reputation as an authority on volcanic action. In 1921-3 he visited the Japanese mandated islands. That was before the ban on foreign visitors had become very severe; even so an evident attempt was made by the Japanese harbour authorities at Palau to run the small American ship on which he travelled on a reef by displacing the channel buoy.

Professor Hobbs identified the three Volcano islands as "newly-born", geologically speaking, one of them still smoking after the eruption that had pushed it above the waves.

The entire Volcano and northern Mariana area is a region of birth. While some of the new islands may sink again, the general trend is upward—and the nation possessing these groups may find its territory gratuitously increased several hundred-fold in the distant future by the forces of nature. The birth-pangs of a rising mountain-range are felt in the remarkable submarine volcanoes which shoot masses of mud and ashes out of the sea, accompanied by noisy and sometimes disastrous earthquakes. The stench of sulphur drifts through the air.

And as these sea bottoms heave upward, others farther east subside, to form troughs miles deep. Whenever these troughs sink, the water above them necessarily drops, only to be replaced by inflowing water. This inflow creates a vast rolling bulk commonly called a tidal wave, more accurately an earthquake wave. It inundates the shores of the islands, and may

sweep on to do damage on the coast of Japan. It was such an earthquake wave, Professor Hobbs points out, that in 1891 drowned some seven thousand Japanese. Lesser waves of this character suck boats down in the Bonin and Volcano harbours until they scrape on the rocks, then suddenly toss them high on the land.

To return to our stranded airman. If he is lucky, he has a kit in the seat-pad of his parachute and another in his rubber raft. But suppose he is tossed into the sea—as often happens—without benefit of either parachute or raft.

If he makes his way through the sulphurous, ash-streaked waters to an uninhabited and almost uninhabitable island, his immediate problems will surpass those of Robinson Crusoe. There will probably be no animals to snare, little vegetation that will prove edible, and no water unless a very recent rain has left some in cups in the rock.

He may wait for low tide, then dig a hole in the shore just below high-water mark. Sea water filtering through the volcanic ash into the hole will have lost most of its salt. It may taste sulphurous, but frequenters of some mineral springs pay good money to drink such water.

He may have to depend upon the sea for food. If he does not like it raw, and lacks both matches and fuel, it still may be possible to cook it. Issuing from fissures on the flanks of such cones as Uracas will be found slowly-oozing lava of about the consistency of glacial ice, but considerably different in temperature. A fish laid on this hot-plate will be broiled to a turn in a few minutes.

Where steam issues from deep cracks (and the cloud rising from the cracks and crater of a volcano is usually steam, not smoke) food may be hung in it. Birds' eggs suspended in a roughly-made basket can be boiled in the hot vapours. This is a common practice in the fumaroles of Japan.

But how get the fish? Every airman should be a good fisherman. No telling when he may need such knowledge. If he can improvise a hook and line he may catch small fish in the coves. Birds will often tell him where they are. Birds sometimes congregate so thickly over a school of fish and fight so fiercely that they pay little attention to an approach-



ing human. A well-thrown chunk of lava or a stick is apt to bring one down. The fish also are too fully occupied to take proper precautions, and one may be seized by a quick hand or impaled on an improvised harpoon.

The natives of the Pacific are adept in spearing fish, and the art is not a hard one to learn. The fisherman may wade through knee-high or hip-high water and spear the fish from



The back of one crab found in Japanese fishing grounds resembles a human face. Crabs of this sort are called *Heike gani* and are supposed to be the ghostly remains of the Hieke warriors killed in a famous twelfth century battle.

above, making nice allowance for the refraction of the water. Or he may swim beneath the surface in deeper water, or cling to a rock on the bottom until a fish comes within range.

Many of the Chamorro or Kanaka boys have trained themselves to swim so quietly under water that the fish does not become alarmed. The fisherman extends his arm and, when a fish comes near it, allows his fingers to touch the fish's belly and stroke gently forward. When the fingers are near the head they dart suddenly into the gills, get a good grip, and up come boy and fish.

Good fish *not* to catch are the parrot fish, identified by

large teeth like a parrot's beak, and the porcupine fish and puffer fish, both of which can be recognized by their way of swelling up like a balloon when scratched. All three of these fish are poisonous.

Perhaps the easiest way to catch fish is to lift out a mass of seaweed, very slowly, so as not to disturb its occupants, and shake it over the beach. Very small, but quite edible, fish may drop out. The jellyfish should be ignored, being poisonous. The crabs may be eaten if there is plenty of water to wash them down with, for they are salty.

The seaweed itself can generally be eaten, unless it belongs to one of the few inedible varieties. It is, of course, a staple food in Japan. It is high in vitamins and minerals, particularly iodine.

The octopus frequents these waters and is easily caught. You are not likely to find the big ones unless you are a deep-sea diver. The little ones hole up in the rocks near the surface. Their tentacles are regarded as a delicacy by Pacific peoples. Pampered Occidentals are apt to think them a bit rubbery.

But no one can scorn the turtle, and these seas are the big green turtle's favourite haunt. The best Parisian restaurant cannot prepare better turtle soup than the castaway can make for himself with the help of a little water and heat. Both the meat and blood of the turtle are nourishing. The eggs are fine. The turtle comes ashore to lay them, and the spot where they are buried may be found by following the turtle's trail over the sand. They are good, raw or cooked.

A turtle is readily captured if small. It comes ashore at night and moves slowly over the sand. If gripped by the shell near a hind leg it may be turned over and is then quite helpless. Helpless, except that one must keep out of the way of the jaws, which keep on snapping even after the head is cut off!

But a single Crusoe had better leave a really big turtle alone. A full-grown turtle may weigh a thousand pounds, as much as two horses; and it would take two horses, more or less, to turn it over. I saw three men on the shore of Tinian try to capture a big one. It moved ahead like a tank, carrying the three with it into the sea.

The natives spear such monsters in the water as they float asleep under the surface. Or, in a cove frequented by turtles, they toss in an *echeneis* (a kind of mackerel) with a string tied to its tail. This fish makes straight for a turtle and attaches itself to the shell by means of a sucking-disc. The fishermen can trace their way to the turtle by the string, then spear it.

The resources of these seas and of the larger islands are worth the attention of the future proprietors of the Bonins and Marianas.

One of the greatest bonito fishing-fields of the world is here. Bonin waters are famous for tuna. Sharks, once neglected but now much sought-after for their vitamin-rich livers, abound everywhere.

On the islands, except the inhospitable desert isles already mentioned, there are useful and valuable trees, including the coconut, the areca, pandanus, sago, sandalwood, rosewood, boxwood and ironwood. Also there are large groves of splendid breadfruit-trees, and scattered cacao-trees, whose nuts yield cocoa and chocolate. The great ylang-ylang-tree, some sixty feet high, is the source of a perfume as exquisite as attar of roses. Indigo, still prized by cloth dyers so old-fashioned as to demand a blue that will not fade, grows in the form of a tall herb of the pea family. Tobacco likes the climate so well that it grows wild. Flame-trees and tree-ferns beautify the landscape.

As for fruits, in a single meal on Saipan we sampled papaya, mango, sweetsop, cherimoya, pineapple, banana and water-melon, and declined half a dozen others.

Although Saipan is no heaven, it seems like one after passing through the savage isles to the north. The change is dramatic and cumulative. Each island shows a little more vegetation. They still seem hardly fit for human habitation, though a few fishing-boats are to be seen.

It is a relief to look at last upon the billowing sugarcane, coconut-plantations and groves of huge breadfruit-trees on the island of Saipan. Villages here and there show that man has found the island hospitable.

For the story of Saipan I respectfully refer the reader to

*Japan's Islands of Mystery.* But, since that was written, the experiences of Allied fighting men on this island give point to a few additional items about Saipan as we saw it during Japan's preparation for war.

Officials were alternated rapidly in the mandate, and we did not find the same governor twice in Saipan. On one of our visits to the island, having slipped ashore without permission, we were marched to the governor's office by a Japanese policeman, who kept repeating:

"Very bad. Very bad. So sorry for you."

We had visions of detention in a Saipan jail and of "questioning", the polite word of the Japanese for torture. As carried out by the *Kempeitai*, the Japanese Gestapo, it is an art in itself. Conducted with the aid of needles, cigarette-butts and more professional instruments, it is designed to make the victim confess having done what he never did. Following the confession comes a prison term without benefit of trial—or complete disappearance. Several foreigners who had entered the mandate, including Colonel Earl Ellis of the U.S. Marines, had not been heard of again.

But Governor Fushida, near-sighted, florid, with portly bay window, had had just enough liquor that day not to take life too seriously.

He squinted at us for a few moments, then reached into a drawer, drew out a clipping, looked at it, looked again at us, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"You are the foreigners who ride bicycles! Ha, ha, ha! I have your picture here. So funny!"

We laughed too, much to the distress of the police officer, who had been standing as straight and stern as a Nazi, hoping to hear sentence pronounced upon us.

An entertaining reporter in Japan had snapped us on our bicycles and printed the result in the Tokyo *Asahi*. Of course, it was not news that two people were riding bicycles. The bicycle was common enough in Japan—but that was just the point—it was so common that it was ridden only by common people. Farmers, labouring men, shop clerks, rode bicycles. Professional men or big business executives did not ride bicycles—or if they did they were considered very democratic and a little peculiar. And as for the foreign tourist, or the

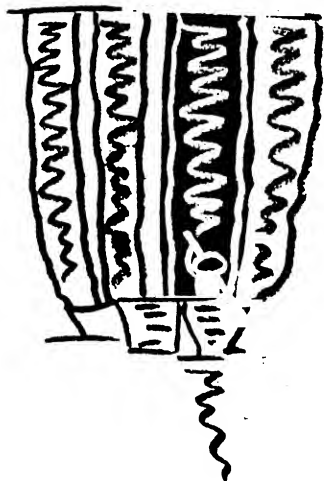
Embassy attaché, he was to be seen only in the shiniest of imported cars.

But living in a little fishing village, we had not felt compelled to keep up with the Joneses—or, rather, to keep up with the Joneses in that community of fishermen and peasants meant to ride a bicycle. So we had happily ridden.

The picture was our salvation. Preceding us to the South Seas, it lay in desk drawers or was tacked up on government office walls, and assured us of an amused welcome on many an island. We were considered ordinary folk. People who rode bicycles could hardly be arch spies.

"Let me know what I can do for you," insisted Governor Fushida. "You want to study the natural history of the island? A most interesting subject. I hope you can stay many days. I will take you around myself."

He was as good as his word. Of course, it was one way of keeping us from seeing what we should not see. And yet, any policeman could have done that. We saw a great deal—storing in our memories anything that hinted of the war that was even then plainly visible on the horizon, but putting into our notebooks only items of harmless interest.



The picturesque native craft of Chinese origin lingered on in Okinawa and Saipan waters in spite of invasion by swift Japanese motor boats which made fishing an industry.

The town of Garapan is, or was before it was reduced to blackened ruins, rather like a California town, where an old Spanish mission rubs elbows with brisk real estate offices.

In Garapan too was an old Spanish mission, still frequented by the Spanish Chamorros. Its bell-tower rose through dense neglected foliage near pillars left by a pre-historic race.

Over these relics of the past flowed the staccato sounds of Japanese speech and Japanese *geta*, wooden clogs, from a neighbouring business street. While the mission mouldered, a fresh new Shinto shrine received hundreds of visitors and the geisha house near-by did as well. A loud-speaker in front of a radio-store blared news of war in China.

Over the doors of the movie-theatre were lurid paintings illustrating two features: one a samurai story of medieval Japan, the other a war story of today. Thus Japan contrived to make the past live in the present.

Garapan swarmed with Japanese—or were they Japanese? Governor Fushida stopped to speak to one, a labouring man just in from the cane-fields. The man looked blank. When he spoke, it was the governor's turn to look blank.

"These Okinawans!" he shrugged, and walked away.

Seventy per cent of the Japanese on Saipan were imported labour from Okinawa. The Okinawan dialect is quite unintelligible to the people of Japan proper. The rather plodding Okinawans have been ruthlessly exploited by the smart mainland Japanese.

The Chamorros have fared even worse. The lands of these charming people of Spanish and Pacific ancestry have been expropriated by the Japanese, their labour has been impressed at starvation pay, their extermination has been hastened by an alien civilization. Yet they carried themselves with an air and lived clean cheerful lives in Spanish-style balconied houses.

We were lodged in the home of their headman. His house was run down, but spacious, cool, and always clean. Guitars were hung on the walls. In the evening they were taken down and twanged for dancing on the polished floor of the main room. Relatives and neighbours flocked in.

Also on the wall were coloured pictures of saints, for the

Chamorros became ardent Catholics during the days when Spain ruled the Marianas. They have found it hard to swallow the claim of the Japanese that their emperor is superior to the Christian God.

Our host's fourteen-year-old boy, with whom I shared a room, began to talk after the lights were turned out.

"It's very hard here," he said. "Some day I'm going to escape to Guam. I could get there in a sailboat. My father used to live there. He liked it—but there was no work. He came here to get work. Wherever the Japanese are, there is work—you've got to say that for them. But now he's sorry he ever came. They try to turn us into Japanese."

I had seen outside the school this boy attended, the vault built to contain the pictures of the emperor and empress.

"Do they make you worship the imperial pictures?"

"Of course. They put them up in the assembly-room and we must worship. But I have a cross on a string round my neck. It's under my shirt and they can't see it. I put my hand on it when I bow."

Extraordinary care is taken of the imperial pictures. The principal who allows such pictures to be destroyed is expected to commit hara-kiri. It would be interesting to know what happened when the sacred vaults of Saipan, with their portraits of the Nipponese god, were set aflame by American bombs.

The Governor took us to the village of Tanapako to see some megapodes, comical birds that waddle up to you if you strike two stones together. We saw several flying foxes, three feet from tip to tip; and fruit doves, gorgeously decked out in rose, green, yellow, orange and purple.

We tried to show but little interest in Tanapako Bay, then being dredged and docked for service as a naval base. A channel had been cut through the reef near the islet which the Japanese rather significantly called *Gunkanjima*, Battleship Island.

"Just for sugar shipments," said the Governor of this man-made harbour, the cost of which had disturbed the League of Nations Mandates Commission. However, it did not greatly disturb our boys when they arrived, because its limited space and single outlet made it a trap for the few ships it

contained. The real fighting of Saipan was not in either Tanapako or Magicienne Harbour, but in the hills.

We crossed the four-mile strait to Tinian. Across that strait later Allied artillery based on Saipan was to soften up Tinian for invasion.

Tinian was a great cane-field interspersed with groves of fine trees. Its chief village was made up of rows of dapper little Japanese houses, each set in its own miniature garden, and each equipped with a tank, into which rain water flowed from the roof.

Our guide, the young local superintendent of the sugar company, was thinking about importing a bride from Japan.

"Somebody you know?" I asked. "Or will your family pick her out?"

"Oh no. I would get her from the Brides' School."

An exile from Japan writing a scroll letter to the home folk. Brides for Japanese pioneers in the mandated islands were imported from Japan where they had been trained in the Brides' School.





The government has for some years conducted a "Brides' School" to train girls for life in the South Seas or Manchukuo. A young man making application for a bride must give his own history and state his characteristics and habits. A girl of corresponding nature is selected by the faculty and packed off. The applicant meets his mate at the dock, accepts her with as good grace as possible, whether she suits his fancy or not, and takes her to the town office, where they write their names in the marriage-book. That's all.

"How do such marriages work out?" I asked.

"Well," as we stopped before a tiny house where a young fellow was working in the garden, "Chigoro will tell you. He got one a year ago. How's the Honourable Back-of-the-House, Chigoro?"

Chigoro didn't tell. He was too embarrassed. But we got the impression that the blind mating in his case had not turned out too badly. If the wife is a willing drudge and gives both love and loyalty without demanding either, she is apt to suit the Japanese male.

Contrasting with the light modern houses of the village were the age-old monuments just outside it, great square pillars topped with stone hemispheres. Many had fallen in the earthquakes. Twelve still stood, but bombardment later destroyed all but one. In Spanish times the ruins were called *The Houses of the Ancients*. The pillars may have supported large buildings, perhaps temples. That is speculation. There were no inscriptions to throw light upon the puzzle.

On shipboard once more we passed the anchored aircraft carriers *Rota* and *Agiguan*, and then the blue cliffs of Guam. Our ship was, of course, Japanese, and would not be welcome at the American naval base. But that did not prevent Japanese passengers from lining the rail and yearning.

"What we could do with that!" one said to me plaintively. "The U.S. Navy is not interested in developing the island. Guam is three times the size of Saipan. Yet you get only \$100,000 worth of exports from the island in a year. We get \$7,000,000 worth out of Saipan."

It is true that Guam's possibilities are almost untouched, and it is hardly likely that they will be thoroughly exploited.

The really great value of the Marianas is today and per-

haps always will be, strategic. Their importance was conclusively proved in the war. Do you remember the days when everyone from the admirals down to the last radio commentator talked of the supposed necessity of landing on the China coast and bombing Japan from there? I recall that some of us were branded as "arm-chair strategists" (than which, apparently, nothing is worse) for urging that the Marianas were far better take-offs than the China coast for an attack upon Japan.

Well, the islands proved entirely adequate for the job. Even Chiang Kai-shek, who would naturally have welcomed a landing in China, referred to Saipan as "the gateway to Japan". Island-based air power broke Japan's will to fight.

And in the post-war Pacific, Okinawa, the Bonins, Saipan and Guam will constitute a natural "control tower" for all the western ocean. Within bomber radius of this great island stronghold lie the Netherlands Indies, Philippines, China, Korea, Manchuria, eastern Russia, Formosa, many hundreds of Pacific islands—and Japan.

True, we are assuming a very grave responsibility when we propose to establish a stronghold, whether American, Anglo-American, or international, under the very forehead of Asia.

Will it rouse a new cry of "Asia for the Asiatics"? Will it cause reaction in China or Asiatic Russia? Will Japan find it an intolerable thorn in her flesh a half-century from now? Admiral Spruance thinks so.

"It would be a sore point with us if a foreign power held a string of islands blockading our coast," he says. He terms Okinawa strategically valuable, but "potentially explosive".

With the development of atomic power, might not bases close to Asia be as easily wiped out by Asia as an enemy base in the West Indies could be destroyed overnight by an attack from the American mainland?

Are remote outposts too costly to maintain and defend?

With the sober declarations of scientists that it is even now possible for rocket-propelled missiles to span the oceans at one leap, do stepping-stones lose their value?

Will acquirement of these islands fall under the head of "territorial aggrandizement", or is there a certain mileage

under which acquisition of territory is not aggrandizement and above which it is?

Are we justified in imposing alien rule upon the natives of the islands, or does the fact that they number only hundreds of thousands, instead of millions, excuse us? Just how many persons do there have to be before the Anglo-American doctrine of the rights of the individual begin to operate?

If a Pacific police station is needed, should its operation be shared by all the Pacific powers through the United Nations? Or if the United States is to be the sole administrator, should she not at least obtain authorization under the trusteeship provisions of the United Nations charter?

I can ask these questions, but cannot answer them. Much statesmanlike thinking on the subject is needed in Washington, London and Moscow before final action is taken.

### 30:

## *If You're a Business-man, Look Out*

OUR haste in granting Japan a conditional surrender under which she was allowed to retain the chief instrument of militarism, the imperial dynasty, was due partly to the eagerness of American traders to get back to business as usual with the country which before the war was America's third best customer.

In Britain, too, financial interests pressed for an early peace, and advocated the retention of the *status quo* in Japan's government for the sake of "stability". This would make possible a quick resumption of the valuable trade Britain had built up with Japan during the days of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. And war-ravished Britain desperately needed immediate trade.

The demand for quick profits blotted out any thought of the long-term consequences of preserving the *status quo* in Japan. The militaristic wolf, now very thinly disguised by democratic sheep's clothing, may plot another war some thirty years hence. But that is a long way off. Many a dollar and pound will go over the counter before then.

As a Los Angeles exporter said to me: "Another war? Well, what of it? I'll be dead then."

But long before he is dead he will, if I am not mistaken, experience another very unhappy result of the appeasement of Japan's old gang.

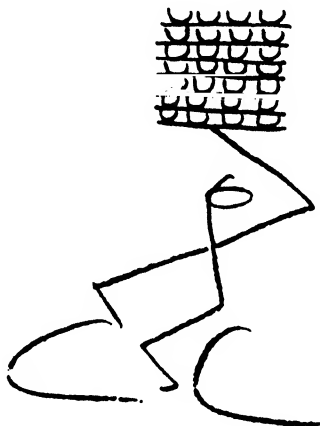
During the thirties many foreigners who had been doing business in Tokyo, Osaka or Kobe for years, packed up and went home, complaining that the Japanese had run them out of business. I saw them disappear, one by one, from the big round table in the American Club in Tokyo. Westinghouse, Harley-Davidson, General Motors, Ford, Eastman Kodak . . . they all saw the handwriting.

Japan was beginning to make her own small cars—6,000 Datsuns a month. She was building her own motor-cycles. She was making bicycles and selling them through Asia for twelve shillings each! She produced a camera that was the "spittin' image" of the Eastman Brownie and sold it for half the price.

In China, too, foreigners were being squeezed out by Japanese manœuvring. "Asia for the Asiatics" had not yet been taken up as a military slogan, but it was plainly the doctrine of the Japanese industrialists.

This campaign will certainly be resumed if we hesitate to make more than a superficial change in Japan's emperor-

Balancing trays of hot soup or other incredible burdens, cyclists go hurtling through the streets of Tokyo. Japan wiped out foreign competition in bicycle manufacture by turning out a machine that could be sold for twelve shillings.



military-industry combination. An industry powerfully subsidized by the state, and a state built on the principle of the divine rights of kings, will mean unending and underhanded war against the West.

Why underhanded? Because there will have been no modification of Japan's moral code: "Whatever will advance Japan is right." This grows out of the conception that Japan with her imperial line "unbroken for ages eternal" is above all other lands, and superior to ordinary standards of right and wrong.

In international affairs, it means that if a treaty bars Japan's path, the treaty must be broken. In business affairs it means that double-dealing with foreigners is loyalty to Nippon.

The Japanese are honest enough in dealing with each other. Thefts are rare. Prices in stores are fixed and reasonable. There is not a great deal of bribery and corruption, even in politics. The Japanese respect each other's rights.

But foreign nations are fair game.

A British firm may spend twenty years on research—then have its product pirated by a Japanese manufacturer. He will reproduce it faithfully, even to the British maker's trademark. He may patent it in Japan, printing his paper application in some small paper in a remote part of the country, where no foreigner is likely to see it. Then the British manufacturer is actually barred from selling his own product in Japan.

A famous hat-maker was refused permission to advertise his own name in Japan or sell his hats because a Japanese had registered the name and had thereby taken over the business.

A well-known American bathing-suit was appropriated by Japanese who manufactured it and sold it under the American name all over Asia.

A French perfume bottle has been reproduced exactly, including the label. The only thing that is different about it is the perfume.

"Genuine Old Scotch Whisky" is made in Osaka. Matches turned out in a village near Kobe are marked "Made in Sweden". Empty British jam-jars bearing a famous label are refilled and sold. A little factory village was dubbed U.S.A.

because so many things labelled "Made in U.S.A." were made there.

I bought a can of shoe-polish of my favourite brand and discovered too late from the legend printed on the can that I had been cheated. Only one slight error in the printing exposed the counterfeiter. What was intended to be "U.S.A." had come out "U.S.N."

Piracy came closer home when one of my books published in Britain and America was translated into Japanese and printed in Japan without benefit of author. I demanded payment without avail—but was amused when the Japanese Army, objecting to certain passages in the book, banned its sale, and the pirate publisher was left holding the bag.

Put together sharp practice, exploited labour and executive ability, and you have a combination that has made Japan formidable both in world trade and in war.

Executive ability. Too many of us still under-rate it, conveniently forgetting Japan's astounding record. She built up

American and British products and designs have been systematically pirated by Japan. Even Betty Boop has been pressed into service to hold a sign advertising tobacco.



in a few decades a mechanistic power sufficient to keep the world's greatest industrial nation fighting for nearly four years in the Pacific. True, her armaments were inferior to ours. But have we any assurance that the astonishing advance in mechanical skill during the last forty years will not be continued? Japan began by following us—are we smug enough to think that she will always follow?

Well, here are a few straws in the wind.

Consider the Japanese cotton industry. Manchester cotton men taught the Japanese how to spin cotton, and sold them looms. Soon Japan was able to make cotton shirts, send them half-way round the world and sell them in the stores of Manchester for less than shirts made in Manchester.

But that wasn't the worst of it. A Japanese by the name of Toyoda invented a better loom. It would do more with less attention. While in a Lancashire mill one girl could tend eight machines, now in a Japanese mill one girl could tend sixty.

Lancashire stubbornly refused to believe it. It was only when all world markets were flooded with Japanese cottons at prices from a third to a tenth those of Lancashire, and the cotton capital of the globe had definitely moved to Japan, that Lancashire men went to Japan to study the cotton industry. They took no looms with them this time—instead after they had inspected the Japanese mills, they paid a million yen for the license rights to use the Toyoda Loom in Lancashire.

By the time they got the new looms working, Japanese engineers had begun to improve the design to make their own looms more efficient. Their success is indicated by this amazing fact: before the war stopped trade, Japan could buy raw cotton in India, pay the freight on it to Japan, process it, pay freight back to India, pay an import duty, and sell the goods in India for less than the price of cottons made in India.

To beat Lancashire, where manufacturing costs are high, is one thing. To beat India, where costs are even less than in Japan, is another thing, and gives sober warning to the textile industry throughout the world.

Japan has long been first in silk. She has produced nearly

seventy per cent of the world's silk supply. This is not because the silkworm will not do its job in any other country or climate, but because Japan has scientifically bred better silkworms, distributed silkworm eggs adapted to each district, and equipped her mills with the latest machinery.

The West searched for a way to get round her and developed "artificial silk", later called rayon. Japan saw the silk industry threatened. But she promptly stole a march on Western competitors by becoming her own competitor. She built rayon plants and was soon exporting more rayon than any other country in the world.

"The Japanese copy everything, invent nothing."

This familiar comment is only half true. The Japanese do copy everything. But they invent as well.

The Imperial Patent Bureau employs 800 skilled examiners to handle the 100,000 patent applications a year. About 20,000 inventions annually are allowed patents. Industrialists in Europe and America watch Japanese inventions carefully and acquire many of them.

A magnet steel that has revolutionized certain electrical instruments the world over was invented by a Japanese. The rights to manufacture this alloy in Germany were bought by the Bosch Magneto Company for \$300,000.

The inventor of a new electric battery did better. He sold the American patent rights for \$1,000,000.

We think our typewriter, which turns an alphabet of twenty-six letters into words, a miracle. Consider, then, the Japanese typewriter, which carries 3,000 characters.

At an Invention Exposition in Tokyo these were some of the devices exhibited: a talking motion-picture projector for home use; a home television outfit; a non-dazzling electric-light bulb; auto headlights that could be turned in various directions; something to tell whether an egg is bad without opening it; building material made out of waste rice-hulls; and a movie camera that would make 60,000 exposures a second, and was fast enough to photograph the movement of sound-waves.

"Japan has learned much from the West—now she feels it her duty to pay back the debt," I was told by Dr. Kinoshita, Director of Research in the Tokyo University of Engineering.



He took me into a dark, mysterious room, where nothing was happening. Fantastic apparatus stood silent.

"There are sounds here, but you can't hear them," he said. "We are studying super-sonic waves—sounds that cannot be heard because they are too high. But if brought under control they will be of great use in secret signalling."

This is a curious university. Its purpose is not mainly to teach, but to invent. Every man in it must invent—or leave.

On a pool of water a new buoy was demonstrated to me by its inventor. It far excelled the buoy with the oil, gas or even electric lamp. It gave out a fog-piercing light from neon tubes. But how could neon light be produced far out at sea? By the motion of the waves. The friction made an electric current which activated the mercury in the tubes and there was light. The device has been exhibited at various American expositions.

I was taken though a maze of departments where new inventions were being developed. Here was a researcher working on a synthetic rubber. Another was making a paint that would not peel; another, cement that would not crack. Another was experimenting with an electric organ that could be played without touching it, but merely by passing one's hand through the air.

We entered a storeroom that was like a refrigerator.

"You won't want to stay here long," my companion told me. "The temperature is forty degrees below zero."

"But what's the idea?"

"To reproduce the Manchurian winter. You see these materials. They are being tested to learn how they will stand up under climatic conditions such as our colonists find in Manchukuo."

We went out, and presently entered another room that was hot and steaming.

The temperature here is 100 degrees and the relative humidity 85 degrees. This is the tropics inside four walls. You see, Japan already has outposts in the tropics—and it may be that some day Japan will be very largely an equatorial nation—who can tell?" He gave me a side-long smile. "At any rate, we must be scientifically ready for that day, if it comes. Therefore, we are developing building materials,

foods, clothing, medicines, adapted for use in such climates."

We went to the Division of Architecture, where experiments were being made in the construction of steel-and-stone buildings that should be both bomb-proof and earthquake-proof.

"We know that Japan is exposed to attacks from the air," said Dr. Kinoshita. "But if enemy bombardiers ever come over our large cities, they will be surprised at the resistance of our modern buildings." This forecast came true. While Japanese houses burned like kindling wood, some factories and public buildings showed remarkable strength.

"Everyone here," I said, "seems to have one eye on his instruments and the other on international politics."

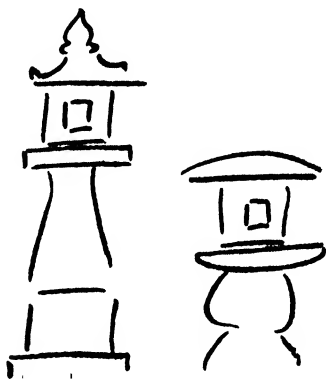
"We are scientists, second," answered Dr. Kinoshita. "First, we are Japanese."

That is the most dangerous aspect of Japanese science. It is science for Japan, not science for the world. Your true scientist is devoted to the extension of human knowledge, regardless of political boundaries. But the Japanese scientist is apt to astonish you by a sudden remark showing his belief in the very unscientific myth of the descent of the emperor from the Sun Goddess, and the right of this heaven-descended one to rule the earth.

War stimulated invention in Japan.

Lacking metals, the Japanese made radio-sets, hinges, door-handles and what not out of waste fibre. Lacking felt, they

Temple gardens were formerly lighted by stone lanterns holding a cup of sputtering oil. Today the lanterns are still there, but unlighted. Electric and neon signs serve religion as well as commerce.



used a substitute made of seaweed and peanut-shells. Lacking leather, they processed fish-skins into leather. Lacking wool, they made it or something like it from soya beans. Lacking phonograph needles of steel, they made them of bamboo. Lacking enough rice to make saké, they brewed saké from acorns. Lacking iron for bicycles, they made bicycles of fibre and cardboard. Lacking petrol, they made automobile-motors run on charcoal.

The skill of the Japanese in such arts as water-colour painting, lacquer, cloisonné, embroidery, dwarf trees, tray landscapes, and flower arrangement, is well known. And the Japanese garden, with its miniature charm and its precisely-calculated distances and perspectives, is unlike any other garden in the world.

It will not do to underestimate the creative ability of our recent enemy.

Fate has given us the opportunity to determine how this creative power shall be used. If we muff the job, if we go coy about "interfering in Japan's internal affairs", if we forget how she interfered in our internal affairs and will again if there is no radical change in her *status quo*, we shall deserve exclusion from Asiatic markets.

Our "interference" must be fair if it is to be enduring. It must give Japan the right to buy raw materials freely and to sell in foreign markets, and allow her to develop non-war industries. At the same time, it must end the monopoly of the *Zaibatsu*, require industries to stand on their own feet without state coddling, and so raise the wages and living standards of workers that there will be some basis of fair competition between Japanese goods and those produced in a country where a factory hand is a human being.

### 31:

## *Do the Japanese Need More Room?*

ALREADY we are beginning to hear again Japan's favourite complaint of the past and her chief excuse for aggression—lack of room for her growing millions.

There would seem, on the surface, to be very good reason for such complaint. Japan's empire has been reduced from a war-time high of 3,000,000 square miles to 148,000, a little more than half the size of Texas. In this land are crowded approximately 75,000,000 Japanese. They stand 507 to the square mile. In crowded Europe only Belgium, Britain and the Netherlands are more densely populated.

But the Japanese has still a better argument. In the three countries just mentioned, much of the land is cultivable. But it is claimed that in mountainous Japan only twenty per cent of the land can be cultivated, and only fifteen per cent is.

Population density in Japan is placed at 2,750 per square mile of arable land, the world record. The corresponding figure for England is 2,170, for Italy, 819, for Germany, 806, for France, 467, and for the United States, 229.

Figures don't lie—but they sometimes have their tongue in their cheek. These pathetic statistics are built round the



More sons, has been the constant cry of a militaristic government. Each son is signalled by a carp flown during the annual Boys' Festival.

implication that only arable land is worthy of consideration.

How about the land upon which the hundreds of cities and towns are built? Is that not also valuable—in fact, far more valuable than farm land?

How about the rugged country of the coal- and metal-mines? How about the mountains, with their roaring streams, which give Japan the highest potential ratio of hydro-electric power in the world? How about the rocky spurs embracing the scores of fine harbours providing unlimited facilities for Japan's merchant marine?

How about the millions of acres of forest land in rough terrain that will never yield to the plough, but nevertheless produces rich revenue?

How about the surrounding seas, which have placed Japan first among the nations in the value of its fisheries? How about the extensive fields of edible seaweed cultivated in the shallow bays?

Moreover, arable land in Japan cannot be counted off against ours acre for acre.

An acre in Japan is quite different from an acre in the United States—different in the way it is used. The Japanese, strictly speaking, are not farmers, but gardeners. Vegetables and rice do not require large acreage. The Japanese have not turned to gardens because they were compelled to do so. Even when the land was not crowded, the Japanese diet made little use of wheat, barley, oats or corn.

Beans, radishes and carrots took little land. Fish, so large an element in the diet, required none at all.

In Japan meat is traditionally taboo—therefore large pasturage is unnecessary. The use of land for garden truck rather than for grazing, means an enormous saving. If cattle eat the yield of the soil, and we eat the cattle, we are not by any means extracting all the food value possible from that soil.

According to soil scientist Hopkins in his *Soil Fertility and Permanent Agriculture*, we get in the form of meat only four pounds of food out of every hundred pounds of dry substance eaten by cattle. Thus an acre of garden land in Japan is equal in food production to twenty-five acres of grazing land in the United States.

There is, of course, only one possible reason for need of

arable land, and that is need of food. The plain fact is that Japan has never in the last half-century lacked for food.

She has had famines, but they have always been of a purely local character, confined to small districts, and could have been avoided by better distribution, and by relaxation of the government policy of rice hoarding.

Her peasants have suffered, not because they could not raise enough food, but because so much of their income was taken from them to finance war industry.

At the present moment Japan needs food, and any nation would, which had deliberately distorted its economy by eight years of war. But in peace-time, and even in the semi-war years of 1931-7, agriculture has supplied ninety-five per cent of the nation's food requirements. Few countries in the world have such a record.

In all major food-crops, except rice, Japan has been self-sufficient. There is no reason why Japan cannot continue to buy any additional rice she needs from Korea, or Indo-China or Siam. Also, as pointed out in the chapter on the peasant, there are new lands available within Japan for rice culture.

While Britain has lived largely upon imported food, Japan, in normal years has imported almost none.

Her vast farmlands of the ocean have provided her with 4,000,000 tons of the 17,000,000 million tons of fish caught annually in the world. Of the 3,000,000 of the world's people engaged directly in fishing, 2,000,000 are Japanese.

Certainly, it can be shown that a Japanese eats less than an Occidental. But it should also be mentioned at the same time that a four-foot-ten-inch man does not require the food of a five-foot-ten-inch man. The average weight of the Japanese man is 110 pounds, of the American, 150 pounds. And the more severe climate of Britain and northern Europe makes necessary a higher food consumption than in the Riviera-like south-east littoral of Nippon, where most Japanese live.

The bio-chemist, Dr. Egerton Charles Grey, spent a year in Japan investigating the food situation for the League of Nations. He reported:

"It cannot be claimed that there is any shortage in the quantity of food in Japan when the government statistics show a daily supply of three pounds of food per head."

The hollowness of Japan's claims that she needs more territory to which her crowded farmers can emigrate, is shown in the fact that when she had it she did not use it.

She gained access to Manchuria by means of war against Russia in 1904-5. But during the next twenty-five years "fewer Japanese migrated to Manchuria than died in the war to make this possible". In 1931 she completely took over Manchuria. She organized a colonization programme, offered free passage to Manchuria, and free land, *and* government loans of from 1,000 to 5,000 yen per family! Each village of colonists was guaranteed free schools, a physician, a veterinary, hospitals and free seed.

But in spite of all this largesse, Japanese peasants preferred to stay at home. They all knew that in Manchuria, under Japanese rule, they would be subject sooner or later to the same exorbitant taxes they had suffered in Japan, and that they would have to compete with native farmers whose standard of living was lower. Only 750,000 Japanese civilians went to Manchuria, and eighty-nine per cent of them were government and business people, not farmers.

A migration of 750,000 was less than Japan's normal population increase in a single year.

As against Japan's record of 750,000 in the forty years since the Russo-Japanese War, consider China's. Without the slightest artificial inducement, until Japan stopped them, Chinese flooded into Manchuria at the rate of a million a year from the over-populated Chinese provinces of Shantung and Hopei. Today there are some forty million Chinese civilians in Manchuria, most of them immigrants from China. And but three-quarters of a million Japanese.

As for Korea, there are actually 200,000 more Koreans in Japan than Japanese in Korea. There are practically no Japanese peasants in Korea. The Japanese civilian population numbers only 600,000.

In rich Formosa, Japanese-owned since 1896, statistics for 1941 gave the population as 6,000,000, of whom less than 300,000 were Japanese civilians.

About 100,000 Japanese went to the mandated islands. There are that many babies born in Japan in forty days.

The Japanese have refused to emigrate. They have refused

to because they do not need to, or do not need to badly enough.

Even in restricted post-war Japan there is new land for those who want it. Hokkaido waits. This northern-most of the four Japanese islands has a population density of only fifty-eight per square mile, as against 307 in the other islands. One-quarter of Japan, it has one-twentieth of the population.



The Hokkaido house has fewer windows, warmer walls, for the weather is colder than on the east coast of Honshu. If Hokkaido had its full proportion of Japanese, its population would be 18,750,000 instead of 3,300,000.

If it had its full quota, or one-quarter of the population, there would be 18,750,000 Japanese in Hokkaido, instead of the present 3,300,000.

Only half of Hokkaido's 4,000,000 arable acres are being cultivated. The soil is rich. There are mountains, but no more in proportion than in Honshu. The chief objection seems to be to the climate. The average year-round temperature is 40 degrees Fahrenheit. That is cool. So colonization plans for Hokkaido have failed. But when Japan genuinely needs more room, they will succeed. When it comes to a choice between shivering and starving, Hokkaido will have visitors.



"But what of the future?" the Japanese say. "Our population has been increasing at the rate of 1,000,000 a year."

Why allow it to increase so rapidly?

Why should it increase at all?

The most advanced nations are nearing a population balance. Demographers expect United States population to halt at some 160,000,000 in 1975, after which there will be a slow decline. European countries will turn the corner even sooner. Dr. Warren S. Thompson, Director of the Scripps Foundation for Research in Population Problems, lists as European countries in which there is little or no natural increase: The United Kingdom, France, Scandinavia, Holland, Germany, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, the Baltic countries, Belgium, Finland, Switzerland and Italy.

He concludes in his interesting book, *Plenty of People*, that "most of these countries will have fewer people three to five decades hence than they have now. . . . In some of them, e.g., the United Kingdom, France and Sweden, the decline in population may begin within a decade or two, while in others it may be four or five decades off. But as a group these countries cannot be expected to grow much in the future. In the United States, where conditions are more favourable for growth than in most of the others, it appears probable that we may add another fifteen to twenty per cent to our population in the next thirty-five or forty years, before we begin to decline".

Considering American natural resources, Dr. Thompson advises a government policy directed not toward an active increase in the population, but toward maintaining it at about 160,000,000 after it reaches that figure. In certain sparsely-settled countries such as Australia, New Zealand and Brazil, he would recommend policies leading to fairly rapid increase.

"In my judgment, the population policies of any country should concern themselves with the adjustment of population to its resources, giving consideration to the manner of life it considers good."

On this basis, he "would not advocate even the maintenance of present numbers if I were a native of England, of Germany, or Italy, and I certainly would not if I were a native of China, or Japan, or of India".

Japan will be doing herself serious injury by allowing unbridled population increase. Fortunately for her, natural controls are already beginning to operate. The Japanese birth-rate, for a while the highest in the world, had even before the war begun to decline. During Japan's war the decline has been more marked. The natural increase, which had been over 1,000,000 a year, was 973,000 in 1937, 669,000 in 1938, 653,000 in 1939 and only 238,000 in 1940. Whether it continued this remarkable decline in the remaining years of the war, we do not know, but there is no reason why there should have been any sharp reversal of the trend.

Of course, war records are not conclusive. The figure may now be expected to rise again. However, that rise will be curbed by the inevitably high death-rate, due to war's aftermath of debilitation and disease. The yearly increase may never again touch the 500,000 mark.

In Western countries, industrialization, with the flow of people to the cities, has been the chief factor in slowing down population growth. The same cause is operating strongly in Japan. The Japanese city birth-rate is only 25.92, as against 32.35 for country dwellers.

Allied occupation will have a curbing effect upon unrestrained breeding if it succeeds in loosening the chains of the depressed classes. If the standard of living of these classes rises, there will be fewer children—it is always so. Persons accustomed to better living limit the family to make good living possible.

We may hope that another result of Allied leadership will be the emancipation of women, and this also will mean a decline in the birth-rate.

Dr. Thompson estimates that Japan's population may rise another thirty-two per cent, halting at 96,000,00 in perhaps 1970.

To assure this result or a better one, Japan should immediately discontinue propaganda and bonuses for large families. If there are any bonuses, they should be given to small families, or to bachelors or spinsters. That sounds heretical, I know, but from now on Japan will best be served by those who relieve rather than aggravate the human drain upon limited resources.

Baroness Ishimoto, advocate of birth-control and political rights for women, was jailed in 1937. Her co-worker, Yuka Ikeda, had all her fingers broken in a police attempt to stop her agitation for family limitation.

In 1941 the Imperial Planning Board launched a new programme for raising the birth-rate "so as to maintain predominance in Greater East Asia". Men were to be persuaded to marry at twenty-five instead of the average age of twenty-eight, women at twenty-one instead of twenty-four. Each couple was urged to have five children. Public marriage-bureaus were established, birth-control prohibited. The government, egged on by the army societies, encouraged "mass marriages" in which wedding expenses were cut by marrying many couples, at a time. It subsidized newly-weds, guaranteed housing and wages, and awarded medals and bonuses to large breeders. Parents who had few children were suspects.

In our village I saw a member of the dreaded Japanese Gestapo call at the home of my friend, the village charcoal merchant. The latter came to me later in great distress.



Children in quick succession have been demanded of the Japanese woman. The government's propagation campaign required five children from each married couple.

"The Black Current [a secret society] sent that man. They want to know why I have no children. I explained that my wife was barren. They demanded that I put her away and take another."

He stood out against the demand. Soon he received another warning. His wife, realizing that her husband's life was in danger, and that she stood in the way of the national propagation policy, solved the problem in her own way.

She committed, *jigai*, throat-piercing, the Japanese's women's traditional form of suicide.

Concerning Japan's propagation campaign, statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company as quoted in the *New York Times*, said:

"There is an obvious incongruity in a national policy that demands more room for excess population at the same time that it urges its people to reproduce more abundantly. There certainly cannot be much sympathy for an illogical programme that offers bonuses and all kinds of bribes to the average family to breed more freely, while on the other hand it claims that excess population is justified for its territorial robberies."

If, as Dr. Thompson estimates, the Japanese population will reach an equilibrium of 96,000,000 in the 1970s, or, as the eminent Japanese scholar Dr. T. Uyeda has calculated, it will be stabilized at about 80,000,000 by 1955, can Japan support this population?

There is every indication that she can and will—and at a standard of living far above that of the past.

Before Perry landed Japan had but 30,000,000 people. That was too many for a country with such poor production facilities, and wholesale infanticide and abortion were practised to keep down the population.

Since that time the population has more than doubled, but the food supply has increased even more rapidly. For example, whereas the population grew sixty-three per cent between 1880 and 1930, rice production expanded ninety-eight per cent.

Japan's industrialization has raised the standard of living to a point several times higher than when there were less than half as many people. Japan will continue industrializ-

ing. Indeed, her only hope of survival as a nation is industrialization.

An industrial city economy will tolerate a density impossible in a purely agrarian economy. Agricultural China is over-populated, although there are fewer people to the mile than in semi-industrial Japan.

What is over-population? Japan's density of 507 to the square mile may seem excessive. And yet New York City, with a density of some 24,000 to the square mile, is not over-populated.

In other words, over-population or under-population does not depend upon the number of people to the square mile, but upon the productive facilities and power of those people. It depends also upon their access to food supplies, as New York has access to near-by agricultural states and to foreign lands, and as Japan should have access to agricultural Asia. Japan must also have freedom in her foreign trade. With these provisos, a factory Japan can support a population of from eighty to one hundred million on an unprecedented level of well-being, without necessity of resort to plots of territorial aggression.

## 32:

### *These Men Ruined Japan*

So, Japan's aggressions have not been due to population pressure, but to an overweening ambition to dominate Asia and the world. Economic and population problems have been, not the causes, but the excuses.

The five men whose towering conceit and greed have played so large a part in the ruin of Japan will soon be tried, or may have been by the time these words are read. They are Araki, Tojo, Doihara, Itagaki and Hashimoto. They by no means represent a complete list of the top war criminals. But candid portraits of these few may afford a glimpse of the problem of the Occupation in stamping out militarism.

These men may die. But for every one who dies there will be thousands of younger men who have been trained by them,

but are not considered of sufficient importance to be required to pay with their lives. Will these youngsters forget their training in a night, a year, a decade?

In order to understand the incredibly distorted vision of these men, old and young alike, it is necessary to study the chief source of their frenzied inspiration—General Araki.

General Sadao Araki, older than the others, was their teacher. He was president of the Staff College. The "younger officers" (and Tojo, Doihara and the rest fell in that category in the twenties and thirties) idolized him—perhaps chiefly because they never quite understood him.

"The incredible Araki" was as mystical as Gandhi, as Spartan in his living, as sincere and magnetic, and possessed of marvellous oratorical gifts of inspiration and obfuscation.

"How did you like it?" I asked a student who had just listened to a two-hour harangue.

"Wonderful!" he breathed.

"What did he say?"

"Well, I don't know. It was a little deep for me."

General Araki spoke without notes, his voice ringing, the long points of his moustache trembling with the earnestness of his delivery. He never waited for words. "They are given to me," he once said. He believed some higher power spoke through him—and those who listened to him were inclined to believe it too.

He was intensely spiritual, or spiritistic. One fairly saw the spirits hovering about him. His face glowed as he told his followers of the joy of the goddess Amaterasu over Japan's holy crusade in Asia.

"It was the will of our Ancestress," he said, "that a paradise should be made of chaos". The Ancestress commanded her emperor descendants to organize expeditions against "those who would not submit to good rule". The divine Japanese race must carry out this holy task. He made young men fiercely proud to belong to the Imperial Army. He constantly referred to the army as "the messenger of world peace".

"It is Japan's mission to gratify the Imperial Way to the end of the four seas."

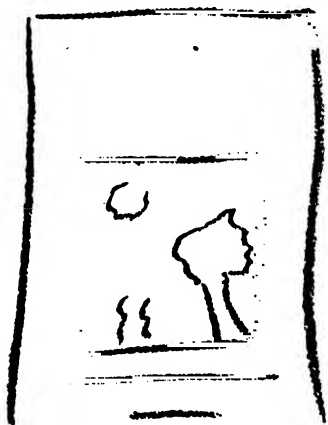
Expansion is a religious duty. "Our imperial morality . . . must be preached and spread over the whole world." The suffering globe so sorely needs Japan. "We Japanese cannot but turn back to teach the Europeans and Americans. This is no longer the time for importations from Europe and America, but exportations from Japan."

It is strange that the Japanese gods-on-earth could have been tainted by contact with common men, but so it is. "The pure, noble and lofty Japanese mind has been darkened by the clouds of western utilitarianism". But now the great Nippon race must rise from its slumber to "embrace the universe as its state".

How could an economically weak nation accomplish this? He brushed such considerations aside.

"The inadequacy of strength is not worth our worry. Why should we worry about that which is material. Everything depends upon our power."

When Araki said power he meant spiritual power. He was fatalistic and superstitious. When a number of us visited his house it was not surprising to find just inside the door the traditional spirit-screen designed to stop evil spirits. But it was disconcerting to stumble over a tiger's head, and to encounter another hanging on the wall, and come upon another baring its teeth in the shadows of an alcove. Araki



Just inside the door of a traditional Japanese house you must go round a screen. It is the spirit screen, designed to keep out devils, which are supposed to be able to travel only in a straight line.

attached great importance to the fact that he was born under the sign of the tiger. "We must ride the tiger," he said, implying that Japan must be willing to take great risks.

He feared old age and enshrined in his home a large stuffed tortoise and a stately stuffed crane, symbols of longevity. On a sacred shelf was the household's Shinto shrine. Beneath it hung a "thousand-stitch-belt", a sash embroidered with a thousand stitches, made by as many people, and supposed to protect the soldier who wears it against the bullets of the enemy. And in a glass case were some hairs of the sacred horse of Ise.

Except for these museum pieces, the house was plain and frugal. Araki was born poor and remained poor in spirit. He disapproved of creature comforts, never drank saké, got exercise by fencing with a featureless dummy, which he could imagine to be an Englishman or American or evil spirit at will, started his son in the army at the bottom as a private, and combined humility as an individual with the most towering arrogance as a son of Nippon.

He had one personal vanity. As he talked to you he doodled a rough sketch of a tiger on a piece of paper and, at the close of the interview, signed the paper with a flourish and handed it to you as a souvenir.

He was very dear to the soldiers, not only because he had glorified them by calling down the blessing of Heaven upon their murderous aggressions in Asia, but because his heart could be as tender as a woman's. He urged the soldier to fall on his sword rather than surrender, yet he wept when a recruit's feelings were hurt.

The last time I saw him was in my home village. Hayama, the fishing village where the emperor had his summer residence, was a rendezvous of famous men. One day I was in a little bean-curd store when an officer entered. He spoke to Mori, the proprietor, whose son's ashes had just been sent back to him from China. He did not introduce himself, but I could not mistake his identity when he launched into mystical consolations on the theme that the spirit of the dead soldier-son would continue to fight with the armies of Nippon. What he said would have seemed incomprehensible nonsense if set down in black and white, yet the tone of his voice



brought tears to stoical Mori and his wife, who stood behind him in the entrance to their living-quarters. I slipped out before the interview was finished.

Even when Araki was Minister of War he took time to go incognito to the homes of bereaved or from bed to bed in army hospitals dispensing comforting folderol about the high priesthood of the Japanese soldier.

Araki has not recently been active. But his influence remained the most active force in the army. It was largely responsible for the messianic band of starry-eyed, red-handed assassins, "the younger officers". The Japanese soul is sensitive. It seeks justification. Araki justified Japanese aggression, even though it should reach to the ends of the earth—in fact, only so would it fulfil the command of the Ancestress to "lead humanity into the world of light".

With such a magnificent crackpot as their spiritual leader, it is no wonder that the young officers were afflicted with what a Chinese writer diagnoses as *paranoia Nipponica*.

Paranoia, according to the dictionary, is "a chronic mental disorder, characterized by systematized delusions of persecution and of one's own greatness, sometimes with hallucinations".

With this definition in mind, consider Tojo. "We are the objects of persecution of powers which would encircle and strangle us," he said before Pearl Harbour; and added after that event, "Japan's strength is greater than that of all her enemies, because she is fighting in the cause of righteousness."

General Hideki Tojo, who became premier, war minister and home minister, wielding more power than any individual Japanese since the shogunate, suffered from an inferiority-superiority complex. He did not appear to feel inferior and superior by turns, but synchronously. The result was a nature in constant turmoil, and a cutting tongue that earned him the nickname, "The Razor". He for ever fought to rise above himself.

In the first place, he must rise above his appearance. Short and shapeless, his uniforms never fitted, his close-cropped hair grew unevenly, giving his head a mangy effect, his irregular moustache grew up into his nose and down into his soup.

His ears lay back like a fractious mule's. He looked out suspiciously at the world through horn-rimmed glasses.

His razor personality slashed through these physical handicaps. Before he spoke he was insignificant in a large gathering such as one at the Tokyo Club, where I saw him eclipsed by handsome officers and diplomats of all nations. After he spoke, if it were only ten words, you had a curious impression that there was no one else in the room.

He never said much, but it was always a violent opinion, coming like the crack of a whip. No one could dispute him. He would not permit it. He was right—so long as he was present. He had no patience with other people's views. He pulled himself up by his boot-straps and looked down upon lesser men.

"There is no use arguing," he told them. And there was no use. His ears flattened, his jaw projected. The foreign diplomat who crossed swords with him came out with the grumbled comment: "He's a stubborn fool," but the Japanese press exulted: "Our Razor is a man of unshakable determination." Which doubtless pleased the Razor and he became more unshakable.

He was not a stubborn fool. He was a man who was right part of the time, and made wrong right the rest of the time. He was not hampered by the inhibitions of a gentleman. Promises—they were devices to gain time. A nation that insisted upon keeping its promises was either foolish or knavish. He gave as a reason for war with America that "the United States insists upon the observance of the various treaties of the past". A pledge, he felt, should be broken when it no longer served "the realities of the situation".

One of the two characters of his name, Hideki, means "Brilliant Opportunity". His father, a famous strategist of the Russo-Japanese War, was ambitious for his son. He taught intense hatred for Russia which the son has often expressed at diplomatically inopportune moments. He taught that the yellow man's troubles were due to the white man.

Young Tojo, determined to follow his brilliant father, was graduated from the Military Academy in 1905 just at the close of the Russo-Japanese War. He was ready to begin, but his country was ready to quit. Militarism had spent itself.

The people wanted peace. The industrialists climbed into the saddle. Military appropriations were cut down. The army was reduced. Tojo and the other beginners took it as a personal humiliation. Then began a thirty-year struggle to place the militarists again on top of the heap.

Meanwhile Tojo was getting good training. He went to Germany in 1919 as military attaché and studied German military strategy. He came back to be instructor in the Staff College. Then he passed from one respectable routine command to another, but, behind the scenes, he was studying murder. He was a student of and later adviser to the fanatical Mitsuru Toyama, who advocated government by assassination and headed the terrorist organization known as the Black Dragon Society. The aged, mild-looking, bewhiskered Toyama taught a violent nationalism.

Some of the growing virulence which Tojo was storing up was expressed in the Tanaka Memorial which he helped to draft.

"Japan cannot remove the difficulties in Eastern Asia unless she adopts a policy of blood and iron. But in carrying out this policy we have to face the United States. . . . To control China we must first crush the United States. . . . In order to conquer the world. . . ."

He had practical war experience with the Kwantung Army in Manchuria from 1931 to 1938. Most striking of his exploits was an epic march of 375 miles across the Gobi Desert.

He became dreaded by the Kwantung Army itself when he was appointed head of the military gendarmerie or gestapo in Manchukuo. His job was to spy upon his comrades-in-arms, and he did it most efficiently. He went on to the post of Chief of Staff of the Kwantung Army. He came home from the wars to be Japan's Vice-Minister of War, then chief of the air force, then War Minister.

"Brilliant opportunity" came in October of 1941 when he displaced the meditative Konoye as Premier, but did not quit being War Minister. He worked eighteen hours a day and lived like a poor man. His wife was gentle, thrifty and prolific. She served her husband the plain, meagre food he desired; but was more bountiful with children, giving him seven.

"Look out for Tojo," I was told. Always close to gestapo

activities in Japan as well as in Manchuria, he was called The Bogey Man. Whenever a representative of the military police darkened my door I looked apprehensively for the shadow of The Bogey Man behind him. Tojo was credited in 1940 as responsible for the imprisonment and torture of sixteen Britishers; among them, James M. Cox, correspondent of the great English news service, Reuter's. Some time before, Cox had sat beside me at dinner. We were laughing over some news story at the expense of the Japanese militarists. His round cheerful face suddenly became serious and he wagged a fat finger at me.

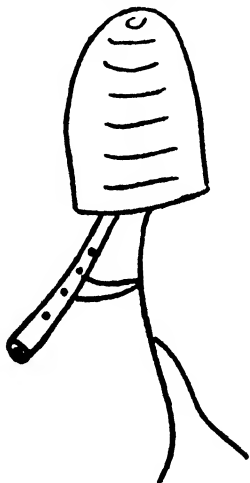
"But beware of The Bogey Man," he said.

The Bogey Man got him first. Under "questioning", the severity of which can be guessed, Cox leaped from an upper window of the Tokyo gendarmerie and was killed.

There was some satisfaction in the news that near the spot on the pavement where Cox met his death Tojo was later injured by the bullet of a Korean patriot. The Koreans, both those in Korea and the million in Manchuria, had no love for the termagant Tojo. They could give the warning of experience to India, whose people Tojo advised "to rise and obtain their liberty".

Even in Japan Tojo had only the love which his people

It was just as well to be suspicious of the meek-looking *komuso*, with basket over his head and flute to his lips. He might be a spy of "the Bogey Man", Tojo.



were able to feel for a gestapo spy. They did not doubt his sincerity. They trusted The Razor but did not embrace him. They disliked his sharp edge, but turned it towards the enemy, and completely believed him when he said: "Japan is determined to destroy the United States and Britain."

Tojo came to power through violence. The assassination squad, of which he was a member, so threatened the former government that it fled to cover. The Premier, Prince Konoye, was thought too mild. He could not be attacked because he was of royal blood. But his Vice-Premier, Baron Hiranuma, twice in three days barely escaped death. The Shinto priest whom the military extremists had appointed to commit the murder was arrested after the second shooting and proceeded to lecture the police on patriotism.

The never very bold Konoye resigned. The assassins took over. Two months later, Pearl Harbour. That this notable event should not be forgotten, Tojo established an annual Pearl Harbour Day. It was remembered only too well, not merely by the Japanese who after surrender demanded that he commit suicide, but by the Americans who, following his bungling attempt at *hara-kiri*, took him in custody and carefully nursed him that he might stand trial as War Criminal No. 1.

A ringleader in the extremist plot to oust Konoye, put the government in the army's pocket and attack America, was Doihara.

Air Chief General Kenji Doihara was as smooth as Tojo was rough. He was the kid-glove boy of the Kwantung Army. He went about making friends. He had a talent for it. I liked Doihara—couldn't help it.

Apparently General Eichelberger of the occupation army likes him too. Appointed, despite his flagrant record, to command the First Army, Doihara came to offer his wholehearted assistance. General Eichelberger seemed pleased with the interview and commented:

"He appeared courteous and co-operative."

But the Supreme Commander, who had not met Doihara and judged only by his record, two days later ordered his arrest.

There was a Mephisto somewhere inside Doihara, but you would never know it to look at his strong, considerate face. He showed an interest in you and your needs. Though smooth, he was not oily. He practised none of the sickening superficial courtesies. He seemed to have too much respect for you to be amiable or gracious or polite. His politeness appeared too sincere to be called politeness.

It was a pleasure to see him talk with the Chinese. He spoke their language perfectly—and that is a phenomenon, for the Japanese are miserable linguists—and he dealt with his guest on a man-to-man basis that must have been refreshing to Chinese accustomed to the usual touchy arrogance of the invaders.

He cleaned up after campaigns. In Manchuria and also in China he had been chiefly responsible for the harnessing of the local population to the will of the conquerors. He was called the Lawrence of Manchuria because of his skill in working with the native leaders. He was also dubbed the Prince of Puppetry, and most of Japan's puppets in Asia were Doihara-made.

His office in Mukden, where in 1933 he was interviewing possible Chinese puppets for the various departments of the new "Manchukuo" government, was cunningly suited to its purpose.

As I went in, a Chinese came out, all smiles. If he had been puppetized, it had been a pleasant operation. The room itself was pleasant. It was not so much an office as a drawing-room. Doihara rose to shake hands. His grip was firm and friendly. He seated his guest in an overstuffed chair while he took one less comfortable. He was not barricaded behind a desk. He offered cigarettes. Tea was brought in.

He did not wait for questions, but asked them—the visitor was drawn out, eased down, made to feel at home. Something pernicious was happening. It was hard to dislike this man. You began to understand the smile of the Chinese.

Doihara was wise enough to wear no uniform. He wore a Chinese gown, silk stockings and slippers. He was, almost, a Chinese gentleman.

Yet, lest the Chinese visitor might forget that there was an iron hand in the glove, behind the easy, friendly Doihara,

there hung on the wall an oil portrait of the same man in Japanese uniform, his chest buried under medals, his face stern.

There were the two Doiharas. If you rejected the man in slippers you would get the militarist in boots. The effect upon any Chinese who happened to be vacillating between patriotism and puppetry must have been decisive.

Doihara even seduced an emperor. He conceived the bright idea of placing on the Manchurian throne the last of the Manchu Dynasty to sit on the throne of China. The Emperor Hsuan T'ung, unseated when China became a republic, was living in Tientsin as Henry Pu-yi. Doihara stirred up riots in Tientsin, persuaded the timid Pu-yi that these riots endangered his life, and helped him to "escape" to Manchuria. There he was crowned Emperor Kang Teh. He was then consigned to a rickety old salt office in lieu of a palace, and forgotten.

Another of Doihara's puppets was Yin Ju-keng, false front of the Japanese aggressors in North China. Yin's "government" was installed in an old temple in Tungchow. One had to pass through streets of opium-shops to get there, for Tungchow was the headquarters of Japan's campaign to dope China.

There was a Confucian calm in the temple grounds and the bells that fringed the tiers of the twelve-hundred-year-old pagoda rang lightly in the wind as Yin, earnest, scholarly, told me of his plans for agriculture, industry, communications and banking in East Hopei.

I mentioned Doihara.

"Ah," he said, his face lighting up, "he is my friend."

Soon after, in 1937, Yin's Chinese troops broke bounds and slaughtered the Japanese in the famous Tungchow Massacre. Yin was not thought guilty of complicity in the uprising. Nevertheless, since he was responsible for his troops, he was arrested.

He was never heard of again, and it is Peking's guess that his friend Doihara had him quietly liquidated.

Doihara liked to do things backwards. If the Japanese wanted to attack the Chinese, he made the Chinese attack the Japanese. He was a maker of "incidents". He got the

credit for the Mukden Incident which "forced" Japan into war in Manchuria. A few months later he appeared at Harbin and soon took over that city—but not before he had made the conquest plausible by manufactured conflicts between Chinese factions which made intervention by the Japanese "necessary". He engineered similar incidents at Chinchow and the Marco Polo Bridge.

Doubtless he had a hand in the crowning incident by which the blame for Pearl Harbour was to be thrown upon Washington for not responding to Japan's heroic last-minute efforts, through her appointed dove, Kurusu, to preserve peace—this in spite of the obvious fact that the war machine had already been set in motion before Kurusu left Japan.

Doihara fooled many of his own people. The Japanese citizen, reading his closely censored newspaper, came away with a conception of Japan as a pure and unsullied maiden continually forced to defend her honour against a brutish world.

The Chinese met Doihara's wile with wile. Once Doihara, his bribes refused, informed General Han Fu-chu that he would not leave the house alive unless he agreed to the Japanese demands.

General Han looked at his watch.

"I expected something like that," he said. "So I left instructions with my troops to massacre all Japanese in the city if I did not return by midnight. It is now 11.25. Shall I stay?"

"You had better go," Doihara said. Han went.

General Ma so magnificently opposed the Japanese in Manchuria that, when he was defeated for lack of munitions, Doihara tried to bribe him to join the puppet regime. Ma promptly accepted a huge sum; turned it into munitions, and continued the fight.

When the great fixer offered Marshal Wu Pei-fu the puppetship of North China, the whimsical Wu bowed his gratitude for the honour, and made a long flowery speech of acceptance. He said in closing that he had only two small conditions to ask.

"Granted before you ask them," said Doihara, with victory in his grasp.

"They are only," said Wu, "that Chiang Kai-shek shall

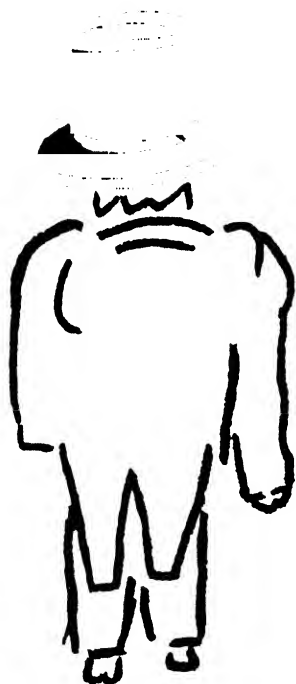


agree to my appointment; and that all Japanese troops shall quit China."

Whereupon he took his leave, still smiling and bowing.

So the way of the wily is hard. Doihara complained mournfully that the Chinese were insincere.

Although Doihara had brains, he was not The Brain of the Kwantung Army clique which, since 1931, has dominated Japan. Perhaps no one man can be called The Brain, for Japanese minds have a happy faculty for pooling their resources—but General Seishiro Itagaki is generally recognized as the most intelligent soldier in Japan. His was perhaps the chief intellect behind Japanese strategy.



Rear view of a false front. General Itagaki, dressed for the Imperial Garden Party.

It is strange that the most totalitarian institution in Japan should have been the most democratic. The Japanese Army lets poor boys make good.

The army of feudal days was limited to the samurai class. It was a nobleman's army. No peasant could become a soldier. On the contrary, a samurai soldier was free to kill a peasant for no other reason than to get practice in the wielding of his sword.

But the day of the samurai bully ended only a dozen years before Seishiro Itagaki was born. To give him birth, his mother could not take much time off from sludging knee-deep in the rice-paddies. His home was the typical back-country thatched farm-house with room for the ox in the kitchen.

In the new army the peasant boy had an even chance with the sons of shoguns, daimyos and samurai. He rose rapidly because he had a good head and a good stomach. He could both drink and think. The drinking made him popular and the thinking made him indispensable.

His capacity for liquor is a legend. During a three-day saké-swilling contest in Manchuria, his companions were put completely out of action, but Itagaki never missed drill, sat his lively horse securely and was fresh and alert.

He was a statesman in uniform. He was never a particularly good soldier—when he actually commanded a fighting detachment in 1938 his forces were trapped and 25,000 killed. He prepared to commit *hara-kiri*—but was persuaded that he would be more valuable alive than dead.

General Nishio said: "I'll do the fighting. Let Itagaki do the office work."

The "office work", as Itagaki handled it, was more important than the fighting. As chief of staff of the Kwantung Army he not only directed the fighters, but embarked upon broad experiments in statecraft. He created Manchukuo. He organized its government and its economy. Currently commander-in-chief of the army and "Japanese ambassador to Manchukuo", he was the actual though not titular head of the new state. He had always been Leftist, and one of the army's radical pamphleteers. He did not approve of capitalists. He left the great industrial families, Mitsui,

Iwasaki, Yasuda and Sumitomo, out in the cold. Industry in Manchukuo was army-made and army-ruled.

Whenever he had trouble with powerful interests he took his trouble straight to the emperor and told him what to tell him to do. With his policies so rubber-stamped, he was invincible.

He devised the Autonomous East Hopei Regime in North China, installed Wang Ching-wei at Nanking and wrote the "peace treaty" by which occupied China became Japan's vassal state.

No specialist himself, he made the broad plans which the specialists Doihara (the China man), Ishihara (the Russia man), and Tojo (the bogey man) carried out.

Tojo owes him much. When Itagaki became War Minister in 1938 he took Tojo in as his Vice-Minister. In 1940 he moved his man into his own former post as War Minister, and in 1941 helped push him into the premiership.

I have not described the general's personal appearance. Perhaps by sketching him as a sort of Machiavelli of statecraft I have led the reader to visualize a tall sinister figure with a thinker's brow and a cynic's eyes and mouth.

I looked for such a one in a group of officers at an Imperial Garden Party.

"Which one is Itagaki?" I whispered.

"That one—sitting under the cherry-tree."

A short, pudgy, paunchy merry-maker, his broad mouth open in a hearty laugh, sat on the ground, a plate of sandwiches balanced on one knee and a glass on the other.

That was Japan's master mind, Itagaki.

A more dangerous man, so far as the future is concerned, is Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto. He has been arrested by the occupation authorities for trial and possible execution.

But execution will not stop him.

He has already projected himself into the coming decades. Dead, he will rise again, five million strong.

Through the "Young Men's Federation", organized by Hashimoto, he has drilled five million youngsters in murder, hate and vengeance. The ultimate ideal taught in this organization is Japanese domination of the globe.

The lads are told that there is no hurry. The nation may lose one war, but there is another coming. They must be ready to take part in that next war.

These young firebrands have impatience with everything, even the brass hats and "old fogies" of the army. The world has been astonished by Japanese criticism of Tojo and Doihara. Much of that has emanated from this embryo of the Japanese Army of the future. So we have the "younger officers" who once were themselves assassins of the stand-patters now under suspicion by the younger younger officers!

The Hashimoto hate has been comprehensive. It embraced all moderate-minded Japanese and, of course, all foreigners irrespective of race or colour. He gave scant lip service to Japan's slogan: "Asia for the Asiatics". For him it should be rather: "The race of Yamato over all".

"No contact with foreigners," was a plank of his Federation. His method of accomplishing this seemed to be to make contact, and make it so disagreeably that the foreigners would flee from further contact.

With some two hundred of his young leaders he came on a summer's day to Hayama. There may be found one of the best beaches on the Japanese coast. It had always attracted the foreigners—and there were many on the beach that afternoon.

The newcomers whipped off their coats on the collars of which was blazoned their emblem, a white sun on a red field, the Japanese flag reversed. It symbolized that the purification of Japan could come only through blood. They proceeded to strip down to their G-strings. That was nothing new—all soldiers did so, but they usually limited themselves to a separate part of the beach.

Hashimoto's men tramped in among the reclining sun-bathers and began to play ball and tug-of-war and to wrestle. Some persons were stepped on, others were liberally showered with sand. A little old Scotch lady was tumbled over by a wrestling pair.

One of the wrestlers, his instinct for politeness getting the better of him, said:

"Please excuse. It is orders."

"You have orders to knock me over?" gasped the irate lady.

"Maybe yes. Please excuse."

Hashimoto stood on a knoll, watching with a sardonic smile. He was naked except for his string. His brown toad-like skin covered good muscles. He was tough, short and sour. When some of the foreign men approached him he walked away. The foreigners left the beach.

It was a complete victory for Hashimoto bad manners.

He used the same technique on the Yangtze, but there it led to an international incident and a letter from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan.

The first exchange of shots between American and Japanese armed forces in the twentieth century occurred then, not at Pearl Harbour—and Hashimoto had the honour of provoking them.

It was December of 1937. The Japanese were trying to take Nanking from the Chinese. The foreigners were a bit in their way. They had been evacuated from the city, but they were still lingering in the neighbourhood, the Americans on the U.S. gunboat *Panay*, the British on their gunboat *Ladybird*. Also there were some Standard Oil tankers and British merchant ships in the river. It was an uncomfortable situation for them, but they were too proud to sail away, since they considered the river no private property of the Japanese.

Bombs began to drop on them. Shore batteries opened fire on them. Hashimoto was in command of the shore batteries, and it is believed that he summoned the flyers who dropped the bombs. Hashimoto claims that he had received an order from Shanghai to "clear the Yangtze of shipping". He proceeded gleefully to take it literally, though knowing perfectly well that enemy shipping only was meant. He had long preached that Japan should push the white man out of Asia. Here was a chance to practise what he preached.

The *Panay* replied valiantly to both the air and shore attacks. Captain Hughes was struck down. Lieutenant Anders took over. Shot through the throat, he could not speak his orders. He wrote them in chalk on the deck—until a bullet went through his wrist and he could not write.

The ship sinking under them, the survivors took to the boats. Hashimoto's batteries machine-gunned them as they approached the shore. The attack continued as they landed

and fled into the marshes. In the half-frozen bogs they spent the night, and even there Hashimoto sent men to hound them out. They were to be taught such a lesson that white men should thereafter hesitate to interfere in Japan's Asia.

Japanese Army men were proud of Hashimoto. He had done what they all had wanted to do but had never dared. He was ostentatiously recalled from his post—but allowed to go unpunished—and in due time promoted to greater responsibilities.

But the Japanese people did not all feel quite the same way about it. Some were ashamed. The facts, at first suppressed in Japan, could no longer be concealed when the President sent his protest direct to Hirohito.

Japanese came to the American Embassy in Tokyo to apologize for their militarists and make gifts for the building of a new *Panay*. One woman astounded the ambassador's secretary, David Pile, when she drew a pair of scissors from her sleeve, cut off her hair, tied it with a ceremonial braid, stuck it with a white carnation, and laid it in his lap. It was a traditional gesture of atonement.

Hashimoto made murder pay. After every important murder he was advanced.

His most dramatic assassination was the coup of February 26, 1936, when young officers under his influence murdered the old-timers who were thought to be blocking Japan's "manifest destiny", the Lord Privy Seal, the Inspector General of Military Education, and the Finance Minister, and injured Count Makino and Grand Chamberlain Suzuki.

But the paper that morning did not spread the story across the front page. It was confined to a corner. The editor had evidently been warned to play down the incident. The story was brief and discreet. The word "murder" was avoided. It was said that soldiers under the command of certain patriotic officers had performed the slayings as a protest against corrupt conditions endangering the peace of mind of His Majesty.

Leaving our seashore village, we boarded a train at once for Tokyo to see what had happened. Tokyo was an armed camp. Martial law had been declared. The streets were deserted. Shops had closed and put down their iron shutters.

People stayed at home. Snow was falling. It was a bleak scene. Soldiers with fixed bayonets ordered the few pedestrians indoors. Every bridge across the numerous canals had been barricaded. Cavalry horses stamped about the court-yard of the Imperial Hotel. Trucks full of troops rolled by. There were no taxis running, no buses, no trolley-cars.

The "patriots" had entrenched themselves in the premier's residence and the Sanno Hotel near-by. The regular troops, not wanting bloodshed, attacked the rebels with leaflets dropped from planes. Those who would give themselves up were promised pardon. A few days of this moral suasion, and the rebels surrendered. They were popular heroes. Most acclaimed was the man behind the plot, Hashimoto. His motives were not questioned for a moment, even by relatives of the murdered statesmen.

The Premier, Admiral Okada, escaped by an odd miracle. His cousin, Colonel Matsuo, who resembled him, was shot in his place. Okada hid in a closet. When his death was announced his secretary came to the house asking to see the body. A rebel guard took him to the corpse, which he saw instantly was not that of his master.

The guard asked: "Are you sure this is Premier Okada?"

The quick-witted secretary swallowed his astonishment and said: "Yes."

He sparred for time. When the guard had left the room, he discovered Okada in a closet.

His method of extricating the Premier from his dilemma was ingenious. He got the permission of the rebels to bring friends to burn incense before the body. Then he invited none but old men who would look somewhat like his master. He arranged that they should all wear flu-masks (very commonly worn in Japan in the winter).

When they had assembled, he inconspicuously brought the premier into the group, heavy glasses over his eyes and a flu-mask over his lower face. He joined the others in burning incense before his own bier. Suddenly the secretary hustled him to the door, calling to the guards:

"Quick, a car. This old man is ill."

Okada was bundled into a car and whisked away.

But the emperor had already made a gift of imperial rice-

cakes to be offered to the spirit of the dead premier. It was most embarrassing to have him turn up alive. The public did not rejoice. It was felt that he should have stepped out of hiding and delivered himself up, and it was suggested that he should now commit *hara-kiri*. He didn't, and had to resign the premiership.

Hashimoto and his accomplices had hoped that the uprising would turn into a full-scale revolution. It did not, however, and the rebel officers were taken in hand for punishment. Because of the public demand, some of them received severe sentences. But the dreaded Hashimoto was merely asked to resign his post—only to be placed in a more important one later.

The rebellion had been an attempt to overthrow the capitalist-government and put in its place a military dictatorship.

Though it failed, Hashimoto did not abandon his purpose. He tried again on July 5, 1940. His men attempted the murder of Premier Admiral Yonai. They were caught and imprisoned. Hashimoto was not touched. Within ten days Yonai was out and Prince Konoye was in as premier—and his first act was to appoint Hashimoto on a committee to plan a "new structure" for Japan.

Court uniform of a general of the Guards in the Heian period. The uniform has changed since then, but the military man is the same.





The new structure took form as The Imperial Rule Assistance Association, which replaced all political parties, wiped out representative government, and put all power firmly in the hands of the militarist. And at the head of this powerful ruling group was none other than Hashimoto.

His youth movement had its headquarters in a large house in the holiest part of Tokyo, the vicinity of the Meiji Shrine. For his movement must have the glamour of religious fanaticism. He charged each boy only a yen (about a shilling) a year for membership. Some of the tenets of his Young Men's Federation were:

Assassination of obstructionists.

No contact with foreigners.

Abolition of all political parties.

Dictatorship.

Destruction of America and Britain.

Ultimate Japanese mastery of the world.

He had a colourful way of talking, calculated to delude starry-eyed youths who wanted to make the world better, but didn't exactly know how:

"Britain, the United States, and France are the sinking sun at dusk . . . National Socialists and Fascists are the crescent moon against the evening sky. The Soviets are a bright star of early night . . . but adequate only to illuminate a corner of the sky. Things can revive only in the morning sunlight of great Japan . . . I am looking far and wide for pure-hearted youths to work for the cause of the imperial nations, whose policy is to write itself in letters of fire in the eight corners of the universe."

Boys adored him. His influence upon them was devilish. I saw the lads of our village playing, with long atrocious knives, a game they called *Dai Nippon* (Great Japan). Each was assigned, just for good "fun", of course, to murder one man. Scarecrows in the rice-paddies served admirably as victims. One was the premier. Another was Roosevelt. Others were foreigners they knew personally, visitors to the village. The boys were not unfriendly to me, and willingly told me about their game. I felt that I had won their confidence and perhaps even a little of their regard.

"Who is that one?" I asked, indicating a scarecrow that a boy was valiantly stabbing until the straw stuffing spilled out of it.

"That is you," I was told.

The boys admired their leader's stoicism and abstinence. The comforts and pleasures of this world meant nothing to Hashimoto. He collected 5,000,000 yen a year in dues from the members of his Young Men's Federation, but lived a Spartan existence. Personal vanities were for fools, he said. His clothes were unpressed and he rarely bothered to shave. No temptations could draw him from his course. He was a devoted and sincere fanatic, and the fanaticism he has engendered in 5,000,000 youths is the more dangerous because of his misguided sincerity.

There will be little danger from this quarter during the occupation. The Japanese respect physical force. The organization itself, of course, has been dissolved—but that does not dissolve its effect. After the occupation is ended, it may be expected that members of Hashimoto's 5,000,000 will make use of whatever national discontent there may be at the moment to foment new trouble in the Pacific.

Re-education may get some of these boys. Unfortunately, most of them are already past their most impressionable years, and what has been burned into them is likely to stay. However, through press, radio and university, every effort must be made to win them away from their distorted conception of what makes a nation great.

### 3:

## *Yamamoto is Dead—but—*

HE proposed to go to the White House to dictate surrender. He made quite a start in that direction by his blow at Pearl Harbour. He saw the empire of Nippon extended until it embraced 3,000,000 square miles and half a billion people.

Then one day he sat in a plane, perhaps dreaming of his prospective visit to Washington, an American interceptor came down in a power-dive with guns blazing and the Commander-in-Chief of the Imperial Fleets joined his ancestors.

It was April 18, 1943, and the spot in the air was above Shortland Island, in the Northern Solomons. The Americans had succeeded in decoding secret Japanese messages which gave the exact movements of Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto on an inspection tour of Japanese bases.

In one flashing moment the greatest single victory of the war was won. For Yamamoto's genius was never touched by his successors.

Not only ability made him our great antagonist, but hate. There was no heat in his hate, only a cold, implacable fury, and the complete dedication of his life to the crushing of White superiority.

Yamamoto is dead, but there will be other Yamamotos. No better insight can be had into the psychology of Japanese military men, past *and future*, than by a study of the career of leather-faced, bullet-headed, bitter-hearted Yamamoto.

I met Isoroku Yamamoto long before he had become an admiral and unapproachable. But he was already hating, icily. It was in 1915. Fellow-passengers with my wife and myself on the *Awa Maru* from Seattle to Yokohama had been Baron and Baroness Uriu. They were good friends of the West. The baron, who could also lay claim to the title of admiral, had received his training at the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. His wife was a graduate of an American university—which one, I forget. She was a woman of charm and stamina. During the eighteen days of typhoon weather, as our snow-covered ship heaved and bucked along the stormy Great Circle route close to the Aleutians, she was the only woman to eat in the dining-saloon.

Shipboard friendship led to an invitation to visit the Urius at their home in Tokyo—rather, their two homes. One was strictly foreign, the other strictly Japanese. They stood in a grove on the summit of a hill overlooking the city. We were stiffly entertained in the foreign house, then walked through the garden sprinkled with April blossoms to the Japanese house, where the family did its real living. There our host and hostess visibly relaxed as they slipped the *geta* from their feet and stepped on to the familiar mats.

A previous guest who had been playing *go* with a young

man of the family rose to take his leave. He was a solid, square, rather grim fellow, evidently in his thirties.

"Don't go," said the baron, and he introduced Isoroku Yamamoto. "This is a magazine editor," he told him, "he will probably want your views."

"I don't mind telling him if he doesn't mind the truth," said Yamamoto gruffly. His English was curiously pronounced, but grammatically perfect.

I secretly resented his manner and turned my attention to the baron. I had no desire to hear this sprig's opinions, but I had been trying for three weeks now to draw out the baron's reminiscences. Here was the man who had fired the first shots of the Russo-Japanese war. Japan, using the pattern with which we are now bitterly familiar, struck first, declared war later. The first jubilation processions in the streets of Tokyo were in honour of Admiral Uriu's triumph at Chemulpo. But he would not talk. After an hour of pleasant nothings, he turned to me seriously with:

"I wish to be of service to you and I can think of no better way than to have you talk with young Yamamoto. I am—what you call—a goner. He is a comer." He gestured to Yamamoto. "Go, both of you, to the tea-house. While you are gone we will show Mrs. Price some brocades."

Yamamoto and I walked down the path to the tea-ceremony pavilion. It would have been hard to say which of us was the more sulky. We sat on the green *tatami*, the scent of past pourings of ceremonial tea mingling with the perfume of cherry-blossoms.

Well, I had to make the best of it. I began asking questions. Yamamoto answered them, always directly, sometimes brutally. That night I wrote it all down in my notebook and dismissed it. Who was Yamamoto? Why should anyone care about his story?

But when Pearl Harbour was blasted, Wake, Guam, and the Philippines attacked, the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* unbelievably sunk by aerial torpedoes, and Emperor Hirohito wired congratulations to a certain Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, the life purpose of this man began to mean something to us. I dug up my notes.

Young Yamamoto began to hate the West when his father told him tales of the hairy barbarians, creatures with an animal odour owing to their habit of eating flesh, who had come in their black shops, broken down the doors of Japan, threatened the Son of Heaven, trampled upon ancient customs, demanded indemnities, blown their long noses on cloths which they then put in their pockets instead of throwing away.

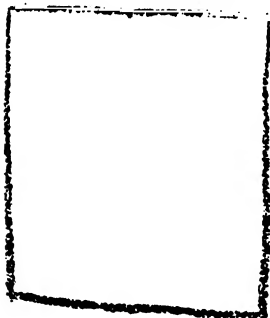
For many years the boy saw no foreigners—he could only imagine them. And he was a person of great imagination.

His boyhood home was in Nagaoka, in the bleak north-west of Japan, far across the Kiso range from the foreign ports of Yokohama and Kobe. The name of the province is Echigo, which means “behind the mountains”. It was so isolated that in feudal days it was used as a place of exile for political malcontents.

It became a brewing-pot of strong minds and bitter determinations, a breeding-place of heretics.

Yamamoto described his home-town with a fondness that seemed scarcely appropriate to this place of wind and snow and solitude. The mountain roads to the rest of Japan became nearly impassable early in autumn. The winter snows literally buried the town for four months. The small thatched-roofed houses disappeared. From above, an airman would have seen no town—only an unbroken white blanket.

But underneath this blanket life went on. The wide eaves of the houses protected the pavements. The outer edge of each walk had been walled, before the snow came, with upright



View of Nagaoka in winter. The snows buried Yamamoto's home town for four months of every year.

boards. In this wall were inserted at intervals windows of oiled paper. Against these windows lay the snow, but an uncertain light filtered through into the long corridor that flanked the fronts of the homes and shops.

Down this dimly-lighted hall it was possible to move in safety, even in the worst weather. At street corners, tunnels were dug across the streets. In these passages, many feet below the surface of the snow, large characters could be read with ease, and children studied their lessons as they walked home from school by tunnel and corridor and tunnel.

Except for the burrowings from one pavement to another, the snow that lay house-high down the middle of the street was not disturbed from autumn to spring.

Deep in these snowy catacombs there was protection for women and children—but men must still emerge through apertures in the surface, blinking in the strong light, and go on broad snow-shoes after wood, or carry goods from town to town, or hunt, or fish in the icy waters of the Sea of Japan, many miles away. There the boy got his first strong taste of the sea and liked it.

He spoke with a kind of sour satisfaction of the typhoons and blizzards, of the roping down of boat-houses to prevent them from being blown away, of the capsizing of a fishing-boat and his cold swim to a cavern in the cliff, where he had to stay two days until the sea had quieted and he could swim to a beach.

He learned how to fish for bream, sole, mackerel, octopus and sword-fish. He learned secrets of cloud, wind, and wave—and made up his mind either to be a fisherman when he grew up or to join the navy.

"Why did you choose the navy?" I asked him.

He smiled his frost-bitten smile. "I wanted to return Commodore Perry's visit."

His barbarian-hating father was named Teikichi Takano, a rather grim man, I gathered, and very poor. But after he died the boy was adopted into the more prosperous Yamamoto family. Such adoptions are common in Japan. A family without a male heir will adopt a son to perpetuate the line.

Young Isoroku found himself in a home that boasted the

largest and most sumptuously-gilded Buddhist shrine in any house in the town. Also there was a very plain *kamidana*, or god-shelf, bearing a simple miniature of a Shinto temple.

The army, dreaming already of world conquest, had sensed the value of Shinto in their plans. They had revived the ancient faith, given it new points of emphasis, made it a rallying-point for Japanese patriotism, emperor-worship, and the mission of divine Japan to dispel the darkness that enveloped a god-less globe.

All this suited Isoroku. He bowed only perfunctorily before



He bowed perfunctorily before the ancestral tablets.

the golden Buddha and the Yamamoto ancestral tablets—but he placed daily offerings on the god-shelf.

Not only was Shinto twisted to mean Japan-worship during Isoroku's impressionable years, but bushido was born at the same time. Of course, both he and the West were taught to think bushido as old as the Japanese race.

Japanese history, as Isoroku studied it in school, had been rewritten to suit the requirements of the new expansionist policy of Japan. To go forth and conquer, Young Japan must have fanatical faith in itself and contempt for the rest of the human race. This was accomplished by teaching myths that made gods of the Nipponese people, "Seed of the Sun," and cast a dubious light over the origin of all other human beings.

"Were you ever taught the Darwinian theory of evolution?" I asked Yamamoto.

"Yes—as a Western idea—and perhaps applying to the West. But our teachers always made clear the special place of the people of Yamato."

"You don't mean," I questioned, "the story of the gods Izanagi and Izanami, who gave birth to the Japanese islands and the people who inhabit them? No modern, educated Japanese would actually take such a legend seriously?"

Yamamoto stiffened. "Were there any other questions you wished to ask?"

I had a vision of a certain fundamentalist friend of mine who had once stiffened in just this fashion when I questioned her belief in the creation of the world in seven twenty-four-hour days, and the shaping of Adam from the dust of the earth. In matters of religion questions are not safe. Faith plays too large a part.

The Japanese self-exaltation is taught in childhood, thoroughly ingrained, soberly supported by scholars such as Hirata, who says: "From the fact of the divine descent of the Japanese people proceeds their immeasurable superiority to the natives of other countries in courage and intelligence.

I went on to the safer ground of questions regarding school routine.

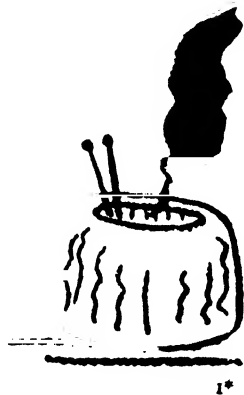
"Was school excused during bad weather?"

"On the contrary. During the mid-winter month, supposed to be the coldest, our hours were longer and our tasks were made much harder."

"What was the purpose of that?"

"To build endurance. The room was heated only by *hibachi* [braziers]. The temperature was half of what would

A room heated only by a *hibachi*, [brazier] attains half the temperature that would be considered necessary in a Western home.





be considered necessary in a foreign home. On the ninth day of the mid-winter month, thought to be the coldest day of the entire year, no fire whatever was allowed. We were given a hundred ideographs to write. We must keep at the task until it was finished, no matter if the brush-fingers became purple and frozen, and there was no feeling from the wrist down. When the work was done we thawed our hands by rubbing them in snow."

"A good preparation for pneumonia," I suggested.

"What does that matter?" he flashed. "The lioness pushes her cub over the cliff and leaves it to climb back alone. It is a Japanese proverb."

"What did you like best in school?"

"Drill."

I remembered my own school-days in Canada and the weekly drill when we dressed front in the school-yard, shouldered arms, presented arms, made right turns, left turns, and about turns. But it soon appeared that the drill Yamamoto was thinking of was nothing like this.

"We made long marches in the snow or rain. The worst weather was always chosen for these marches. We sometimes spent the night in the open. We stormed imaginary forts. We were taught manœuvres suited to various types of terrain: how to fight in the hills, on the plains, in the woods, in marshes, how to cross rivers, how to invade sea-coasts.

"When did this training begin?"

"When school began, at the age of six. But we didn't get rifles and uniforms with brass buttons until we entered middle school at twelve. The greatest sport was the annual military manœuvres of about ten thousand boys, drawn from schools all over the western provinces and divided into two armies, the one taking its position in strong entrenchments, the other attacking an hour before dawn. Regular army officers commanded us. Of course, we fired only blanks—but our rifles, grenades, machine-guns and field-guns were all the real thing—not dummies. It was good practice."

A trained militarist at seventeen, Yamamoto entered the Naval Academy at Yetajima on the Inland Sea near Hiroshima. Here he studied for three years and then spent

another year on the training-ships. The first of these training-ships was an old-fashioned square-rigged sailing-vessel.

"But why train on a windjammer for a navy that contains nothing but steamers?"

"Because a sailor's first duty is to learn the sea, not the ship. And you are on closer terms with the sea in a square-rigger. You learn the habits of currents, waves, winds, storms. Besides, it's a hard life. It makes sailors."

Such training, of course, is not peculiarly Japanese. In fact, Japan learned it from the sea-going English.

But Yamamoto, when I talked to him, did not give much credit to Westerners—who taught Japan most of what she learned about how to fight the West! He briefly traced the growth of the Imperial Navy.

The edict of the Shogun Iyemisu forbidding the construction of any ships large enough to leave the shelter of the coasts isolated Japan for more than two centuries. It was not until Commodore Perry's squadron arrived, with demands backed with force, that Japan saw the need of ships and guns.

The ban on shipbuilding was removed. A dockyard was constructed at Nagasaki, and a naval school started with the aid of the Dutch. The Imperial Navy began with two presents, one a six-gun paddle-wheel steamer from the Dutch, the other a four-gun yacht from the Queen of England.

The first ironclad in the new navy was the *Stonewall Jackson*, purchased from the United States. Other ships were bought and some built. The Powers seem to have taken a most benevolent interest in the budding navy, which was much too small and weak to be regarded seriously.

French engineers founded a dockyard at Yokosuka and taught all that the West knew about the construction of war-ships. Great Britain made the most significant contributions. She sent her naval officers as instructors to conduct a naval school at Yokohama and, later, a great naval college at Tokyo, where Admiral Douglas and thirty-three picked English officers and seamen laboured to create an expert personnel for the navy.

But Yamamoto principally emphasized the progress made since these outsiders had been dismissed and sent home. The Japanese, he pointed out, have a peculiar aptitude for the life

of the sea and show remarkable technical ability. He did not mention the early warships of Japanese construction that turned turtle because too many clever ideas had been incorporated in them.

Doubtless, the foreign fathers of the Nipponese fleet were very proud of their infant prodigy's performance in the war with China in 1894. They had even more reason for satisfaction at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War in 1904. Now Japan had seventy-six warships, including battleships, destroyers, and torpedo-boats.

Yamamoto, twenty-years-old, took part in this war as an ensign on the *Mikasa*, flagship of the great Togo. The war was begun, as I have said, by the gentlemen in whose tea-pavilion we now sat. Admiral Uriu challenged the Russian ship *Variag*, which should have been safe, since it lay in the neutral Korean port, Chemulpo. The commander of the *Variag* appealed to the captains of other foreign warships in the harbour to make joint resistance to the proposed violation of neutral waters. Some were willing, but the most important, the commander of the United States cruiser, *Vicksburg*, was not. His refusal reflected the pro-Japanese American attitude of that time. In effect, he opened Korea to the Japanese, and gave Nippon a start in the conquest of Asia. The *Variag* was sunk. Admiral Uriu landed troops, which took over Korea, and made it the land base for the attack upon Port Arthur.

The sea attack upon Port Arthur was begun by Admiral Togo. For many months he blockaded the port, trying in vain to tempt the Russian fleet to come out and fight. Ships that did venture out were sunk. Young Ensign Yamamoto had a perfect opportunity to observe at close range the tactics of one of the greatest naval strategists.

"There will never be another Togo," he said.

On May 27, 1905, the ensign was a participant, at least to the extent of two fingers, in what Hector C. Bywater has described as "the most decisive naval action in history". The main Russian fleet had taken seven months to come from the Baltic. It was wiped out in one day. The meeting took place in the Straits of Tsushima.

Why there? Yamamoto had heard Admiral Togo several days previously explain the reason for the selection of this

spot. It was here that the attempted invasion of Japan by Kublai Khan had been turned back seven centuries before. The souls of Japan's defenders who had died in that engagement would, Togo believed, fight beside him in this one.

With battleships and cruisers Togo steamed in ahead of the dog-tired Russian fleet, while ships commanded by Admiral Uriu and others closed in behind it. Above the head of Ensign Yamamoto, where he stood on the deck of the flagship *Mikasa*, rose Togo's famous signal:

"The fate of the Empire depends upon this battle. Let every man do his utmost."

After only ten minutes of firing, the turret of the Russian flagship, *Suvaroff*, was blown away and other Russian vessels were in flames. Within three-quarters of an hour the issue was decided. The Russian fleet, bogged down with store-ships and colliers, and blocked by sinking battleships, was in complete confusion.

At nightfall Togo withdrew his large ships and left his torpedo-boats to pick the bones—which they did so effectively that by morning only four of the original Russian fleet of twenty-seven remained. These were allowed to surrender.

Yamamoto came out of this epic fight minus two fingers, but plus the knowledge that the yellow man could whip the white. He had been a spectator of the first great triumph of the Asiatic over the Aryan. That seems to have set his life-pattern. Now that he knew it could be done, it must be done. The white man must be driven from Asia.

When he began to think of the airplane rather than the battleship as the means by which this would be accomplished, I do not know. He had been raised on deck. He had seen battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and torpedo-boats turn the tide of history. And yet, when I asked him which of these he believed would be the important war vessel of the future, he said:

"None of these. The most important ship of the future will be a ship to carry aeroplanes."

At that time, 1915, the aeroplane was a clumsy affair, and the aircraft-carrier remained in the womb of imagination. There had been a few experiments. America had been the pioneer. The first plane to take off from a ship's deck left a

temporary platform on the forward part of the U.S.S. *Birmingham*. The year was 1910 and the pilot, Eugene Ely. The first plane to land on a ship's deck was brought down by the same pilot on the stern of the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania* in 1911.

There was a tendency to regard these experiments as mere stunts. Four years had now passed and nothing more had been done with the idea. But it was fermenting in Yamamoto's brain. His superiors evidently gave it no attention.

Oddly enough, conservative Britain was the first to develop the fantastic scheme. The First World War brought home to her the need for a floating airdrome, and she completed the world's first aircraft-carrier in 1918. America commissioned the *Langley* in 1922, the *Lexington* and *Saratoga* in 1928. All navies were now alive to the idea. As Yamamoto and other air-minded men rose to power in the Nipponese navy, Japan took the lead, and she had on the morning of Pearl Harbour more aircraft-carriers than any other nation.

But we are ahead of our story. The brown, brusque man in the tea-pavilion who had suggested that the greatest surface ship of the future would be a mere handmaiden to the ship of the air, ended the interview on a sour note. I asked him the usual question about Japanese-American relations and expected the usual guff.

"They cannot mend until they break," he snapped.

I looked for some trace of melancholy in his manner, but found none. He evidently looked forward to the break with the liveliest anticipation.

A few days later I had a before-breakfast interview with Count Okuma, then premier. He had been limping about his garden since dawn. He always said that his best thoughts came early in the morning.

His early thought for me was: "I believe the entire East is to be bound together in one heart and one mind. And I believe that Japan has a mission in helping to bring this about."

Could there have been a more suave proposal of the most stupendous programme of aggression the world has yet known?

I spoke of my talk with Yamamoto.

"That young man," smiled Count Okuma, "will, I prophesy, be one of the instruments in the policy I have just mentioned."

But I found no one else who regarded Yamamoto seriously, and few who even knew of him. Certainly he meant nothing to Occidental readers. Yet as the years ticked by I noted his activities.

His name was always associated with planes and airfields. He became Chief Instructor in the Kasumigaura Naval Air Corps. Some caustic remarks came from him when the Washington Conference put the United States, Britain and Japan on a five-five-three naval ratio, Japan accepting the little end. He and other young radicals made life uneasy for Japanese representatives who had thus "humiliated" Japan.

He was Naval Attaché in the Japanese Embassy at Washington in 1925. He had much to do with United States naval officers, and they had reason to feel flattered by the keen interest he took in American naval technique. He learned English thoroughly and improved his game of poker.

He returned to Japan and was appointed commander of the *Isuzu*, then of the *Akagi*. But while he trod the deck he turned his eyes aloft. His voice was increasingly heard arguing for aircraft and aircraft-carriers.

He also talked oil. Japan had passed through the palanquin era and the riksha interlude, and as yet hardly realized that she was in the oil age. But Yamamoto had been raised on oil. Every summer at Nagaoka he had spent much of his time in the oil-fields just outside the town. Here was the richest oil-wells in Japan. For two hundred years oil had been known to exist here—but nothing much was done about it until 1876, when the Japanese government engaged an American geologist to survey the possibilities. His report was favourable. Wells were feverishly dug, Nagaoka talked oil, smelled oil, lived oil, and when Isoroku was six years old Echigo province was supplying ninety-nine per cent of the oil consumed in Japan.

The boy very naturally grew up oil-minded. He foresaw a civilization run on oil and by oil. He realized that oil was

the life-blood of mechanized warfare. His home province did not have enough for that, Japan did not have enough—but there was enough in the East Indies. Therefore the Japanese navy was destined to sail southward.

But it would never dare to do so if it were only a three navy as compared to America's five and Britain's five. He so bitterly attacked this "degradation" that he was chosen as the right man to go to London in 1934 and upset the five-five-three ratio.

Rear-Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, Special Envoy to the London Naval Parley, declared when he left Japan that he would read no newspapers on his way to England. He knew the subtle wiles of Westerners, and feared that his obduracy might be weakened by their arguments. He was determined to keep himself vacuum-fresh for London.

As he crossed the American continent he refused to see reporters. They were stopped by an interpreter, who blandly brushed them off with the explanation that the Admiral did not speak English. Those who believed it must have been considerably surprised when the envoy, upon stepping off the *Berengaria* on English soil, immediately broke into voluble English. He did not wait to be subjected to the persuasions of the conference table. Between gang-plank and taxi-cab he struck the blow that wrecked the London Naval Parley.

"Japan will not submit to the continuance of the ratio system. There is no possibility of any compromise by my government on that point."

After two months of talk the situation remained exactly where it had been when Yamamoto stepped off the boat. He stood for a "common upper limit". He assured his rivals that this was a matter of honour for Japan, and that his nation probably would not actually build up to that limit.

"If we grant paper parity," suggested Prime Minister MacDonald, "will Japan promise not to build up to it?"

"Very sorry, but no," answered the Japanese envoy. "Very sorry, but no."

He was entertained at many dinners and always ate and drank heartily, but it never mellowed him. On one such occasion a British guest, when the atmosphere seemed par-

ticularly congenial, leaned over to say to the Admiral: "Now, tell me just why you won't agree to the ratio."

The Admiral consumed the last particles of roast and vegetables on his plate, then laid down his knife and fork.

"I believe I am shorter than you are," he said.

"Yes."

"But you don't tell me that I ought to eat only three-fifths of the food on my plate. I eat as much as I need."



A strong motive force in the hate which Yamamoto and his kind were taught to bear toward the rest of the world was State Shinto. It was present in every home in the form of a *kamidana* or god shelf bearing a miniature Shinto temple, candles, and perhaps offerings of rice and vegetables in small dishes.

Even if he had desired to yield he would not have dared. If he had yielded he would not have lived. When it was rumoured in Japan that the ratio might win, the Black Dragon Society met and vowed that if this happened the Japanese envoy and all his aides should be assassinated.

The British suggested that if the ratio were abandoned the three powers should at least agree to an interchange of information, so that each should always know the building programmes of the others.

But it would be of value to Japan to know at all times what the others are building."

"We can find out," said Yamamoto bluntly. "But you can't find out what we're doing. So such an arrangement would be of no advantage to Japan."

His respect for aircraft-carriers was shown in his suggestion



that if Japan were given free rein in Asia she might agree to a world programme of disarmament, beginning with the aircraft-carrier.

"We consider the aircraft-carrier the most offensive of all armament. Now that we are all concerned with reducing the menace that any one country may be to any other, it would seem logical to get rid of the most menacing weapon first of all."

Whether his expressed willingness to disarm was genuine or was made to test his opponents, who can say? Certain it is that he showed no regret when the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922, first great venture of the human race to do away with armaments, lay in ruins in London, broken on the rock that he had provided for it. He went back to Japan and I happened to be in Tokyo when he arrived. A parade of admirals and two thousand members of reservist and patriotic associations, including the Black Dragons, who had pledged his death if he failed, welcomed him. He went to the palace to receive the congratulations of the emperor.

Time having been turned backward and the world plunged toward certain war, Japan rejoiced.

"A naval construction race," gloated the Navy Ministry in an official pamphlet, "may be regarded as a stage in the rapid expansion of our national strength. We therefore must be firmly resolved to overcome any difficulties that may arise ahead of us, so that the glorious position in which our Empire now finds itself may increase in glory.

From that time on Japan swiftly increased, if not in glory, at least in armament. Continually Yamamoto pressed for more aircraft and aircraft-carriers, even to the partial neglect of battleships

"How," someone asked, "can you expect to destroy a battleship, except with a battleship?"

"With torpedo-planes," replied Yamamoto, and he quoted a Japanese proverb: "The fiercest serpent may be overcome by a swarm of ants."

The sinking of the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* made his meaning clear.

It was a stroke of good luck for the Allies that this bitter lesson was driven home to us at the beginning of the war.

The sinking of two great dreadnaughts by small planes immediately set in motion revised policies that resulted not in fewer battleships, but in more planes to protect them and more anti-aircraft on deck, so that they could protect themselves. Yamamoto's destruction of two "serpents" by his swarm of winged ants launched America as the world's greatest air power.

The indelible impression left upon persons who knew Yamamoto or followed his career, was of the power of hate. Those who search for the economic causes of war are wise, provided they do not ignore the fact that emotion sometimes plays an even larger part than economics. Japan had made astounding material progress in the past half-century, yet she went to war with the white man. Behind all her logical or plausible reasons was a bitter resentment.

Why should the Japanese hate the white man? We should like to dismiss their hate as being merely a proof of their cussedness. But is it possible, just possible, that there may have been some justification for it? We shall consider that question later.

Yamamoto is gone, but there are tens of thousands of coming Yamamotos, all hating. Two ideologies, worth brotherhood and racial pride, are pitted against each other in Japan. It is impossible to forecast today which will win.

## 34:

### *Japan Prepares for the Next War*

THE day our occupation forces began to land in Japan a Japanese policeman was seen tearing down a poster.

An American officer snatched it from his hand and called an interpreter.

"A Hundred-Year-War" was the caption in large characters sprawled down the right side of the poster. Then, in vertical columns, reading leftward:

"Never has Great Nippon known defeat. The present difficulty is but a stepping-stone to the future. Rallying around

the Imperial Throne, fight on, for this is a HUNDRED-YEAR WAR."

For two years before surrender, according to Swiss observers who remained in Japan during the war, Japan had been building up the hundred-year war psychology.

"Those posters and others like them have been displayed everywhere. Also there have been huge painted signs using billboard space contributed by manufacturers. The newspapers have carried hundred-year war announcements in display advertising space, also in news stories and editorials. There have been hundred-year war films. Popular songs have been written on the theme. And radio commentators have been continually harping on it."

Envisaging defeat, Japan's militarists were laying their bets on the long future. Japan was being conditioned to lose one conflict but to prepare for another—and another and another, for a hundred years, if necessary, until Japan's programme of conquest is fulfilled.

It is not a new idea. When I was in Japan, before Pearl Harbour, I had a revealing conversation with a young officer in the Japanese Army.

He showed me a paragraph in his army text-book referring to the "imperial century".

"That is the coming century of war," he said. "At the end of it our emperor will rule the world."

"You look a long way ahead," I remarked.

"Not at all. Our country is 2,600 years old. To us a century is a short time. Of course, in our first war we may be beaten—but we can be patient."

"If you fight America and Britain you will be beaten so thoroughly that your army will be completely wiped out."

"You think that is possible?" he smiled. "Have you ever heard of the caves of Enoshima?"

He would say nothing more. Later I looked up the story of the caves of Enoshima.

When the Emperor Meiji came to the throne in 1868 on a platform of liberalism and progress, the militarists were forced underground. They met in the great caves beneath the island of Enoshima, and plotted eternal unrelenting war upon the foreigner and all foreign influence. They formed secret

societies to terrorize and assassinate Japanese liberals. The present war is the fruit of the labours of such clandestine organizations.

The grim prospect ahead of us is that after we have executed some hundreds of Japan's militaristic ringleaders, and have seen "liberals" placed in power, trouble-makers drawn from Japan's immense reservoir of 10,000,000 fighting men will be at work in the protective darkness of the secret societies, blocking movements towards democracy, secretly manufacturing armaments and training troops for the next episode in Japan's hundred-year war.

The Japanese secret societies are nothing like the Ku Klux Klan or the Italian Mafia. Such small and weak groups have never dominated the government. The Japanese Black Dragon Society has guided national policy—guided it mainly by assassinating premiers. It has never been brought to book for its bloody work. No one has ever been executed for killing a Japanese premier. It is always open season on prime ministers. Also finance ministers, industrial leaders and statesmen about the throne are fair game.

And the Black Dragon is only the best known of several score of organizations numbering millions of members. A few of the more powerful are the Cherry Society, the Ocean-Ocean Society, the Bright Clear Rule, the Purple Cloud Villa, The Society of the White Wolf, the Great Japan Spirit, the Imperial League of Young Officers.

Young army and navy officers provide the backbone of all the societies. Membership also includes millions of enlisted men and more millions of civilians. Still more millions of children have been trained to carry on the bloody activities of the societies in the future.

So far as their formal and visible organization is concerned, the societies have been dissolved. Really to wipe them out it would be necessary to exterminate the entire Japanese people.

In other words, it is impossible. It is as certain as sunrise that the societies will continue their anti-foreign, anti-liberal programme of violence now that the war is over; certain that they will sabotage the Allied army of occupation and any government it may help to set up; certain that they will bend

every effort towards fomenting a new war some decades hence.

The present Japanese campaign of compliance is designed to end the occupation as quickly as possible.

The best tools of the militarists are the genuine anti-militarists. We know the long struggle of such men as Ozaki and Kagawa for liberalism, and when they and hundreds of others speak words of penitence and peace we are impressed by their sincerity. The militarists can well afford to let these "starry idealists" speak their piece. There will be time enough to deal with them after the occupation is withdrawn. In the meantime they help to convince the West that Japan has seen the error of her ways.

That Japan's next secret weapon would be Christianity was predicted September 2, 1945, by John W. Hilton, son of missionaries in the Orient. The government, he thought, would sponsor a Christian movement among the people to win the confidence of Christian America and spur American preachers to campaign from their pulpits against keeping our "soldiers and sailors over there to oppress these harmless repentant Christian brothers across the sea".

It seemed a bit far-fetched when I read it, although I knew of Japan's mania for using religion as a political weapon. She not only subjugated her own people by means of Shinto emperor-worship—but, during the war, she assiduously told the Buddhist Burmese how Buddhist the Japanese were, proclaimed her emperor "Protector of Islam" in Moslem lands, reminded the Chinese that they and the Japanese were brother Confucianists, and dispatched evangelist Kagawa and a force of Japanese Catholic Sisters to the Philippines "in order to make known the moral qualities of the Japanese".

It soon appeared that Hilton was right. Only twenty-five days later, thirty Christian leaders were called together in the residence of Premier Prince Higashi-Kuni, and there they formed a Christian organization of international scope to be known as The International Peace Society, headed by Toyohiko Kagawa. The motives of Kagawa and other Christian leaders may not be doubted. But the motives of the militarist Prince and the old guard behind him should be clear, but probably will not be to many men and women of good will in the churches of America and Britain.

And while the peace-lovers are talking, the demobilized Japanese Army is bowing, sucking air, and saying nothing. America has a short memory and may forget what has been said in the past.

"We will probably have a war with your country," Congressman Walter H. Judd reports the Japanese as telling him when he worked under them as a missionary-physician in China in 1938. "We may not win the first time; but, if we do not win the first time, we will win the second time. And if we do not win the second time, then we will win the next time. Some day we Japanese will win."

About to withdraw from Java, the Japanese broadcast to the people their parting message over the Batavia radio:

"Japan is reckoning on a hundred years of war. If the present generation cannot fulfill the job, future generations will carry it on."

The Sultan of Johore reveals a remark of General Itagaki just before the Japanese surrender in Malaya:

"We hope the peace will last for twenty years. Then we will be here again."

"We have lost—but this is temporary," were the words of the government's radio spokesman when, on August 15th, he transmitted to the troops the emperor's order to surrender. "Japan's mistake was lack of material strength and scientific knowledge and equipment. This mistake we must amend."

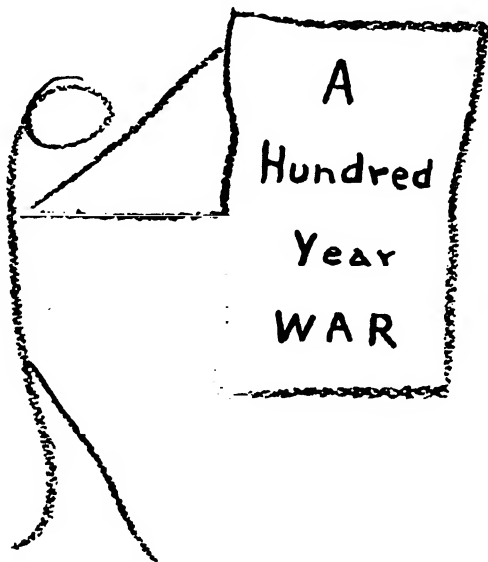
Broadcasts to the Japanese people explained that the surrender was only an armistice that would give Japan time to prepare for a second and more definite phase.

The newspaper *Yomiuri Hochi* related a pertinent bit of ancient history. Wu was beaten by Yueh; but through a life of self-deprivation and hardship, became fit to fight again and won the final victory.

Who could escape the moral?

The emperor's rescript of surrender (without the word "surrender") explained that the emperor was concluding the war because of his benevolent regard for the human race. The war if continued would "lead to the total extinction of human civilization . . . This is the reason why we have ordered the acceptance of the provisions of the joint declaration of the powers".

Imperial rescripts are immortal. That supposed to have been issued by the Emperor Jimmu twenty-six centuries ago is still quoted. Meiji's rescript on education is holy text in



The Japanese have been patiently propagandized to think of the recent conflict as only an episode of Japan's "hundred-year war" for "the emancipation of East Asia".

the schools, and his rescript to soldiers is committed to memory. In so far as Japan has a Bible, it is made up of the imperial rescripts. Those who with the emperor composed the surrender rescript well knew the time-bomb they were laying when they had him say:

"We cannot but express the deepest sense of regret to our allied nations of East Asia who have consistently co-operated with our empire towards the emancipation of East Asia. . . . Having been able to save . . . and maintain the structure of the Imperial State, we are always with you . . ."

This will go down through the years as a clarion-call from the emperor to his people to rise anew for "the emancipation of East Asia".

Even former ambassador Joseph Grew, always loath to cast undue suspicion upon Japanese motives, declared shortly before VJ Day that "the Japanese will begin preparing their next military empire at the very moment that they raise the white flag over the smoking ruins of this one".

Salty Admiral Halsey has no illusions about the soft-spoken Japanese, nor has his chief of Staff, Admiral Carney.

"The terriers have got to stay at the rat-hole—since we didn't kill the rat," Carney said. "We must have military pressure close at hand and continually exerted. These people think in terms of their grandchildren. And so must we."

It is too bad that we didn't kill the rat. "History may record," says Hanson Baldwin, military analyst of the *New York Times*, "that it would have been better for world peace had the war in the Pacific continued somewhat longer and had the Japanese Army been convinced finally and completely of defeat."

Well, we can't help that now. There is still a chance to win the peace, but only if we beware of such soft-headed nonsense as that attributed to General Eichelberger of the occupation forces:

"If the Japs continue acting as they are now, within a year this thing should be washed up. When an insular country loses its land, sea and air power and is without raw materials and has big countries sitting on its flanks, it can't be much of a threat."

The general should dip back into Japanese history. He would not need to go far. In 1891, only fifty years before Pearl Harbour, Japan was an insular country, had next to no land, sea or air power, was without raw materials, and had big countries (Russia, China, the United States) sitting on its flanks. Yet in five decades what a threat it did become!

Does the general imagine that, after a short occupation, this process cannot be repeated? And perhaps with more celerity this time because of the momentum already gained.

The economist and research specialist for the Institute of Pacific Relations, Dr. Thomas A. Bisson, after an analytical survey of what the Japanese have left, reports this conclusion:

"Their colonies may be lost, their navy sunk, their merchant marine destroyed, their military establishments



dismantled, their foreign assets seized, reparations exacted. Germany [in 1918] suffered most or all of these calamities, too. On its home islands Japan will still possess a disciplined, hard-working, literate people of 75,000,000. The labour power of these millions will rapidly re-create all the values taken away at the time of defeat. In ten or twenty or thirty years Japan will again be strong . . . As Japan grows strong again, the desire for revenge will develop."

Unless we show statesmanship of a high order, Japan will succeed even yet in raising up all Asia against us. She has made remarkable progress towards this objective during her nearly four years of occupation of Asiatic countries.

Mark, I do not say that she has taught Asiatics to love her. That is not the point. Many of them may hate her.

But she has made them politically conscious. Millions never heard before of such ideas as independence, and "Asia for the Asiatics". Many who have been numb and unresisting under British, French or Dutch rule have been stirred to demand rights formerly undreamed of. Japan, knowing for the past three years that she was likely to lose South-East Asia, has deliberately driven in her stakes so deeply that they will remain there until the next war.

Forty-five radio stations have broadcast in eighteen languages the crimes, real and imaginary, of the white man.

If there were formerly Chinese who did not know of the Opium War, there can be precious few today. Indians have been told and told again of the Amritsar massacre. French oppression in Indo-China, Dutch exploitation of the Netherlands Indies, have been portrayed in their blackest aspects.

Filipinos have been repeatedly reminded that America's first act in their land was to crush the Philippine Republic. American treatment of the negro is known now from one end of Asia to the other.

Countless millions of Asiatics have learned that the United States opposes independence for colonial peoples. Japan made full and diabolical use of America's unwillingness at the San Francisco Conference to endorse complete freedom for dependent peoples.

The Japanese-controlled air waves and newspapers of Asia

gleefully repeated the *New York Times* story of May 11, 1945, to the effect that the United States, Britain and France had all three "hesitated to list independence as an ultimate objective for dependent peoples in case this promise should eventually jeopardize the plan to create strategic bases in these areas". And the same paper's headlines of May 17 were put before the eye or drummed into the ear of Asia's millions:

"U.S. Will Oppose Colonial Liberty . . . Americans Indicate Line Up with Britain and France Against an Independence Pledge."

Again and again, film, press and radio have told the story of the precipitate flight of the white over-lords from their Asiatic possessions in 1942. That was a miracle. If it could be accomplished once, it can be again.

All this is telling propaganda, because there is truth in it. But the Japanese have gone much further. They have backed up their words with deeds. Knowing they must soon get out, they could afford to make extensive concessions to the colonials—concessions that would seriously embarrass the returning white overlords.

Remission of all land taxes was delightedly received by the Burmese. Independence was granted to Burma August 1, 1943. The Philippines celebrated independence October 14, 1943. Self-government was promised to Malaya and provincial and municipal councils entirely made up of Malaysians were established.

Although the Japanese did not get into India, they psychologically invaded it by establishing a "Provisional Government of Free India" under the leadership of Subhas Chandra Bose, whose prestige in India is only next to that of Gandhi and Nehru.

Netherlands India was promised freedom and Java for the first time partially governed itself through a newly-formed Javanese Central Council made up of native leaders.

Siam profited materially from Japanese occupation. She was presented with 26,770 square miles of territory sheered off from Burma and Malaya, and 21,750 from Indo-China. She can be expected to bellow like a stuck steer when these are wrested from her by the returning British and French.

Is it to be supposed that the people of South-East Asia will

easily let go these political gains? As a matter of fact, they are not doing so. There have been killings in the Philippines in protest to the retreat from "Independence Now" to "Independence When America Gets Ready". Riots greeted the return of the Dutch to Java, and far more serious trouble is now afoot. The Siamese are clinging bitterly to their new "rights". The Burmese demand that Britain accept the *status quo* in Burma, that is, independence.

In the meantime these countries, despite the demobilization of Japanese soldiers, are secretly infiltrated with Japanese agents whom it will be practically impossible to eradicate.

Some of these are Japanese who have gone native, others are natives who have gone Japanese. Their purpose is to sabotage the colonial governments, organize revolts, and propagandize the people in preparation for the ultimate struggle.

On September 27, 1945, an American colonel was killed and an American captain seriously wounded by a nationalistic group of Annamites called the Vietminh which had with Japanese approval announced the independence of Annam a few months before. The Vietminh, armed with Japanese machine-guns, resisted the return of French rule and resented the coming of British and Americans in the interest of restoring Annam to France.

Japan has been forced back into her home islands—yet she still pervades all Asia.

"We hate the Japanese," a prominent Hankow Chinese said after the Japs had been expelled. "But we have to recognize that they rid us of extra-territoriality and foreign concessions. They have given Asia an entirely new perspective on the relationship between Asiatic and European powers."

As we see the Japanese ferment working in Asia, and at the same time hear from Japan that the Japanese are "co-operative", "courteous", and "repentant" and have definitely resigned themselves to the future as a sixth-rate power, we are reminded of Gilbert's sage lines in *The Mikado*:

*Perhaps you suppose this throng  
Can't keep it up all day long?  
If that's your idea, you're wrong.*

But it is said that we will never allow the Japanese to rearm.

"Never" is a long word. American impatience is already beginning to take bites out of it. "Bring the boys home." An amazingly short "never" will elapse, we fear, before controls are gradually relaxed and the Japanese begin furtively to rearm.

Caches of concealed weapons have already been found. But, in the main, there will be no great effort to save the armaments of this war. They would be obsolete by the time the next war rolled round.

The Japanese strategy will perhaps be, first, to behave perfectly in order to win a quick end to the occupation, develop industries to restore the economic strength of the nation, sign the disarmament pact that will quite probably be evolved by the United Nations, and then, while other nations are disarming, rearm with the utmost secrecy.

Can they do it? They have done it in the past. Japan's pre-war deception was on a grand scale. Says Wilfrid Fleisher, veteran newspaper editor in Japan:

"No nation has perhaps so thoroughly dissimulated its military preparations and its industrial mobilization both from its own people and from the world at large."

American officers attached to the Japanese Army were carefully shown Japan's worst equipment. Clumsy manoeuvres were performed for their inspection: communications went wrong, the signalling system got snarled up, gunners seemed totally unable to hit their targets. At an aircraft exhibition in Tokyo the newest foreign planes were shown side by side with the most obsolete Japanese planes. In the annual New Year's parade of 1,000 planes over Tokyo only ancient ships took part. The new planes were not shown to Tokyo. They appeared first over Pearl Harbour.

So well did Japan conceal her air power that our competent military analyst, Major George Fielding Eliot, could say on November 10, 1941:

"As for Japanese air power, it is almost non-existent."

The *Statesman's Year Book*, sometimes called "the eyes of Britain" for its reliability, estimated the number of Japanese planes at the beginning of the war at about 3,660. But it

soon became clear that even in 1941 Japan produced 12,000 planes.

Germany rearmed. Japan, after we look away, can rearm.

Japan's "immutable policy" will not be abandoned. Outwardly acquiescent Japanese will repeat under their breath two rescripts: Hirohito's, enjoining "the emancipation of East Asia", and that attributed to Jimmu upon the founding of the empire:

"We shall build our capital all over the world and make the whole world our dominion".



Foo, the chimerical bird who is supposed to come to earth only upon the birth of a great emperor who will conquer the world. The Japanese have not given up hope of its appearance.

35:

## *The Job of the Occupation Government*

To prevent the next war and restore Japan to a peaceful role in the society of nations is the colossal task of the occupation government.

Rather, it is the task of the Japanese, with the help of the Occupation.

A popular misconception is that there are no liberals among the Japanese. There are many liberals. We have not heard much from them during the past few years, for they have been in jail. War-time Japan held some 20,000 Japanese as political prisoners. Thousands not in jail were kept under close surveillance.

I do not include under the head of liberals such men as Konoye, Hirota and the industrial barons who have at times criticized the militarists, but have gone along with them. The Japanese would call them moderates rather than liberals.

Beware of the moderates. They are men who do not know their own minds. They will readily team in with Allied control, and as readily betray it when and if reactionary forces get the upper hand.

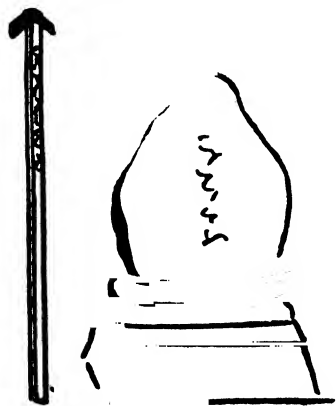
But the true liberals are those who refused to have any truck with the militarism of the past decade. They have steadfastly disapproved of government policy. They have not been allowed to hold office in recent years. Yet they are not without political experience. Some have led political parties, until they were suppressed. Some headed trade unions, until all unions were dissolved. Some led peasant organizations demanding agrarian reform—until such demands were labelled subversive and their advocates clapped in jail.

Among such liberals may be included the famous Minobe, expelled from the House of Peers for his theory that the emperor was responsible to the state; Tagawa, removed from the Diet and imprisoned because he did not support the China war; Takao Saito, expelled from the Diet for the same reason; Kanju Kato, trade union leader, imprisoned; Kaji, who cham-

pioned the rights of the Chinese; Okano, leader of the Japanese People's Liberation League organized by Japanese in Communist China for the purpose of overthrowing the Japanese oligarchy; Yukio Ozaki, once mayor of Tokyo and former Diet member who barely escaped execution on charges of lèse majesté; Baroness Ishimoto, imprisoned for advocating that Japan solve her population problem by birth control rather than foreign conquest; professor of politics Yokitatsu Takikawa, dismissed from Kyoto Imperial University for declaring that law must be determined by the economic needs of the country rather than by the will of an autocrat.

There are thousands of others who differ from these only in that they are not well known. Their zeal for reform is no less strong. Once the emperor-militarist clique is demoted, they will be available to help build a new Japan.

They cannot do it alone—the old forces are too strong. As Sumner Welles says: "There is not a shadow of a doubt that the Japanese military and naval commands will keep alive their organization and plan for an eventual day of revenge." President Truman's directive to MacArthur stipulates that if democratic forces in Japan rise up against the oligarchy the occupation forces are not to interfere. Presumably this does not mean that MacArthur should stand out of the way and give no help to either side. In that case he would be disobey-



Monument over the graves of three Japanese beheaded for attempting to start a rebellion. There are, and always have been, liberals in Japan.

ing another clause in the same directive, requiring him to see to it that militaristic and nationalistic influences are removed. However, the point is not made clear. Reports come that Japanese democrats are puzzled by this cloudiness in policy; how, they ask, can they whose only weapons are words overthrow the powerful privileged interests?

Neutrality will not be good enough. There must be no interference against legitimate uprisings, but plenty of interference in their behalf.

Such movements must be critically studied to make sure that their motives are really democratic. For it is not only likely, but certain, that reactionary militarist groups will disguise themselves as champions of the people and so endeavour to regain power. Once a movement is judged genuine, it should be supported to the limit.

Another dangerously vague point in our policy is the proposal that the Japanese may choose their own form of government, provided it is democratic.

Government by the people would today be, in effect, government by the ideas of the oligarchy of the past decade. Liberals should be used in the government under the Supreme Commander, but they should for the time being be appointed by him, not left to the chances of the vote. Only gradually during the period of re-education should the precious privilege of election be entrusted to the people.

Japan for the present is a ward of the United Nations. She is not an autonomous nation and should not be treated as one. You do not expect a cripple to run a race. No people who have grown up in serfdom should be asked to assume overnight all the responsibilities and obligations of free men.

The job of first importance is not the holding of elections under the old system, but the establishment of a new system. That means a new constitution. The constitution is the framework of the state. It will do no good to tack new shingles on the old framework; the structure may look changed, but it will still be fundamentally wrong. This is true in Japan because the framework is the divine dynasty.

The Japanese constitution grants all power, not to the people, but to the emperor. Is there any possibility of democratic development under a constitution that reads as follows:



"Having, by virtue of the glories of Our Ancestors, ascended the Throne of a lineal succession unbroken for ages eternal, [we] point out to what Our descendants and Our subjects and their descendants are for ever to conform."

There should be no revision of the present constitution. It is a travesty on human rights, deliberately designed to keep all power under oligarchic control. After an extended period of re-education, a constitutional assembly should be elected from representative democratic elements and a totally new constitution drafted.

There should be not one word in the new constitution concerning the emperor. There is no more necessity for such mention than there would be in the Italian constitution for mention of the Pope or in the American constitution for mention of the Presiding Bishop of the Methodist Church. In other words, the emperor, if the dynasty has not by that time been abolished, should be relegated to a purely "spiritual" role with absolutely no relation to the political structure of the state.

However, it is hoped that by that time there will be no emperor to mention. A most essential duty of the Occupation will be to achieve the abolition of the dynasty. Totally unlike the constitutional monarchy of Britain, the dynasty of Japan depends upon "divinity" for its hocus-pocus. It is too old and confirmed in its ways to be genuinely reformed, too dangerous to human rights to be allowed continued existence. So long as it remains, even in a passive or dormant state, it is there to be seized upon some day by a militaristic group.

It may be said that such a group could make a monarchy if none existed. Of course that would be possible—but difficult, for new economic and social interests would have entrenched themselves and would oppose a change in the system. Governmental machinery, once in a definite groove, is hard to dislocate. It would be infinitely easier for an insurgent group to use an existing institution than to restore one that had disappeared.

Therefore, after the deposition of Hirohito, it would seem sensible to allow no succession to the throne, and so use the years of re-education and grooming for self-government that at the end of the occupation period the "vested interests" of

the common people would be so soundly established that a return to autocracy would not be tolerated.

How long must the occupation last?

General Eichelberger says one year, General Wainwright, twenty years. General MacArthur cautiously speaks of "many years". When Lieutenant-General Barney Giles, Deputy Commander of United States Strategic Air Forces in the Pacific, was asked how long the United States should keep air forces in Japan, he declared:

"Oh, about a hundred years. Yes, I'm serious about that."

So it becomes clear that no one can tell.

The Japanese have long memories, great ability, and Oriental wile. A short occupation would be merely an irritation. The occupation must be long enough for the Japanese to adjust themselves to it, for the remnants of militarism to be sought out and destroyed, for the development of a new peace economy, for the growth of self-government, *and for the education of a new generation.*

That means supervision continued for two or three decades. Nearly five decades have been none too much to bring the Philippines to self-government. In the life of a nation more than two millenniums old, twenty or thirty years is a brief time indeed in which to turn the tide of history. Yet it may be enough because of the remarkable adaptability of the Japanese. No definite time should be set. Supervision should be continued until the Japanese have proved themselves safe neighbours.

But it must be remembered that a neighbour will never be safe unless he is happy. Japan must emerge from occupation a going concern. Her war-making industries having been utterly destroyed, she should be permitted to retain and develop light industries, even though her competition in world markets is inconvenient to some of her commercial rivals. The monopoly of the Government-fostered industrial combines, which has ground down the worker and impoverished the peasant by exorbitant taxes must be wiped out. The standard of living of labour and the peasantry must be raised to well over subsistence level. Give the Japanese people a chance to exist, enable them to control their own government, ensure them free access to markets and raw

materials, and there is some hope that militarism will at last seem as pointless to them as it does today to the people of once militant Sweden.

If this is to come to pass, we must carry on the peace as faithfully as we fought the war.

On the night of surrender, August 14, 1945, President Truman said to the crowd gathered before the White House:

"The emergency is as great as it was on December 7, 1941."



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